

The NEWS MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY

25 CENTS

30 Cents in Canada



GRETA GARBO AND CLARK GABLE

**HOLLYWOOD'S CRUELTY
TO GRETA GARBO**

"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**

**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
*Sealed Tight
Ever Right*
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
Zip —
and it's open!



Copy, 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

★ Is Miss Harlow's
Statement Paid For ?
You may be interested in
knowing that not one cent
was paid to Miss Harlow to
make the above statement.
Miss Harlow has been a
smoker of LUCKY STRIKE
cigarettes for 2 years. We
hope the publicity here-
with given will be as bene-
ficial to her and to Fox
and Columbia, her produc-
ers, as her endorsement of
LUCKIES is to you and to us.

The Family conference— about the “pink” on Mother’s tooth brush!

PEOPLE *used* to be able to enjoy “pink tooth brush” in peace and quiet! But not *today*! Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn’t warn you about it, your dentist is *certain* to.

Why is “pink tooth brush” so common an ailment in this day and age? “Because,” says modern science, “to remain sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are *soft* foods—and, lacking exercise, gums tend to become touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed.”

“Pink tooth brush” may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent’s disease, or even pyorrhea. And it *sometimes* endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? *Daily massage of the gums.* But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then put a little bit more on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums.



Don't Take Chances

Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!



You'll like Ipana, first of all, because it *is* a splendid *tooth* paste. It cleans the teeth *thoroughly* without any possibility of the enamel's becoming marred.

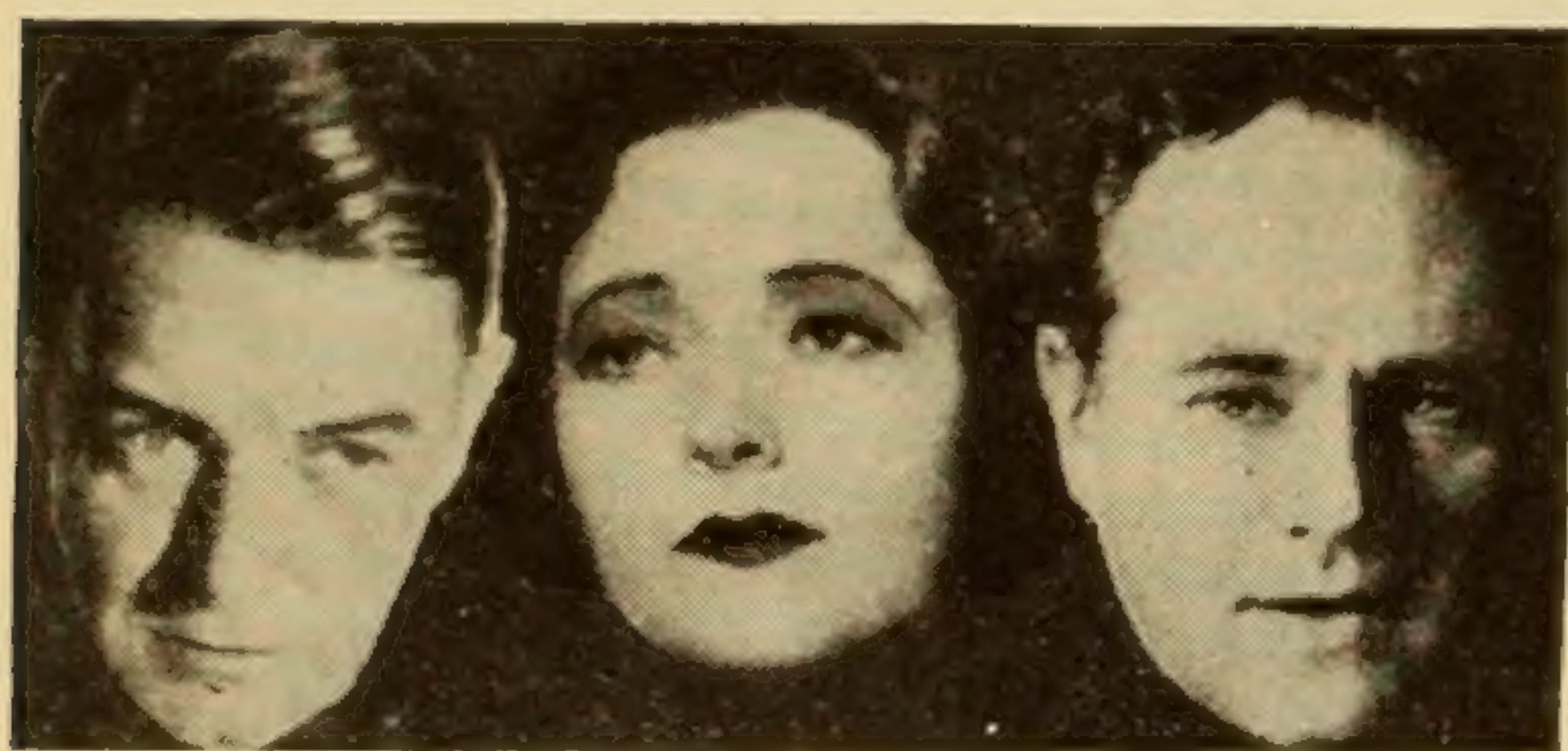
Your teeth begin to look whiter almost at once. And it won't be a month before you'll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—

and they'll be so firm that you won't be troubled with “pink tooth brush”!

..IPANA



*You
don't have to shop for pictures*



"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"

with CLIVE BROOK

Charlie Ruggles, Vivienne Osborne, Juliette Compton, Harry Bannister



"WORKING GIRLS"



with PAUL LUKAS

Judith Wood, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner



PARAMOUNT
is your buy word

You want to see the stars everyone's talking about . . . they're *Paramount* stars! You want to see the greatest Broadway stage hits, the most popular novels and magazine stories . . . *Paramount* has them! *Paramount* is your "buy" word because *Paramount* gives you what you want, SUPREME ENTERTAINMENT—always good, often great, never a doubt that "If it's a *Paramount* Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount  *Pictures*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.



"SOOKY"

With Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan.
Directed by Norman Taurog.
Same cast and director as "Skipper"

"THE FALSE MADONNA"

With Kay Francis and William Boyd.
Directed by Stuart Walker



PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 2

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

January, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920 1921 1922

"HUMOR-ESQUE" "TOL'ABLE DAVID" "ROBIN HOOD"

1923 1924 1925

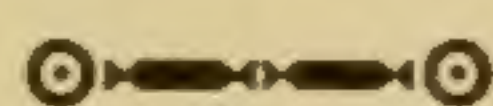
"The COVERED LINCOLN" "ABRAHAM PARADE" "THE BIG WAGON"

1926 1927 1928

"BEAU GESTE" "7th HEAVEN" "FOUR SONS"

1929 1930

"DISRAELI" "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"



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AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

AGE FOR LOVE, THE—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (Oct.)

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—Warners.—George Arliss, need we say more? Another superb characterization of an historic figure. (Aug.)

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.—You probably won't like this even if you're a Western fan. Ken Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la Landi*. (July)

AMBASSADOR BILL—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

★ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

★ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

ARIZONA—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title "Men Are Like That"). Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

★ **BAD COMPANY**—RKO-Pathe.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (Sept.)

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (Dec.)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

★ **BLONDE CRAZY**—Warners.—Reviewed under the title "Larceny Lane." James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-ra-zy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

BRANDED—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

BRAT, THE—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble fight she and Virginia Cherrill have! (Sept.)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAPTIVATION—Capital Prod.—Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

★ **CHAMP, THE**—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (Dec.)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

★ **CISCO KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

COMPROMISED—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three".) Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (Nov.)

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving, all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (Aug.)

★ **DEVOTION**—RKO-Pathe.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

DREYFUS CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

EXPRESS 13—UFA.—A thrilling German-dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

FIRST AID—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Spring Fashion Preview!

Lights sputter, the camera grinds, a star walks across the stage in a new gown—and that is how Spring fashions make their first bow from the screen.

What's new for Spring 1932?
Is the silhouette straighter?
Shall you tilt your hat?

Let Seymour answer these questions for you in the February PHOTOPLAY. Don't miss his section of smart new screen clothes—you will be copying them for Spring.

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (Nov.)

CONVICTED—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (Dec.)

★ **CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (Dec.)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)



JANET GAYNOR CHARLES FARRELL

in *delicious*

It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story *deliciously* different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."



Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing *DELICIOUS*. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: *Elissa Landi* and *Lionel Barrymore* in *THE YELLOW TICKET*, *Will Rogers* in *AMBASSADOR BILL*, *James Dunn*, *Sally Eilers* and *Mae Marsh* in *OVER THE HILL*.

FOX

The Audience Speaks Up

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. Write up to 200 words, no more. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations, and no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

THE \$25 LETTER

A few months ago my sister came over from Norway. She had not the slightest knowledge of English and therefore I hit upon the idea of taking her regularly three times a week to the movies.

It was surprising to see the work of talking pictures as an English teacher to a foreigner. At the same time they were entertaining. By seeing the actions of the players and hearing them speak at the same time, my sister picked up the language very quickly.

Both she and I are grateful for the invention of talking pictures and I hope others will experiment in the same way.

MAGDALENA HANSEN, New York City

THE \$10 LETTER

The movies have a wonderful message of encouragement for middle-aged people in the accomplishments of Marie Dressler, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, and many other not-young actors and actresses.

When you see them on the screen, being their age and making that age vital, interesting, enviable and powerful, you know that in real life they are beloved, respected and popular. Then you realize that real success is not measured by years but by spirit.

ALICE CASSIDY, Oakland, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

When one of the Duncan sisters, in "It's a Great Life," catches a cold the other one suggests raw, sliced onions sprinkled with brown sugar as a cure and it worked wonders not only for Vivian Duncan but for Frieda Corman as well. For, ever since I saw this picture, I've used the raw onion cure for colds and it's always been successful.

FRIEDA CORMAN, Toledo, Ohio

JUST A BOY

I'm just a boy but I know my actresses and actors, also what pictures I like. What we kids want is pictures like "Skippy," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn." My chum and I go to the show every Saturday, and gosh, we don't want to sit through an hour and a half of love-making and such mush, we want pictures with some pep and laughs in them.

On Saturday we saw Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in "Pardon Us" and it was great. I like Marie Dressler (I go to see all her pictures), Wallace Beery and, of course, big Gary Cooper and Dick Barthelmess and I think I'm going to like Clark Gable, but I don't like (and with a big D) Nancy Carroll (she puts on too much), Greta Garbo (she has no pep) and Connie Bennett (she is too high-hat).

And please make them let Fatty Arbuckle come back. I have read lots about him and I

know he must be good because my mother and dad say he was a good comedian.

FRANK LOGAN, Winnipeg, Canada

MEETING NICE PEOPLE

Where can I meet the sort of people who know how to live warmly and beautifully? Where can I mingle with people whose lives consist of something more than eating, sleeping and producing children? Where—but at the movies? Here, for two hours, at any rate, I live among a charming and delighted company. I chat with them, laugh with them and dream with them. For two hours they are close to me and I strain them to my heart. Then, the final flash upon the screen, the cruel lights, and they are gone, hopelessly out of reach.

MARY WALLACE, Jackson Heights,
Long Island, N. Y.

THAT FALL AND RISE!

I've seen "Susan Lenox," and never have I seen Greta when she seemed more human. She was adorable. If Clark Gable

THE postman got a crick in his back from carrying in letters about "Susan Lenox." Some folks liked the girl who did all that rising and falling and some didn't. Some were crazy about Garbo, some about Gable and some didn't like either. But there were more who liked than didn't. Everybody wrote about it and there wasn't a lukewarm opinion in the bagful.

There was all praise—and no blame—for Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and if you folks mean what you say, that little lady is the next big star, although there are plenty of boosters for Madge Evans, Joan Blondell, Jimmie Dunn and Mae Clarke.

Crawford, Shearer, Garbo, Bankhead and Dietrich still inspire the literary Muse and, with tears in their letters, Buddy Rogers' fans beg him to throw away that saxophone, give up those ideas of conducting a band and string along with the Hollywood cameras.

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" caused a lot of discussion—some were "fer" some "agin." But there were a lot more "fers," and everybody seemed to like Ann Harding and smooth-voiced Leslie Howard in "Devotion."

So that's how you felt this month. What do you have to say next? Don't mind the postman—he likes his job. Sharpen up your pencils and your wits and tell us how you feel about the movies. This is your department.

has that effect on her, she should act with him more often.

HELEN PERRY, Pasadena, Calif.

Impatiently waiting for the showing of "Susan Lenox," I almost knocked the door down getting in the minute of the first showing. Imagine my bitter disappointment and positive rage to find the heroine in the picture a poverty stricken, low-bred, raw-boned Swedish girl—when in the book she was described as a dainty, lovely American girl of refinement.

ORA WIDENER, Jacksonville, Fla.

Greta Garbo thrilled me so in "Susan Lenox" that I had to see the picture twice. I am worried by rumors that she is going to leave the screen. Oh, Greta, please stay and make the world more beautiful.

MRS. G. FLEMING, Michigan City, Ind.

Miss Garbo's "Susan Lenox," in my opinion, was badly directed and not nearly as fine a picture as it should have been. Garbo remains dumb throughout the first scenes. Mr. Gable carried the play entirely here, but his shoulders are broad and his talent true.

STELLA D. ROTHWELL, Brookline, Mass.

I used to wonder why all this noise about Greta Garbo. She didn't look so hot to me, but I hadn't seen that masterpiece, "Susan Lenox." What a perfectly gorgeous picture! They tell me that Clark Gable was in it, too, but I hardly saw him for looking at Garbo.

GRACE SMITH, Ellensburg, Wash.

In "Susan Lenox" the magnificent Greta Garbo demonstrates once more that she is the screen's finest actress. The combination of Miss Garbo and Clark Gable is perfect.

MRS. JOSEPHINE STIEBEL, New York City

GOOD OLD "NOTRE DAME"

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" is everything the publicity agents say it is. The football scenes are authentic; the students act like pleasant, ordinary young college men and not like the silly fools some pictures make of them; the scenes in the college dining hall are just as they would take place; the college dances are free from drunken couples.

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" bears the distinction of being the first college film that is true to life.

CATHERINE E. FLINN, Dorchester, Mass.

The first football picture of the year, "The Spirit of Notre Dame," was sure an upset to me. Imagine boys of the build of Billy Bakewell and Lew Ayres as backfield men in one of the country's great football teams.

Of course, we all realize that light men are no freaks in modern football, but this picture carried it too far. Light football players are usually well built.

JOSEPH EIGEN, Los Angeles, Calif.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A revolutionary discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly—"no fixed formula" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have a habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsolescing prior ideas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent has been the first to adopt them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable new discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.
2. The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.
3. The new material is *safe*—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In *taste* and in *looks* it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research . . . 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests . . . we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry . . . new equipment had to be *invented*, then erected . . . the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine

super *film-removing* power with super *safety* and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade.

Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy. It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

The Audience Speaks U

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

BRAVO FOR HELEN

I never knew just why "Madame X" left me rather unmoved in spite of Ruth Chatterton's good work. Only after seeing the unforgettable, poignant and soul stirring performance of Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" did I realize what was wrong with "Madame X." Contrast the final scenes of both plays, and note the make-up of the stars, to find the answer.

LOUISE BRANN, New York City

HIS TURBAN'S IN THE RING

I have been watching with interest the fight over Garbo supremacy from a distance of 12,000 miles. Why are the Americans gone head over heels on Garbo? Their own actresses are not lacking in Garbo appeal. For instance, Joan Crawford is a perfect actress. She is divine. Give her a Garbo story and I'm sure she will excel Garbo.

KUTNIKAR, Mysore, India

ROMANCE PREFERRED

Although even the foremost talkie theaters in Manila are showing silent films, Filipinos like the talkies. They like revues and musical romances the best. They still prefer the Valentino and Gilbert type of hero and they like their love making spread on thick. The outstanding favorites are Ramon Novarro, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, the Farrell-Gaynor team, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert and Douglas Fairbanks.

BLAS A. ALEJANDRE, Manila, P. I.

The talkies are splendid but who wants true



How do you keep it on, Dorothy? Your hat, of course, Miss Jordan! It is a very pert piece of millinery but you shouldn't trust it in a strong wind. Seymour thinks it's great—he likes its rakish tilt, and the smart combination of felt and chenille. That feather pom-pom is good for these new half-and-half turbans



Underwood & Underwood

These children cost their father \$7,185 last year for food, lodging, clothes and amusements. But daddy can afford it. In fact, he provides \$6,000 a year for each. The rest is put in savings accounts. Who's the papa? Why, Charlie Chaplin. Don't you think the boys—Charlie, Jr., and Sidney—look like him?

to life stories? Such pictures as "Cimarron," "The Last Flight," "The Spider," "Daughter of the Dragon" and the Charlie Chan pictures mean romance and adventure in our everyday monotonous lives.

ELIZABETH WEBB, Regina, Canada

HOMESICK BLUES

It's a Molly Gump day and your daughter's birthday to boot and you're far from those who care and you feel that life is a bitter pill that you can't swallow. And then you see a movie advertised and for three lire you may go in and feel that you're across the pond in good old Richmond. The movies help homesickness.

MRS. CARROLL T. SCOTT, Rome, Italy

WE HAVE CENSORS, TOO

The news in the London press of the banning in this country, by our grandmotherly censors, of "An American Tragedy" has led me to write and ask what on earth you people who are (to use one of your own expressions) "cinema conscious" must think of us over here?

Far be it from me to decry Great Britain in any shape or form. It's a great old country but really, when it comes to the cinema are still back in pre-war days both as regards our mentality and our views on production.

J. N. EISENEGGER, London, England

ENGLISH SUPREMACY

After seeing Leslie Howard with Ann Harcourt in "Devotion," I am eager to see more pictures with English actors in the cast. After those English actors have a way with the camera and they do not have to be either young or handsome to hold their audiences.

IRENE KIRKBRIDE, Cleveland, Ohio

HOW ABOUT IT, CANADA?

I spent a belated vacation in Canada last fall. In Toronto I saw two pictures—"Morning Business" and "The Unholy Garden"—at two of the leading downtown theaters. In the theater, the screen was fairly good but the sound apparatus was ghastly. I could hardly understand the voices. In the other theaters both projection and sound were only fair.

With Brickbats & Bouquets



This is a neat trick if you can do it. If you miss that other stirrup your head hits the ground and the orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers." Ride 'em cowboy Ken Maynard just loves this sort of thing and doesn't enjoy his morning's oatmeal unless he does a few stunts like this before breakfast. "Oh yeah?" says Mrs. Maynard, with an Edna May Oliver sniff

In Montreal I had seen all the pictures playing at the larger houses, but went to two smaller ones in the downtown section. "Transatlantic," the photography of which was lauded by critics, was a foggy maze, out of which the voices emerged like foghorns. "The Magnificent Lie" looked as though it had suffered from smallpox. And Ruth Chatterton's glorious speaking voice sounded more like Marjorie White's (all right for Marjorie, but not for Ruth!). If some of the Canadians don't like talkies, I can now understand why. Somebody ought to sell them up-to-date projection and sound apparatus.

ALICE FRANCIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THAT PRIVATE LIFE

To the stars who are willing that one should take a peek at the interiors of their homes and at their wardrobes, and who tell us about the expected arrival of the new baby, we should express some appreciation. It is not entirely through curiosity, as some would have it, but through admiration and interest that we like to know more about them.

MRS. E. T. STEVENS, Eureka, Calif.

BRING BRIAN BACK

Mary Brian is one of the most beautiful and talented actresses in Hollywood. It's true she isn't gay like Shearer or glamorous like Garbo or sophisticated like Connie Bennett, but she has something that none of these actresses has—that sweet, winning, winsome personality that everyone adores. In the bank where I work we took a vote and Mary Brian was the favorite.

MYRTLE STEWART, Troy, N. Y.

SEEIN'S BELIEVIN'

If someone tells me of my faults, I am apt to become irritated, but I can see them on the screen and immediately decide to mend my ways.

ELIZABETH PAULSON, Longview, Wash.

ANY OLD SITUATION!

I have a daughter eighteen who is just now trying to acquire mannerisms fitting a sophisticated young woman of today.

She cannot be persuaded to miss any of

either Connie Bennett's or Ann Harding's pictures and, believe me, she is beginning to be most satisfactorily proper. I think that this is one of the most important advantages of pictures, they teach a person how to handle many situations.

MRS. J. REGINALD LYNCH, Flint, Mich.

OLD AS YOU FEEL, MARY

We want Mary Pickford more often, but we don't want her to spoil herself in such pictures as "Kiki." There are plenty of ham actors for parts like that. Mary, give us something like "Tess of the Storm Country." You're not too old for little girl parts, you just think you are.

MRS. JOHN ORDWAY, Findlay, Ohio

DON'T TOOT THAT HORN

Clean cut and handsome and a capable actor, perfect to typify the American youth, Buddy Rogers' place should be first among the young male stars. I hope he will continue with his acting and not turn to music. We have many good musicians but few actors as good as he.

GEORGE CHRISTIE, Berkeley, Calif.

BARBARA'S REAL

One becomes weary of looking at beautiful wax figures and that's what these beautiful stars remind me of, with their same sleek hairdress, same languid and bored air, and same pose in holding a cigarette, with hand on hip.

Now look at Barbara Stanwyck. Strictly speaking, Barbara is not beautiful, but, I'll take her any time.

BESSIE KRAZOK, Philadelphia, Penna.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



International

Once they were happy—just like this! Now Helene Costello has walked out on hubby Lowell Sherman and their lawyers are having a big pow-wow. They say the trouble was that Lowell didn't like Helene's brother-in-law, Jack Barrymore. Yes, friends, "in-law" worries pester even in Hollywood

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

PAGING LEW AND JOEL

To say that the "femmes" are going wild over this so-called handsome, fascinating Gable boy may be true, but why not give Lew Ayres and Joel McCrea a chance to win some hearts? Most girls of today, in my opinion, do not care for this harsh, bold type of Gable, so let's see more of Lew and Joel.

MARGE BICKLEY, Sandusky, Ohio

CHEERIO, OLD BEAN!

In a story about David Manners in the October PHOTOPLAY, the author marveled over the fact that Manners, although he had been educated in staid British institutions, was really as American as a silver dollar and not a broad "A" in a carload. There is no mystery about that. Manners was born in Canada and educated in a well-known Canadian university where we don't go around sipping tea and uttering "jolly good" and "simply ripping," and when we answer the telephone we don't say "Are you theah?"

CORY KILVERT, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

BOUQUETS FOR BILLY

William Haines is one of the best actors who was ever on the screen or ever will be. He is both talented and handsome. In "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" he was perfect.

MRS. GRACE LONGO, New York City

A LIQUOR CURE

Pictures of young kids going on wild parties are thought to be bad for youngsters to see, but my sisters agree with me when I say that the more I see of that kind of life, the more disgusted I become with it, and the more I see of the crazy things they do when under the influence, the less I care to get drunk.

Those pictures haven't ruined me.

M. H. LONG, San Mateo, Calif.

AMERICAN GIRLS

In traveling, I found the Europeans have a most unflattering opinion of American girls, which is based on the films they see. I began fancying myself a foreigner looking at American pictures and was amazed to find so many jazzy, whoopee girl pictures. When I saw Douglas Fairbanks' picture "Reaching for the Moon," I couldn't enjoy it because I know how popular he is in Europe and how many eyes would see again a disgusting spectacle of American girlhood as portrayed in that film.

MRS. H. A. LAIDLAW, San Francisco, Calif.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

From the vantage point of three years as an usher and four years as a cashier at a movie theater, during which time I've talked to hundreds of fans, I make these comments:

Greta Garbo has reached the crest of her popularity.

The newsreel could be made much more appealing to women.

The Cinderella motive could be used more than it is at present. Witness the success of "Daddy Long Legs."

The older folks do not care for vaudeville.

The average fan has long ago forgotten about Arbuckle's case and will welcome him back if he delivers the goods.

Clara Bow will have a difficult time making good with many people, when she returns.

Sentiment is due for a return engagement.

ISABELL VERBELLA, Detroit, Mich.

OH, COME NOW!

Clark Gable is perfect, except for his unplucked eyebrows. Pluck them, Clark. We'll be watching for you to do it.

HELEN BESSE, Rayne, La.



This gown is lovely enough to be a wedding dress but it is just a gorgeous hostess gown that Juliette Compton wears in "Husband's Holiday." At the moment we don't know whether this is why husbands take holidays—or why they shouldn't! Seymour says jeweled embroidery is adding glamour to the best costumes these days. It certainly is doing its best for this blue crepe gown. Necklines are squaring off smartly, too, it seems

COMPARISON

To all belittlers of the movies who claim that the film industry is still in its infancy, I recommend the entertaining Paramount "Screen Souvenirs." These two-reelers show the evolution of the movies from the days of the nickel-odeons to the present time. We laugh at the overly melodramatic antics of Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and Mae Murray. We wonder how we could ever have considered these absurd melodramas with even a modicum of seriousness. Yes, we have developed mentally along with the motion pictures, and the motion picture has been instrumental in our mental development.

L. E. MENDLOWITZ, Pittsburgh, Penna.

MIRIAM'S SECOND BEST

Three years ago Greta Garbo sat on the top-most rung of my Hollywood ladder. The next fifty rungs below her were empty. Today Garbo is still firmly on top, but not far from the top is that charming girl who bowled me over by stealing "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Twenty-four Hours." The name is Miriam Hopkins and I consider her the great "discovery" in a year full of discoveries. (Yes, I've seen Marlene and Tallulah.)

ROBERT R. SANDELL, Syracuse, N. Y.

BALLYHOO!

If less pictures were advertised in billboards, newspapers, etc., as "the greatest picture ever made," more of us movie-goers would attend these pictures. Perhaps we picture audiences are not the most intelligent in the world, but we are not altogether stupid. Just a wee touch of subtlety and a slight pressure on the soft pedal might well work wonders in heralding a new picture.

At least such an experiment is worth the trial, as it's never been done.

RICHARD GERSON, Hollywood, Calif.

NO MORE BUNK

PHOTOPLAY was the first magazine to take the slush out of the movie stars, but there is still room for improvement. A few years ago all actors and actresses were Broadway stars and spent all their time entertaining little orphans or reading the classics. PHOTOPLAY started telling the truth.

In the old Triangle days, I saw many of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures twice. Today I refuse to see any—too much Pickfair, entertaining royalty, etc. Many fine actors have not been afraid of wearing old clothes or getting their faces dirty in a picture, but young Fairbanks and Novarro think they must wear fine officers' uniforms before they can act. More naturalness is what we want.

MAX REED, St. Louis, Mo.

EDUCATED POWDER PUFFS

I thought I knew something about facial make-up until I viewed a short talkie in color, showing how the movie stars do it. The next day I followed their directions, even to the little touch of rouge that was cleverly moulded into the center of the chin. The delicate and natural complexion resulting from the methods shown were amazing. Needless to say, from now on I make up the movie way. Just think—one short reel to me means a life time of correct and pleasing make-up.

JEAN MCMICHAEL, Toronto, Canada



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

★ **GIRLS ABOUT TOWN**—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (Dec.)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (Oct.)

GREAT LOVER, THE—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (Dec.)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE**—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-razy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

HOLY TERROR, A—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (Aug.)

HOMICIDE SQUAD—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (Nov.)

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN**—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A tedious Tyrolean story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (Dec.)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

JUST A GIGOLO—M-G-M.—William Haines in a spicy, amusing offering. But leave the children at home. (July)

KICK IN—Paramount.—They tried hard to make Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—Just another Western—but this one is South of the Rio Grande. Fair entertainment with Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (Dec.)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (Dec.)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (Aug.)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.—(Also shown under the title of "Arizona.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.—A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (Aug.)

MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount.—Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.—Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil*. (Oct.)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.—Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (Oct.)

MURDER BY THE CLOCK—Paramount.—With such a cast, headed by Lilyan Tashman, this should have been swell. But alas! and alack! this gruesome, murder story is nothing but gruesome. (Sept.)

MY SIN—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (Nov.)

MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE—Classic.—Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (Sept.)

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (Nov.)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE**—M-G-M.—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)—Osso Prod.—A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (Dec.)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (Dec.)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The Kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (Dec.)

PAGAN LADY—Columbia.—The *Sadie Thompson* theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

★ **PALMY DAYS**—United Artists.—A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

PARDON US—Hal Roach—M-G-M—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (Oct.)

PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (Nov.)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (Nov.)

★ **PLATINUM BLONDE**—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (Dec.)

★ **POLITICS**—M-G-M.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (Sept.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A—Headline Prod.—Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (Oct.)

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE—Radio Pictures.—After "Cimarron" you expect too much of Richard Dix. That's why this story of a man who brings a gang of crooks to justice is disappointing. (Sept.)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (Dec.)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (Dec.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (Nov.)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warners.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

RULING VOICE, THE—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Upper Underworld".) Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (Sept.)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE**—Paramount.—Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners-First Division.—British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up a game of bridge for it. (Aug.)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

SIDE SHOW—Warners.—Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

SILENCE—Paramount.—Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

★ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE**—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

SKY RAIDERS, THE—Columbia.—Gangsters in the air! Thrilling stuff and good entertainment. (July)

★ **SMART MONEY**—Warners.—Moves as fast as the money on the gambling tables in it. Plenty of laughs and excitement. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



WHY didn't the star reporter write the big story that would have sealed the slayer's doom? "X Marks The Spot" is charged with the electric tempo of newspaper drama, crammed with new breath taking thrills.

Featuring
LEW CODY

SALLY BLANE WALLACE FORD
FRED KOHLER MARY NOLAN

"Keep Your Eyes On Tiffany Pictures". Watch for Clara Kimball Young's triumphant return to the screen in "Women Go On Forever"—"Murder At Midnight", the picture which broke the week-end record at the B. S. Moss Broadway, New York—"Leftover Ladies", based on an article by Ursula Parrott, famous author of "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss".

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE**—Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

SON OF INDIA—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (Aug.)

SPIDER, THE—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

★ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—Universal.—Knut Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STREET SCENE**—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (Oct.)

★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg)—UFA.—Rolling tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathe.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathe.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA.—A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (Aug.)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Nov.)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Dec.)

WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (Oct.)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not bother. (Nov.)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WICKED—Fox.—Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathe.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany—Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY—Headline Prod.—Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

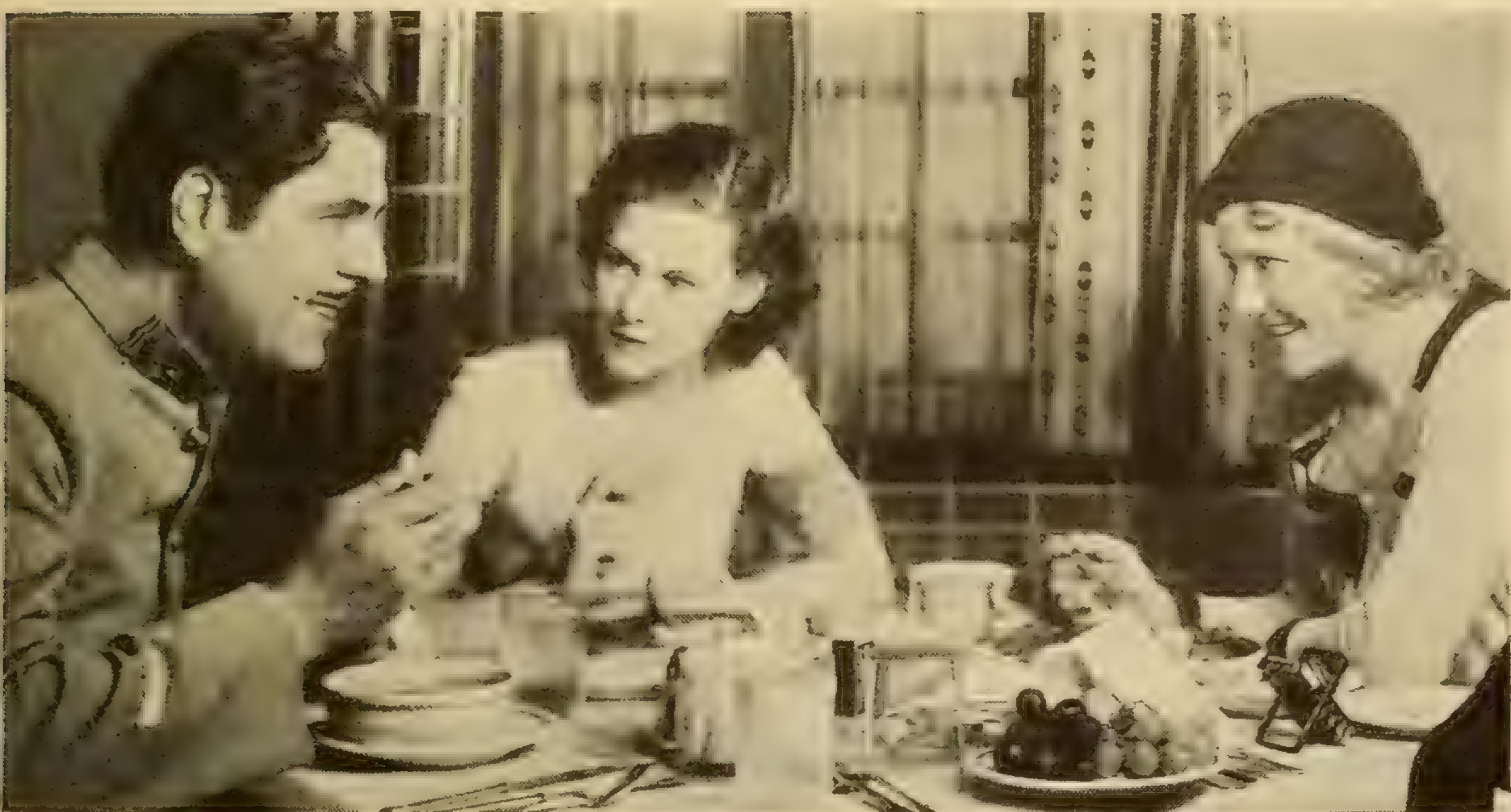
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quiri* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)

“Caviar for Marlene”



Most of the studios have lunchrooms for the players. At the M-G-M they call it "The Commissary." At Fox it's "The Munchers"; where everyone is served with ice cold grapes free, even with just a ham sandwich. Here's Warner Baxter tearing through a bowl of soup and telling Helen Mack and Minna Gombell the gossip of the morning's work on the sound stages

THE manager of the Embassy Club in Hollywood was showing Mary Pickford through the kitchens when a waiter came swinging through calling, "Caviar for Marlene Dietrich, and Ann Harding's cocktail." The waiter hadn't even been over to their tables, but when he saw them come into the dining room he knew that their order would be "the usual thing."

“Bacon and eggs for Evelyn! Tomato cocktail for Ann!” and ah, here's Eleanor Boardman's special lamb stew

The Embassy is one of the swanky places in Hollywood where the stars eat. At the studio restaurants they dash in for a hurried bite, but at the Embassy they have time to be social. This club used to be barred to the casual visitor, but a short time ago it opened its doors to the public for dinner. At luncheon it still remains the stars' stronghold.

Perhaps you will be surprised and interested to know that Eddie Brandstatter, the genius behind the scenes there, has discovered that the stars prefer simple foods rather than elaborate fare. Each one has some favorite dish, each some special taste to which Eddie caters.

Now, there's Lilyan Tashman, who should have sophisticated culinary tastes if anyone ever did have. But Lilyan just eats heartily of everything and anything she likes. She has ginger ale with any meal, never drinking tea or coffee. At the Embassy, one of her favorite dishes is cold Columbia River salmon served with rings of hard-boiled egg and covered with a thin spicy sauce that is an Embassy specialty. Evelyn Brent combines breakfast and lunch. Her favorite dish is bacon and eggs.

MARLENE DIETRICH isn't the only one who has a standing order for caviar. It costs Josef Von Sternberg and Eric Von Stroheim a pretty penny to satisfy their tastes for the delicacy. They frequently lunch together, usually arriving at the club a little early so that they are finished before the crowd arrives. They always order

Russian caviar and rarely ever leave before having consumed a pound of it between them. And caviar is \$18 a pound!

Nearly everyone has his own table at the Embassy and although the place has an air of elegance, it also has a charming feeling of intimacy. Everyone knows everyone and there is much going back and forth

between tables during the lunch period.

Carmel Myers always orders cottage cheese and chives on green lettuce, with a sprinkling of paprika over it.

Joan Crawford is another salad devotee. She has a favorite which consists of prunes stuffed with cottage cheese placed on cottage cheese, the whole served on lettuce. Another favorite of Joan's is a salad made with romaine lettuce garnished with chopped hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes. Over this she pours a dressing which she mixes at the table. The dressing is vinegar, olive oil and dry mustard mixed together to a thin consistency. To this is added salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

LAMB stew is a great *pièce de résistance*. And at the Embassy it is prepared in such a way as to tempt the epicure. Eleanor Boardman frequently orders it. The lamb is cut up in good-sized pieces and stewed with carrots, peas and onions. Before serving, a gravy sauce is poured over the whole. On the large platter upon which it is served, the stew is ringed with curried rice. This dish, like many others, is served buffet fashion from a cart.

Stewed fruits are a non-fattening dessert favored by a majority of the stars. A compote composed of various fruits is served in a huge silver bowl and passed from table to table.

Janet Gaynor, Lydell Peck, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli often dine out together at night. At the Embassy, one of their favorites is *filet mignon* with mushrooms.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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COLDS
by gargling
twice a day
with
LISTERINE



Reduces number 66% — effective because SAFE

Don't let a cold rob you of part of your pay. In these days it is important to be on the job all the time. Every penny counts.

There is an easy, pleasant, and safe way of helping to prevent colds and to check their severity once they have started.

Gargle with Listerine Twice a Day

It is the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine. Year in, year out, millions have proved that it keeps them in better health. Builds up resistance to colds and other infections in the mouth.

And now, clinical tests show that those who employed Listerine as a mouth wash, had only $\frac{1}{2}$ as many colds, and sometimes only $\frac{1}{3}$ as many, as those who did not gargle at all. These tests, conducted over a period of 75 days, under medical supervision, also showed that even when colds were contracted, they lasted $\frac{1}{3}$ as long and were only $\frac{1}{4}$ as severe.

Germ-killing with Safety

Why does Listerine accomplish such amazing results when ordinary mouth washes fail?

First, because used full strength just as it comes from the bottle, it kills germs associated with colds, in the fastest time. As a gargle, it reduces the number of surface germs 98%. And maintains substantial reduction for hours.

Healing in Effect

Second, because Listerine is safe and non-poisonous. Unlike mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted, Listerine's action is always healing. Therefore, while it kills germs, it at the same time relieves inflammation.

Because of its safety, and its soothing and healing action, Listerine has always been favored by physicians, nurses, and laymen, over poisonous mouth washes dangerous if not diluted exactly.

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Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it with you when you travel. It is your protection against infection and is also your assurance that your breath will be pleasant, sweet, and not offensive to others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Choose Mouth Wash Carefully Some watered—others dangerous

Of 203 mouth washes which were analyzed, 94 were non-antiseptic, 107 could not kill germs in 3 minutes, and 143 were unable to kill germs in 1 minute. Some used with water were useless. Others were so harsh they irritated mouth tissue and were therefore dangerous.



THIS young lady now answers to the title of Marquise de la Falaise. Constance Bennett and Gloria's one-time husband have said, "We do." It was a simple ceremony, performed by a judge. Connie wore a blue dress, pearls and a smile. The wedding rings (he'll wear one, too) are plain platinum bands



Clarence Sinclair Bull

POLISH that old crown! Fluff up those pillows on the throne! Where did Lil Gish leave that sceptre, Chamberlain? You'll shout yourselves hoarse hailing the new queen, for Helen Hayes captures your heart in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." And there's a grand story about her in this issue



Gene Robert Richee

PAUL LUKAS has trouble making that Hungarian accent behave when he's learning his lines. But in "Strictly Dishonorable" he makes the girls' hearts do nip-ups. And in spite of the coolness between him and Ruth Chatterton on the "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" set, they say the picture is great stuff



Shalitt

WIFEY CLAUDETTE COLBERT works in New York. Hubby Norman Foster works in Hollywood. And a lot of meanies said they couldn't bill and coo over long distance Claudette hopped a train to the Gold Coast for a brief visit and now everything looks dandy. Claudette's latest is "His Woman"

\$32.50 to \$60.00

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gold. Matched bracelet, 15 jewels.

Robert Montgomery
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star in
"Private Lives"



Joan Crawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
star of "Possessed"



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37 *SECOND BEAUTY TREATMENT GUARDS THEIR CHARM*



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LOTION
"The Invisible Glove"

JANUARY, 1932

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

James R. Quirk

I HAVE always admired Gloria Swanson. She is one of the most courageous women I have ever known in a business where courage is as necessary as beauty and artistry. She has had to fight every inch of the way to her present high place in pictures.

But there has always seemed to be something pathetic about courageous, little five foot and one-half inch Gloria. And never more pathetic than as she sails from San Francisco to France alone with her Michael, the handsome "playboy" of London and Paris.

Walter Winchell (need we any longer say "New York columnist"?) has said that Gloria is "lullaby shopping." The queens of the cinema have about as much privacy as the few remaining queens of Europe.

When Gloria comes back to Hollywood there may be another heir apparent to the throne of that mythical kingdom of Cinemondia.

Good luck, Gloria.

HERE is something that none of our Hollywood writers have reported yet—the fad of the black wedding ring. A New York society divorcee started it. A mourning ring for a dead romance.

Hollywood press-agents, please copy.

DURING the making of "The Champ," Jackie Cooper was having one of his off-days. He just would not cry. Director King Vidor was desperate. He pleaded with his young star, but all his cajolery was futile. The tears would not come.

"I'm trying," said the little fellow, "but I don't feel like crying. I'm sorry, Mr. Vidor."

"I give up," said King. "Red, see what you can do with him. He likes you."



Red, who is King Vidor's assistant director, shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. Then he went up to the back platform where the boy was sitting.

"Jackie," he said, "Mr. Vidor is going to quit the picture. He says he is going to tell Mr. Mayer you are a rotten actor."

With that Jackie started to sob, and he meant it, too.

That's the scene on the observation car platform that tears at your heart.

POLICE Court Magistrate J. A. R. Cairns, of London, got out of the wrong side of his bed one morning recently, called for his tea, adjusted his monocle, and roared:

"Film producers are fouling civilization. Constantly in my court here I see girl-mothers faced by lads challenging their obligations to paternity. Seduction is the normal initiation into society."

Tut, tut, Mr. Cairns, perhaps these young people of yours have been reading those novels of English society written by your Michael Arlen and Beverly Nichols. Before we went broke all of our young ladies were introduced into society with formal and expensive débuts at the Ritz-Carlton or the Waldorf-Astoria. And if you read the papers at all, you must know that in Hollywood, at least, the boys marry their girls, time after time.

THESE economists may be pretty smart fellows, but when one of them lists the slim picture stars as one of the causes of the low price of wheat, it is more than we can stand for. Attempting to achieve the new *svelte* style of sex appeal, he says, American women are laying off wheat cakes and laying in vast supplies of tomato juice. If that economist could see Mary Astor

and Connie Bennett going for a huge stack of griddle cakes, he would change his mind.

You can still walk the streets of Hollywood without danger of being hit by discarded waffle irons, thrown out the windows of the Hollywood elect.

A CASTING director put in a call for one hundred "tough" characters for a picture. They were used in a women's prison story.

The types were so real that they stole twenty pocketbooks, fourteen coats and one revolver from each other.

I HAD a pleasant little duty to perform the other day that gave me quite an emotional thrill. It was the presentation of the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal to Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal Company, for the production of "All Quiet on the Western Front," the best picture of 1930.

In my talk I recalled that this man has survived in picture activity all the outstanding figures of the early days of motion pictures. One by one they have retired, died, or faded into obscurity. I refer to the days when a sturdy little group of independents fought with fang and claw against the old General Film Company, which claimed control of the vital motion picture patents. William Fox and Carl Laemmle were the leaders of the insurgents, and the "Trust" declared them outlaws.

TODAY William Fox is playing golf on his Long Island estate. He sleeps soundly and with a smile on his face, undisturbed by the financial crisis through which the picture business is struggling, secure in the millions he made and kept. "Uncle Carl" sits, a diminutive figure, behind a big mahogany desk, and thanks the God of his forefathers that he doesn't own a single motion picture theater, and that his pride and joy, Carl, Jr., has, at the age of twenty-two, become one of the most successful producers of Hollywood.

Carl Laemmle had tears in his eyes as he accepted the Gold Medal. Then to hide his emotions, he asked, "How is Bob Eastman?" I told him Bob hadn't been feeling so well lately. "Well," said Carl, "I'll see him at the Kentucky Derby, anyhow. We meet there every year. Ask him to tip me off if he has any hunches."

THE name Robert M. Eastman has for years been beside mine at the bottom of the index page of PHOTOPLAY and, I hope, will be there for many years to come. He is the man who first envisaged the publication for what it is today. His faith in it, backed by his money, was almost fanatical.

Coming from Minnesota to Chicago as a young journeyman printer, he built the W. F. Hall Printing Company into one of the largest and most efficient in the world, and while he has now turned the active

administration of the huge business over to his organization, the man's indomitable spirit is behind every revolution of every giant press.

PHOTOPLAY celebrated its seventeenth birthday recently and I received this wire from him: "Kay Dee tells me PHOTOPLAY is seventeen years old today, Jim, and isn't she a beauty? I always knew, even as a colt she would be a winner."

Bob's outstanding interests in life, after his family, are his printing plant, his famous racing horse, "Mike Hall," and PHOTOPLAY. I like to think PHOTOPLAY is his favorite, for he saw it through from a bankrupt little pamphlet of 13,000 circulation to its present prosperous 600,000 read by two million picture devotees scattered all over the world.

INCIDENTALLY, Bob Eastman is the arch villain who started night life in the picture colony, seventeen years ago. He gave the first big party. We had just reorganized the magazine when Bob thought we had better go out to California to look the picture business over. I will admit now, for us both, that we had an idea the trip would not be all hard work.

As we started out on our daily labor of investigation, Mack Sennett's studio was always the first stop, and almost every evening would find Mack, Ford Sterling, Roscoe Arbuckle, Mary Pickford and her charming and clever mother, Charlotte, Mabel Normand, Owen Moore, Charlie Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Eastman and myself gathered around a big table at Al Levy's restaurant.

BEFORE we left, Bob threw a big party at the Old Log Cabin on West Adams Street. He was the richest man the group had ever known, and the party for fifty must have cost as much as one table for eight at the swanky Mayfair of today. We had champagne and beer, and didn't have to watch the door for a Federal raiding party, nor drink for the pure joy of breaking any laws.

They didn't sell hard liquor in California even in those days, and nobody wanted it. Congenial folks could get a little mellow then without getting pifficated.

IF you are wondering about the identity of the "Kay Dee" whom Bob Eastman mentioned in his birthday telegram, look at the initials of the third party at the bottom of the index page, Kathryn Dougherty. She was a kid bookkeeper when Bob and I went off on that first visit to the picture colony and she was sitting on the lid of the business in our absence. She is still holding down the lid today, the best known and most beloved woman executive in the publishing business.

It seems that I have been talking a lot about ourselves, but only once in a lifetime do we have a seventeenth birthday.

Well, That's Settled

We've finally got Dorothy and Richard married without much fuss or orange blossoms



She's a good sport



And he got a job

"I'M not going to marry Neil Miller until he gets a job," Dorothy Mackaill told us two months ago. "I'm not going to marry until I find a girl who wants babies and is a good sport," Richard Dix told us five years ago.

Well, Neil got a job and Dorothy married him. And, while we haven't overheard the private conversations of Richard Dix and his bride, Richard seems to be satisfied.

One week after Neil took the position of orchestra director for the Embassy Club, one of Hollywood's swank spots, he and Dorothy flew to Yuma, Arizona, and were married.

Of course, Neil had had positions before. In fact, he gave up a good one as agriculturist for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association. He has been offered picture engagements. And, as the fiance of a popular star, he would have been offered more. Things happen that way. But he was determined to sing and play.

He croons like nobody's business, is tall, handsome, and young—they're both twenty-six.

We're glad they are married. Now we can stop guessing. Ever since Dorothy divorced Lothar Mendes, the German director, in 1928, we have been running out in our bare feet every morning to snatch the early paper for latest news of her romances. And she had plenty.

You probably recall, on April 20 of this year, Dorothy and Neil obtained a license to marry in Honolulu. But the wedding was postponed. It was generally understood that Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Florence Wise, persuaded them to wait a while.

Close upon the heels of this came the rumor that Dorothy was engaged to Walter Byron, English actor, at the time she sailed for Honolulu. When PHOTOPLAY interviewed Mr. Byron to ascertain the facts in the case, he said he was still waiting for news from Dorothy. He pretended that he *really* thought

they were engaged. This was just a joke of his, not to disappoint the newsgatherers; and, incidentally, it was not bad publicity for him.

We had hardly gotten to press with this story when John McCormick, divorced husband of Colleen Moore, told the papers in Honolulu that none of these other reports were true, as *he* was going to marry Dorothy.

The funniest report ever circulated about Dorothy was on a former trip to Honolulu. How that girl loves Hawaiian moonlight! Newspaper men were pressing her for a story, just as she was getting on the steamship *Malola*. Seeking a way out, she told them she was leaving behind her the man she was going to marry, and quickly pointed to an actor-director, who was standing among the visitors at the dock. "His name is Horace Hough, and this is the gentleman right here." He, as a joke, said he hoped to marry Miss Mackaill as soon as he had money enough. Of course, all the mutual friends knew he already had a wife and Dorothy was only kidding, but the papers printed the story.

The Miller-Mackaill wedding ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace. Dorothy and Neil went across the border to Algodonez, Mexico, and had dinner and flew back again at six o'clock, so Neil missed no time from the Embassy. You can imagine the ovation he received that evening.

I SUPPOSE the question most people want answered is: "What is Mrs. Winifred Coe Dix like?"

Well, she's non-professional but cute and pretty enough to go professional if hubby ever gets to the place where he can't support her. But she's the type who prefers to be supported.

Twenty-three. The daughter of a wholesale grocer who is rated "wealthy" even during the depression. She was born in Minneapolis, across the river from St. Paul, where the stork deposited Richard fourteen years [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Hollywood's Cruelty

The ruthless persecution of Greta Garbo—an incredible, but sadly true, story

FOR sheer cruelty, the Middle Ages had nothing on modern Hollywood when it came to practicing the art of persecution. And there is no one in Hollywood today who knows better what it is to be put on the rack and tortured than Greta Garbo.

Instead of trying to understand her, Hollywood has spent every effort to dig an early professional grave for her. I know how true this is, because, unintentionally, I have been one of her most active grave-diggers.

And now I am going to make a confession that hurts—hurts, because it isn't easy to admit one's weaknesses. But there is such a thing as justice, and the attacks upon Greta Garbo have become so numerous recently that the good side of my nature cries out: It is time to be fair to her!

Four years ago I wrote the first and only *bona fide* life story of Greta Garbo for PHOTOPLAY. She spent many hours giving



Mauritz Stiller



Lon Chaney

Four Who Were

me the material. I was fascinated by her sincerity, her warm, earthy qualities; her utter lack of affectation. After my story was printed, she said to me, "I do not like your story. I do not like to see my soul laid bare upon paper."

After that she decided not to see writers. She was perfectly frank, but I was hurt. I did not stop to analyze that there might be a justifiable reason for her decision.

We all know the general story of Garbo. Hollywood had to take her if it was to get the great European director, Mauritz Stiller. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer paid her \$250 a week to secure *him* for the movies. This curious peasant girl with her big feet, her timidity, her combination of humility, ambition and indifference, became the laughing stock of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. I remember how studio employees pointed her out to me saying, "Look at her! Isn't she funny? Imagine that Swede trying to get into pictures!"

They cast her in "The Temptress" because Mauritz Stiller insisted upon it. He was to direct it. Naturally, he directed the production in a way that would work to the advantage of his protégé. Garbo was tall. Antonio Moreno, the star, was not so tall. The director insisted that he wear his hair pompadour fashion to make him look taller. He put him into boots—undoubtedly to make Garbo's feet look smaller. Moreno resented this favoritism. There was a battle, and Stiller lost. He was removed from the picture.

THIS was Garbo's first experience with studio politics. Because of her, Stiller lost his job. Yet it was her friend Stiller who had insisted on her being in the picture! She was bewildered, crushed.

Everywhere she turned she was confronted with intrigue, unkindnesses. The publicity department got hold of her and made her do all kinds of absurd things—things she didn't understand, but which she was good enough sport to go through with. They took her to the beach and photographed her in a track suit. When a prominent prize-fighter visited the studio one day she was photographed shaking hands with him. By this time she could talk a little English. She said, "When I am beeg like Gish (then the queen of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot) no more publicity like this; no more handshakes with prize-fighters!"

I have seldom met anyone more timid than Garbo. When I first went to interview her she kept me waiting in the lobby of her hotel for fifteen minutes. When she arrived she was all apologies—hesitating, nervous ones. She was sincerely frightened. At another time, a New York critic, recently arrived in Hollywood, went to the studio to talk with her. She was



Tony Moreno resented the favoritism he thought was shown Garbo. They insisted that he wear boots so that Greta's feet would look smaller. But in this "still" he's getting all the breaks, Garbo just looking on

to Greta Garbo

By Ruth
Biery



Jack Gilbert



Harry Edington

"Imagine that Swede trying to get into pictures!" that's what they said about Garbo

Kind to Greta

in such a state of nerves before his arrival she couldn't work.

One reason that Greta is always sending flowers to those whom she admires is because she is incapable of expressing appreciation verbally. She sent them to Marie Dressler when they finished "Anna Christie," as an appreciation for what Marie had done for that production. She sent some to Adrian when she saw the clothes he had designed for "Romance." She even sent them to Ernst Lubitsch because she could not tell him, her intimate friend, how much she enjoyed his "Love Parade."

THINK of the sorrow of this timorous girl when she completed "The Temptress" without her benefactor, Mauritz Stiller, and went into "Flesh and the Devil." If only she had someone to lead, to teach, to enlighten! Then she met Jack Gilbert.

Jack Gilbert and Mauritz Stiller had one thing in common besides their affection for this woman. They each recognized the weird trick which Fate had played when it combined in Garbo the physique of a peasant with the talent of a Bernhardt. What Stiller had done for her in Europe, Gilbert decided to do in this country. He appointed himself her mentor and guide.

He told her not to pose for pictures which she did not understand and did not like; not to talk to interviewers if it made her nervous. Whenever an interviewer was brought onto the set, Jack planted himself there as a protector. "Don't say that!" he would tell her. He instilled in Greta Garbo distrust of the writing profession.

Greta listened and believed. Why shouldn't she? Here was the screen's greatest hero taking unlimited time, spending large

amounts of his great energy to help a green newcomer. Her appreciation cannot be estimated by those who do not know the depths of her nature. I do not think Greta was ever in love with Jack. And I think his love for her caused her more embarrassment and sincere regret than any experience she has had in Hollywood, with the exception of the failure of Mauritz Stiller.

She may have loved Stiller. I do not know. I do know she enshrined him. When she talked to me of Stiller her eyes filled with tears, her entire body trembled with emotion. But with both of these men, gratitude was a predominating emotion.

The love of both men at the same time was unfortunate. You remember the time that Jack Gilbert was thrown into the Beverly Hills' jail. The cause was given, in the newspapers, as disorderly conduct. The truth was, Mauritz Stiller was calling on Greta Garbo. Jack arrived [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



The publicity department made Garbo do many things before she was powerful enough to refuse. Posing with this baby lion was a task she didn't relish and she hated wearing running trunks to be photographed with a university track coach. But she had no choice! Those were the orders given

Crowds! Stars! Thrills! Ermine!



HERE is the greatest photograph of a Hollywood première ever made. Crowds, waiting for hours to catch a glimpse of the stars, straining at the ropes. Lights! Excitement! Noise! Ballyhoo! "Five Star Final" opens! Good work, Mr. Photographer Stagg

Lights! *Microphones!* High *Hats!*



Photo by Stagg

THE great ones arrive, splendid in top hats and glittering jewels. Eddie Robinson and his Mrs. are at the mike. Joan Blondell on his left. You'll also discover Louise Fazenda, Loretta Young, Lew Cody, Jean Harlow and Walter Huston and bride out front

Queen Marie

Rags are royal raiment when worn by Marie Dressler. As the old wharf rat in "Min and Bill"—every pound a queen



Because of her work in this rôle she was chosen as the greatest actress of them all by the Motion Picture Academy

OF HOLLYWOOD

IN the world's capital of youth and beauty, a woman past sixty is now the reigning queen.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, representing the industry, and PHOTOPLAY Magazine, representing the motion picture public, have given her the crown and the title, "Queen Marie of Hollywood."

Dolly Gann wouldn't stand aside for Alice Roosevelt, who was known as the princess of Washington, but she graciously gave way to Marie Dressler at filmland's annual big banquet.

That woman who played the blowzy old wharf rat of "Min and Bill" holds the sceptre of Hollywood.

Oh, many stars have been called queen. Mary Pickford—the most persistent contender to the title. Gloria Swanson—upon her triumphant return from Europe with a real Marquis. Marion Davies—the film capital's social leader. Greta Garbo

—who truly rules the hearts of millions of picture lovers.

But wait—about every one of these women there has been dissent. Little whispering choruses have said they were not so great. Jealousy has gripped the hearts of their rivals.

Not so "Good Queen Marie of Hollywood."

Since her sensational rise which began several years ago there has not been a word of criticism murmured about her.

No one is jealous of her.

Not one of the tens of thousands of letters received by PHOTOPLAY about her—and they arrive in flocks, those letters—have ever contained anything but the highest praise.

She has been accredited with stealing every picture in which she has ever appeared (even Garbo's "Anna Christie") and not a single critic has ever written one derogatory word about her acting.

She's the rave of Hollywood.

By Josephine Jarvis

"May I Call You Marie?" asked the *Vice-President*



She is beloved by the greatest nation-wide celebrities as well as every studio worker. Perfectly at ease with swell society and royalty, she has still kept the common touch.

All of her triumphs, all of her great successes culminated recently at the annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. This organization which has steadily grown in power and dignity each year makes awards, by vote of the members, which include all the great of the cinema, for the best screen performances of stars, best directorial efforts, etc.

CROWDED into the elaborate dining room were hundreds of film celebrities. At the speakers' table were Vice-President of the United States Charles Curtis, his sister Dolly Gann, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and the Governor of California, James Rolph, Jr. Hollywood fawned a little sickeningly upon the Vice-President and that stormy petrel of Washington, Dolly Gann. Everybody fawned—everybody but Marie Dressler, she who was honored as the actress who had given the best performance of the year 1931—in "Min and Bill."

She sat at the table, a gracious, imposing figure in a simple black lace evening dress. She is not beautiful—as a matter of fact, she has never been. But she has something so much more than beauty.

When the bronze statuette, the symbol of the honor the Academy paid her, was awarded,

Dolly Gann, who queened it over Washington society, Mabel Willebrandt, the queen of prohibition, and Marie Dressler, Hollywood's queen, at the Academy banquet. Vice-President Curtis, in center, and Lionel Barrymore. Curtis was so charmed with Marie he never left her side



An old picture of Marie taken at the time when she was delighting the exclusive circle ruled by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Marie made the social grade and was the most popular member of the 400

the dining salon of the Biltmore was rocked by applause. She is loved as no other person has ever been loved in Hollywood.

Charles Curtis was completely carried away by the charm of her speech of acceptance—a speech in which she was clever enough to hide the sentimental things she felt. When she sat down, he said, "I admire you so greatly, Miss Dressler, do you mind if I call you Marie?"

The queen turned to him. "Charlie," she said, with royal dignity, "you can call me anything you like."

Voted by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the greatest woman actress; voted, unofficially by Hollywood, as the most beloved member of the colony; voted, by the picture public, as the great panacea for depression; voted, by society, as the most charming and witty of dinner companions; voted, by the studio workers, as the best scout who ever stepped on a set—that is the record of this elderly woman of humble birth.

OH yes, her birth was humble. Marie was the daughter of a simple, home-loving mother and an itinerant musician father. They wandered from town to town seeking a living and an opportunity worthy of the father's talents. There was never any money—not even enough for a good education for Marie.

But Marie's mother wanted her daughter to have real

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

It's A Long Way To

Tipperary!

By Leonard Hall

But Gloria Swanson's heart's right there, now that she has an Irishman for Husband Number Four! And Connie Bennett has Gloria's Marquis de la Falaise

HAVING lived at least thirty-three glamorous lives in her thirty-three years, Gloria Swanson, as Mrs. Michael Farmer, is beginning a thirty-fourth!

Yep—our Gloria has now rounded out an international quartet of husbands, the handsome young Irish lad taking his place with an American, a Jewish-American and a Frenchman in her vivid history.

Gloria Swanson, did I carelessly remark? Fie, and faugh! She may still be that on the billboards, but let's give her her full war title—Gloria Swanson Beery Somborn, the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye Farmer. Try that on your calling cards!

Moreover, the divorce and new hitching paved the way for the merry nuptials of Connie Bennett and Gloria's third—Henri the Marquis—rounding out as tangled a marital muddlement as Hollywood has seen in its long, gaudy history of matrimonial hits and misses.

Connie, by the way, is doing pretty well herself. Her newspaper may now read "Constance Bennett Moorehead Plant, the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye." Not bad!

Thus it has taken eight marriages (including Gloria's two to Mike) to get these four people sorted out and settled down to ineffable and everlasting wedded joy. Tell me, darlings, isn't

love beautiful, wonderful and just too divine? Oh, the glories of romance in moonstruck Movieland!

Still and all, Gloria Swanson, etc., is now Mrs. Michael Farmer.

What next for her?

I consult the dream book, look in my pet crystal and say, "Allagazam!"

First, with the completion of "Tonight or Never," her new picture, she and Mike will scoot to France for a long, restful honeymoon.

Second, don't be surprised if Gloria and Michael start right out to raise a young family. Gloria loves children, and is a first-rate mother.

Two tips from Prof. Hall, star-gazer, to paste in your topper. What a wondrous woman, this Gloria of ours!

She can no more keep off Page One than Gandhi, under his vows, can wear pants! The phrase "movie star," with all the magnificent madness it implies, was invented to fit this girl.

And now she cracks the first page wide open again, with an off-side marriage to Mr. Farmer last summer, and a legal one in Yuma, Arizona, on November 9. And the glittering book of Gloria's life is not half penned, or even dreamed!

Nothing if not ardent, this Swanson child! How she can take



Connie and Hank, Gloria's ex-marquis, do everything according to Hoyle. No secret weddings for them, so right in full view of everybody they appeared at the Los Angeles marriage license bureau and swore to tell the truth. But they didn't want the bad old photographer to catch them. Connie gets \$30,000 a week for looking at a camera



it! After three wild swings at the brass ring of eternal bliss, she made another snatch and grabbed young Mike, free, handsome and twenty-nine.

That pudgy old English philosopher, Samuel Johnson, commenting on a new marriage by an old friend, remarked, "Alas! Another instance of the triumph of hope over experience!" He might have said it of Gloria. She's a chronic hoper in love!

For our amusement and instruction, and for the benefit of historians who shall come after us, let's run down the star-spangled record of her amazing, almost incredible life.

We'll do it by spouses.

Number One. Gloria met and married Wallace Beery when she was just an atom of decoration on the old Essanay lot in Chicago, and he was a wild Swede comic on the same stage. In Hollywood, Wally took his little jobs where he found them, and Gloria donned the one-piece uniform of the famous Mack Sennett Bathing Girl Brigade—though she couldn't swim a lick if a sea-serpent were chasing her. Wally, incidentally, is an American of three generations. This one didn't take, and in 1918 a judge unspliced them.

Number Two. Herbert Somborn, a clever and handsome young Jewish-American, fell for Gloria like a ton of pig-iron. Herb was a famous Hollywood beau, then, and the manager of Clara Kimball Young, at that time the biggest shot in pictures. But he gave up all the other girls and lit out after Gloria, and in 1919 she yessed him.

Faded into Gloria's limbo of forgotten things are her first three husbands—Wally Beery, Herb Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaise. Hubby Number Four is Michael Farmer, called the "millionaire Irish playboy." He may not be a millionaire but he's rich in charm

Then began Gloria's Golden Age. The movies were stark crazy—money grew on gooseberry bushes, and under Somborn's management Swanson got her share of it. He craftily hiked her Paramount salary from \$350 a week to \$5,000—and that was only lipstick money. In 1920 her beloved daughter Gloria II was born. Then a little boy called Joseph was adopted to keep the child company.

But ah! The end was beginning! Gloria was no longer a movie actress—she was a queen. Soon it was heigho! and off for a Paris divorce, and Herbert faded out of the Swanson close-ups and long-shots. He is now Wilson Mizner's partner in the famous Brown Derby restaurants of California, and rich even in depression days.

Number Three. In 1925, bands blared in New York, and the royal suite was dusted. Gloria was coming home from France with a new husband, and a title. He turned out to be the young Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, a nice boy—not much money, but a lot of charm. By then Gloria was far smarter than the men who made pictures! Oh, my yes! She passed up twenty thousand a week at Paramount—she sniffed at a million-a-year offer from Fox.

She'd run her own affairs, if you please. So off she swept to Hollywood, husband, title, court and all. Things were chipper for a while. Suddenly Henri—or "Hank," as PHOTOPLAY affectionately called him—blew to Paris, and Gloria stayed at home, making hits and flops, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

HOLLYWOOD lovebirds are not safe even in Europe. John Gilbert and Lupe Velez met in Paris and were having a grand time until the reporters got after them. Then they hopped a plane for Cherbourg, and caught a boat home.

Lupe and John have admitted their affection for one another, but it all happened so suddenly that it left Hollywood stunned. Jack had been billing and cooing with Marjorie King, a charming young recruit from the New York stage, when he met Lupe and bang! went the Gilbert-King romance. He had also been seen quite often with Ina Claire, whose divorce from him soon will be final. And just before that it was the dusky Hawaiian princess.

THEN he met Lupe and all bets were off. Jack and Lupe met in Buster Keaton's dressing-room in the M-G-M Studio, where both were working. They knew each other but slightly. They started a conversation and within two minutes they were conscious only of each other. Forgotten were Hawaiian princesses, ex-wives and beautiful young stage stars. Lupe mentioned that she was going to Europe on the completion of her picture. Jack told her that he had the same idea, and after that they were inseparable.

When Jack left for New York, Lupe went down to the train to see him off. "Come on



Dolores Del Rio is a big movie star to you, but she's still "baby" to mama from Mexico City who spends her time in Hollywood. Mrs. J. L. Anunsolo doesn't speak much English but she can make almost anybody understand that Dolores is just a little bit of all right. And you can see, with half an eye, the vivid resemblance between the two



When Gilbert Roland plays tennis, Norma Talmadge has to sit in the back spectators' row. It makes Gilbert nervous when she watches him. But at Herbert Brenon's tournament Gil walked (and ran) away with first prize. Now they're calling him "Tilden" for short. Note pleased smile on Norma's face

Cal York

Announcing-

and go with me," he said. "It will be a lonesome trip alone." Lupe boarded the train and wired her maid to send her trunks. Jack lit out for Europe as soon as he reached New York. Lupe followed in about a week.

AND what about her "Garee"? Well, after the bustup between Lupe and Gary Cooper in Hollywood, Gary came to New York to make a picture in the Eastern Paramount Studio. It was his first long visit to New York and he became quite a social attraction. He and Tallulah Bankhead were seen in the night spots together. Then, suddenly, Gary sailed out for Europe. He has not been at all well and there was a suggestion that his lungs were

affected. He didn't tell his bosses at the Paramount Studio until he had sailed.

On the same boat that Gary took to Italy was the Countess di Frasso, whom Gary had been seen escorting around New York.

Once he was having dinner in a New York restaurant when Lupe and Jack Gilbert arrived. Jack went over to talk with Gary, but Lupe didn't look in his direction. Pretty soon Gary left the restaurant.

I am not good at figuring these things out, but to my misty old eyes it looks as if Gary is still crazy about his little Mexican tamale. But, for the present, Lupe can't see anybody—well, not this month, anyhow—except Jack Gilbert.



International

Portrait of a family man. On papa Lloyd's lap is Harold, Jr., who didn't weigh three pounds at birth but now, at nine months, is a blasé gent of sixteen pounds. Peggy (left) is the adopted child, Gloria (right) the Lloyds' own daughter. Mama Mildred is behind the camera standing on her head to make baby smile. Pooh!—he's used to those old gags

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

MARY PICKFORD is going through one of the most trying periods of her life. She hangs on to stardom and is trying to find a picture in which she can make a comeback, while Doug and his pals have hit out for Manchuria, Siberia, the Gobi Desert and other remote points of the world. His first travelogue was such a success that it looks as though Doug were in for a life of globe-trotting, with Mary as a lonely travel widow in the enlarged and renovated Pickfair.

Any talk of legal separation is idle chatter. While the hot flush of romance is over, they have become something more stable than lovers—good friends.

Mary doesn't care for globe-trotting and

Doug, having found a new outlet for his energies, can't stay put. Golf widows shouldn't complain. Their husbands come home at least once a week, but Doug is off for six months or a year.

HEADLINE in a Los Angeles daily paper: MARQUIS LOOKS DOOMED TO EARLY TRIP TO ALTAR

WHEN Lowell Sherman and his wife, Helene Costello, broke up it brought about a reconciliation between Helene and her sister Dolores (Mrs. John Barrymore). The sisters had not visited or even spoken for a long time. John Barrymore doesn't like Lowell

Sherman and the feeling is very much reciprocated. Until a few days ago Helene had not even seen her sister's baby, but since the separation the two girls have been inseparable.

RUDY VALLEE spends all his spare time listening to his rival crooners. One week he was seen in the Paramount Theater in New York three times, listening to Bing Crosby.

Bing threatens to steal Rudy's laurels. They mobbed the theater when he appeared in New York, and the crowd was so unmanageable that several women fainted.

THEY'VE got her name in electric lights, she's responsible for a new hair fad, she's been one of the quickest successes in Hollywood, she means box-office and she gets only \$350 a week.

Jean Harlow. We don't blame her for feeling sore.

HOWARD ("HELL'S ANGELS") HUGHES told a friend that he was thinking of quitting the motion pictures.

"I wouldn't do that," said his friend. "There's a lot of money in it."

"Yes, mine," answered Mr. Hughes.



Wide World

He can't get over that overhand stroke! This lad with the Goddess of Liberty attitude is Johnny Weissmuller, world's champion swimmer. And he's been persuaded (with a nice fat check) to play the name rôle in "Tarzan." Yes, that's his only costume in this picture and winter is winter, even in Hollywood



International

Love?

"Ooh, I like heem ver' much," says Lily Damita about playboy Sidney Smith, "but he work in New York, I work in Hollywood. How we marry, hein?" So they give up work and play on California's beaches. A handsome couple, yes?

AT a luncheon given to visiting newspaper publishers, at one of the Hollywood studios, an unassuming, unaffected and very pretty young lady sat between two of the visitors. She had on no make-up, not even rouge.

"Must be the daughter of some country publisher. I bet she's getting a kick out of these stars," said one of the reporters.

A few minutes later Conrad Nagel introduced the unassuming young lady. Miss Dorothy Jordan arose and took a bow.

AS told on another page of this magazine, Jackie Cooper wants to be a "man about town." But he was absolutely unqualified

THE economy wave has hit the Paramount Studio so hard that they are making over George Bancroft's underwear to fit Arthur Pierson. It's a suit of heavy rubber underwear, such as is worn by actors when, for picture purposes, they have to work in icy water. When the rubber underwear suit was cut down, it had to be vulcanized to make it waterproof. Pierson uses it in water scenes for "No One Man."

ELECTRIC light sign on the marquee of the Mayfair Theater in New York reads—ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN BY WESLEY RUGGLES.



International

Marriage!

The Joy girl and business man William Hook said those old vows. And that's the best deal he ever put over. Leatrice says being a Good Wife is her favorite rôle from now on and she's through with movies. She used to be Mrs. Jack Gilbert

for such a title at the banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences when, during the long speeches, he went to sleep on the shoulder of Marie Dressler.

RAMON NOVARRO admitted in court the other day that he had had a little drink. Novarro and his secretary-chauffeur, Frank Hansen, were being sued for an auto crash.

THEY say that Jetta Goudal held up production on the Will Rogers picture until she got a piece of blue velvet ribbon that suited her artistic temperament.

ONE of the happiest, most companionable Hollywood couples that have visited New York for a long time is Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They were glad to get away from the studio city. Probably no marriage has had a harder time than theirs, in the maelstrom of Hollywood gossip.

One gossip-monger printed a story about Doug driving a lady to the beach and said he went at reckless speed because he didn't want to be recognized. The fact is that Doug has a black and silver car that's so conspicuous that you could recognize it a mile off. The lady was Rose Hobart and they were driving to the beach to meet Joan.



International

Divorce!

Another romance bit the dust when the judge handed Irene Rich that fatal paper. She and hubby David Blankenhorn hadn't been happy for a long time

THE gossipers also said that young Doug and Clifton Webb and Hope Williams were always out together, and where was Joan? Joan had been working hard on "Possessed," and never left the set before 9 P. M. Once when Doug broke an engagement for both of them during that time the catty hostess said, "Too bad Doug can't tie his shoe laces without Joan. Other Hollywood husbands go to parties when their wives are working."

That's Hollywood. At least they will be free of such romance-busting gossip in New York, where they can sit in a theater and hold hands without someone saying they are putting on an act.

WHEN Corinne Griffith was working in pictures out in Hollywood, Walter Morosco, her husband, managed all her business affairs. Now Walter is running the Paramount Studios in London and doing a good job of it, while Corinne is merely the Wife Department.

EVEN in Hollywood few people know that Robert Williams was really responsible for his own death. Although his physicians warned him that he had an acute appendicitis and that he should be operated on immediately, he refused until the appendix broke and death was almost inevitable.

PHOTOPLAY credited him one of the best per-



International

Laughter!

Whoops and a couple of goody-goodees! This is the way Joan Bennett looked when she arrived in New York with her painful hospital experience behind her

formances of the month in the December issue for his work in "Platinum Blonde." His work in "Devotion," and "Rebound," had already assured him of a firm place in the film firmament. He was scheduled to play the lead in Connie Bennett's "Lady With a Past." No film newcomer had made such rapid strides.

Williams ran away from a farm when he was ten years old to join a band of tent show troupers. He later became one of Broadway's favorite juveniles. And then the movies—where he was, for the few short months he spent in Hollywood, in constant demand.

TWELVE years ago a little lad was hanging round his father's studio in Fort Lee, New Jersey, and, poking his nose into every phase of production from scene building to film printing, made himself a general nuisance. A director who was working in that studio told me at that time, "I have never seen such a kid in my life. His curiosity about everything connected with pictures is absolutely insatiable."

He is young David Selznick, son of Lewis J. Selznick, who at that time was a film mogul. David was always accompanied, in the snooping about the studio, by his brother, Myron, who was equally curious. Selznick *pere* is now retired and David has just been appointed the producing czar of the RKO Studios.

Myron is making a slim half million dollars a year as the top motion picture agent in Hollywood.

Curiosity didn't kill them.

HOLLYWOOD divorces for the past year were twenty-five per cent under the previous year. The depression is blamed.



Tears!

A success with only three pictures! His biggest break was being Connie Bennett's leading man. But Robert Williams died before he played the rôle

HERE is an odd one. Mrs. Jesse Crawford, the famous motion picture theater organizer, has her gowns designed so that they look better from the back than from the front. She faces the audience only for one moment when she takes a bow following her performance.

THE newspapers recently reported the death of Norma Phillips who, fourteen years ago, was known as "The Mutual Girl." She was starred in a series of one-reel subjects and at that time became quite famous. She was thirty-eight when she died penniless, and was buried by the actors' fund.

THE most dignified divorce in Hollywood was that gotten by the Lawrence Tibbetts. No mud throwing, no family skeletons exposed; just an agreement between a lady and a gentleman who agreed to disagree. The only quarreling which took place was between their mutual friends, trying to decide which was in the right—Grace or Lawrence.

At this writing, Grace is devoting her time to their two handsome boys and Lawrence is on a concert tour, with rumors floating about that a second marriage is in the offing for him, to a charming lady in San Francisco.

HERE'S the biggest heart-throb news of the month—Billie Dove and millionaire-boy-producer Howard Hughes have played romantic reconciliation scene! Everybody thought Dorothy Jordan was Howard's love interest and then he arrived at Hollywood's first Mayfair party of the season squiring Billie Dove. To take a girl to the Mayfair is a public announcement.

Funny part was it must have been a last minute idea for they'd not called for reservations. Gasping waiters made room for them while all the gossip hounds buzzed and buzzed and buzzed!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Ach! That Pola!



"Gumpy" (see story) and Pola understand each other. "She blows up, but she always comes down again," says "Gumpy," who is holding her make-up box while Pola gets ready for a scene in "The Woman Commands"

Hollywood was going flat. Then, back came *La Negri* and livened up the town

By
Sara Hamilton

all of her, is an entire and deliberate contradiction. You think now, at last, you have her placed. She is so and so. Only to discover she is nothing of the kind.

Exotic in appearance, you expect pet tigers and heavily scented couches. There are no tigers. Not even a guinea pig. Even the alligator was given to her by the American Legion boys. She sits primly on the edge of

her chair and talks freely. No question too trivial to answer. So that's it? Meek, you think. You have another think.

For in two minutes' time she can, and probably will, stage a scene that would curl your hair. And stage it as only Pola can stage it.

She's a grand scene stager. The best, in fact. She says so herself.

SHE held a baby in one sequence of her new picture "A Woman Commands," and just as they were about to start the scene the baby, worn out with delay, began to cry. Long and lustily it cried. Whereupon Pola sat down on the nearest prop chair and wept with sympathy. The crying baby in her arms. And the maid, beholding the weeping Pola, promptly burst into tears.

Director Stein was flabbergasted.

He marched into the middle of things.

"What iss dis?" he demanded.

"It's crying," Pola wept. "Can't you see it?"

"But why iss it?" the bewildered director asked. "Why iss all dis crying?"

That was enough.

The battle was on. Amidst the howls of the baby and the frightened hush of the crew, they stormed and raged.

"Don't you yell like diss at me," the director finally screamed.

"I will yell all I want to," shrieked Pola, and off the set she stamped.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes of precious time went by. There was complete [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

POLA NEGRI has come back with a brand-new figure, a pet alligator, and a new act that—well, really, it has any of Pola's past performances beat a mile.

She's gone humble. She says so herself. But, and here's the catch, not only is Pola humble, she is intellectual.

My gosh, how intellectual! It's gorgeous.

She departed our midst with a brand-new (now second-hand) prince, an expired contract (not renewed) and muttered threats that "in Poland we kill."

In Hollywood she kills, too. She's killing them right and left. She talks at length on the secrets of French diplomacy, America's cultural future and Gandhi's past. The rise of Oriental philosophy and the fall of Susan Lenox. You have never heard anything like it.

Neither did Hollywood.

They sit back in wide-eyed bewilderment and chew their raspberry finger nails and wonder why in the —, what I mean is, they wonder why they didn't think of it first.

And as if being humble and intellectual weren't enough, she comes back with a new and gorgeous beauty that—well, you wouldn't believe me.

Slender, with a beautifully rounded figure. No lines. No seams. All the heaviness of face, figure and emotions are gone. Departed. No darkened eyelids, no frizzled locks.

Her hair, black as a winter's night, springs back from a low, broad forehead. Creamy white. Her eyes, which by every rule of nature should be blazing black or sirenish green, are a laughing, twinkling gray.

But her eyes are not the only contradiction about Pola. Pola,



Harold Dean Carsey

BACK to Hollywood, leaving behind her Prince, her accent and her tempestuous moods, Pola Negri is a revelation to her old friends—and enemies. Now everyone seeks invitations to her beach house, where she serves hot dog lunches and mimics the Pola who used to storm through the Paramount Studio

Opening The Hollywood Social Season



1



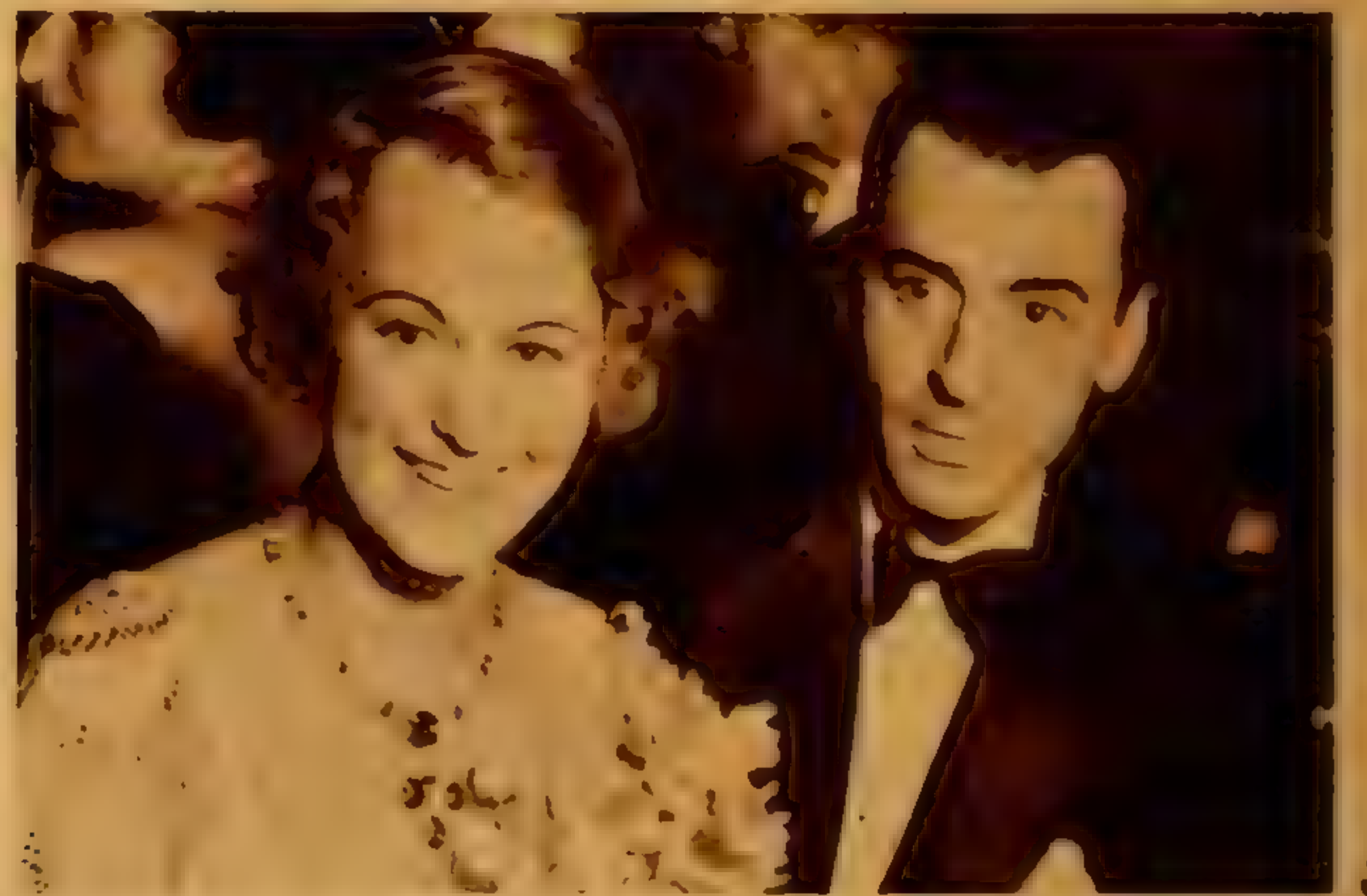
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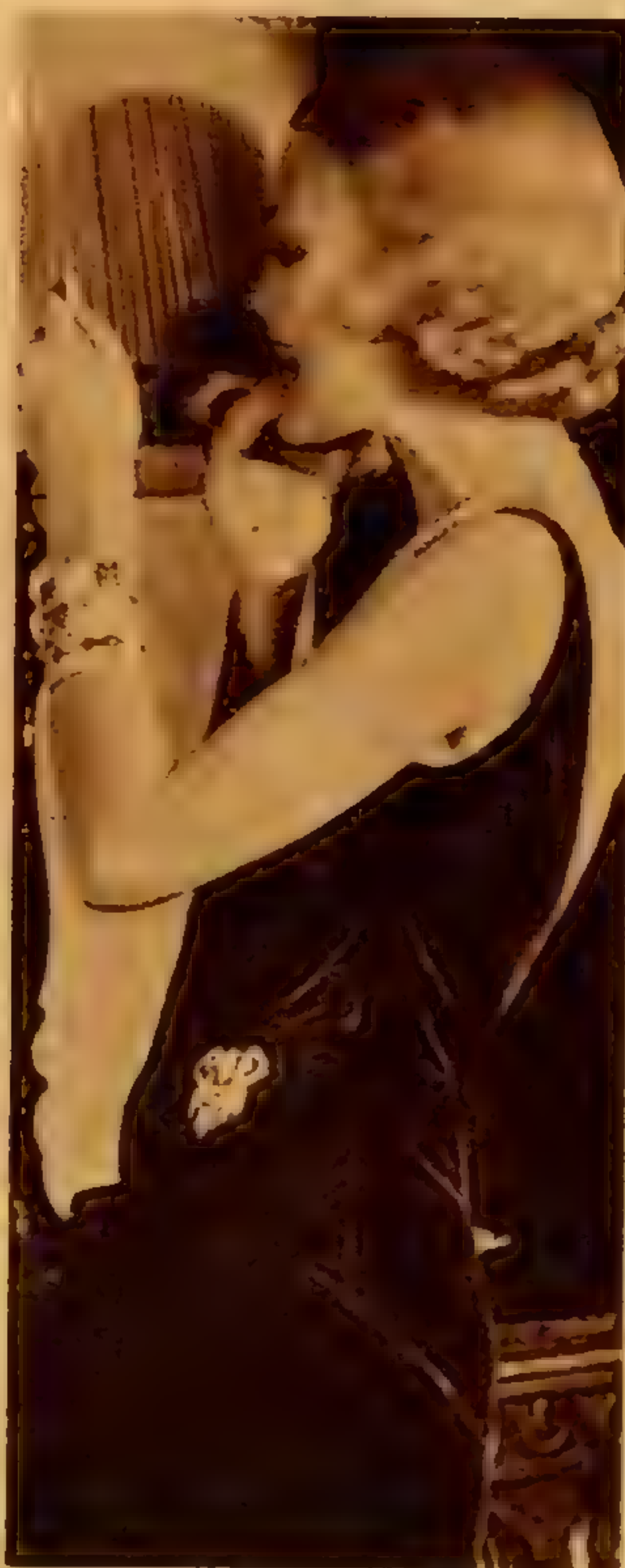
WHOOPS! Here they are starting off the indoor winter sports with a blinding glare of jewels, sparkling eyes, new gowns and starched shirts. It's the opening of the Mayfair, the most exclusive club of Cinema City. Just try to get in if you're merely a banker or a senator. PHOTOPLAY's demon photographer waltzed around with his cute little camera and see what he brings you. How many of the élite can you identify? Turn to page 108 for the ones you miss on.



8



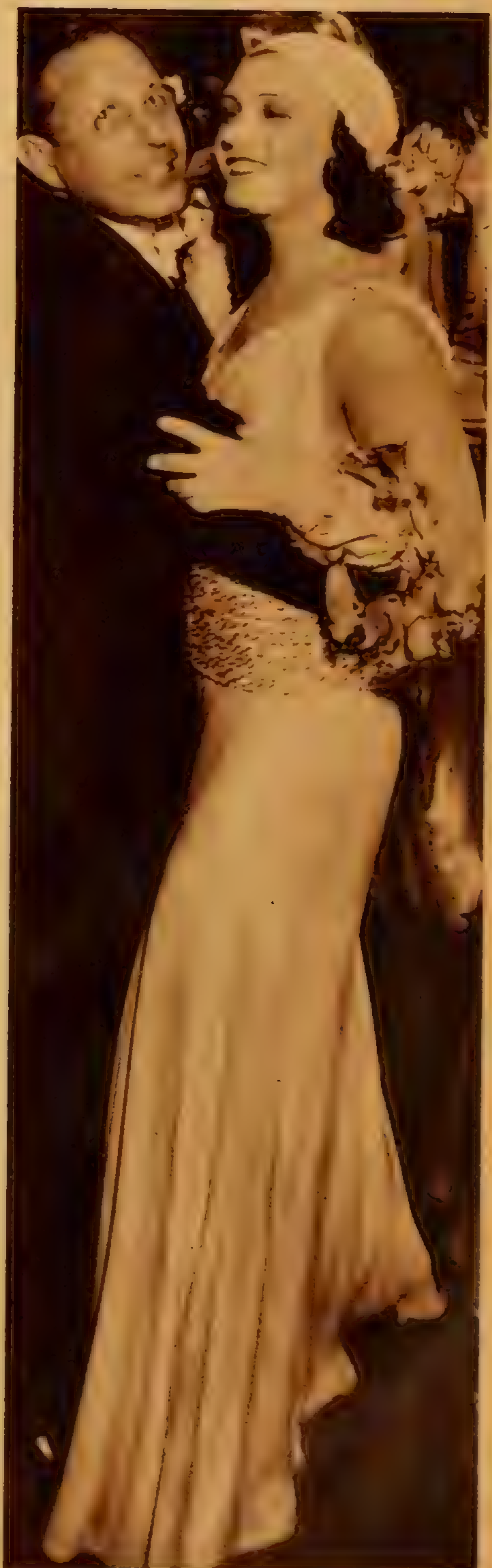
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10



9



12



11



Elmer Fryer

PORTRAIT of a German young lady who wants a private life right in the middle of a Hollywood studio. There's really nothing for Lil Dagover to conceal. All she wants to do is walk barefoot in the grass, converse with friends and listen to music. But she wants no prying eyes to watch her. Her first Warner film is "The Woman From Monte Carlo"



When she arrived in Hollywood with the "Act of God" baby Charlie met her at the train, but the studio moguls had never heard of her. On the right, a scene from "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in which she proved herself one of the greatest movie actresses of all time



"Charlie MacArthur's Wife"

WHEN she first came to Hollywood she was known as "Charlie MacArthur's wife."

You see, Charlie MacArthur was a big shot.

He was a writer.

He was called into conferences and had his opinion asked and did a number of important things. He was a famous New York playwright. More than that, he was a famous Hollywood dialogue writer.

Charlie went to parties and said amusing things and was known all over town. His wife, it was learned, was a stage actress.

She had never worked in pictures so when she came to Hollywood she was introduced everywhere as "Charlie MacArthur's wife."

Well, Charlie MacArthur's wife thought it would be grand if she could act before the camera, so she secured an agent who took her to one of the casting men at M-G-M. She made a fatal mistake. Instead of being announced as Charlie MacArthur's wife she said simply that she was Helen Hayes. You see, that's the name she uses on the stage.

The casting man was bewildered. In the first place, she didn't look like an actress, for her hair was not sleek and her clothes were dark and simple. So, speaking of her as if she weren't there, he addressed her agent, "What does the little lady do?"

"She's a New York actress. She's playing on the stage in Los Angeles now," he replied.

"Mmmm, mmmm," mmmmed the casting man. "What's she playing in?"

"'Coquette,'" said the agent.

"Mmmm, mmmm, 'Coquette,' eh? What sort of parts does she play? I mean what's her type?"

The agent tried to explain, but without much success. So the casting man, who liked the agent, although his respect for him was waning, said, "Well, leave the little lady's name and address and if anything comes up that she might fit into I'll

"What does the little lady do?" asked the casting director. She showed them

give her a ring." And the interview was closed. Looked like the studio doors were, too.

And that was Helen Hayes' first experience professionally in Hollywood. Helen Hayes, "the little lady," "Charlie MacArthur's wife," is the same Helen Hayes whose first picture, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," is

packing them into the theaters and making them weep into all their handkerchiefs—extra as well as regular.

She's the same Helen Hayes who has been one of the greatest stars on Broadway since she was sixteen; the Helen Hayes who stepped into Maude Adams' great rôle in "What Every Woman Knows," who plays a Barrie heroine with all the sure charm that the writer intended; the Helen Hayes who is one of the great stars of which the theater may still boast; the Helen Hayes around whom theatrical tradition flutters like extra girls around an assistant director; the Helen Hayes of the long-run, sensational Broadway show "Coquette"; the Helen Hayes of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Helen Hayes—why the name is one over which theater lovers bow their heads in a few moments of silent prayer. Helen Hayes, the great *artiste*.

BUT in the West it's only what you do in Hollywood or what somebody tells you that means anything. And that's why she received such a cool reception in the casting office. Later, when somebody told somebody that Helen Hayes was a great name and a great *artiste*, and when Edgar Selwyn had been signed to direct a picture and said she was the only person able to do the story he had in mind, Helen recalled the casting office incident to Irving Thalberg.

It was just at the time when she and Thalberg were discussing her salary—the studio finally managed to get her at an astonishingly large figure. Thalberg didn't think it was funny right then.

The strange part was that when she was in Los Angeles in "Coquette" she wanted to work in pictures. But she made the mistake of making an effort. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

By Katherine Albert

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ POSSESSED—M-G-M

CLARK GABLE, the suave, worldly politician; Joan Crawford, the girl who comes to the big city to win love, wear beautiful clothes, sparkle with jewels and get very, very dramatic; lots of luxury; lots of charm; lots of smooth talk about courage and marriage and what women want—that's "Possessed," and you really don't care if the story is old and some of the lines a little shopworn. For the Gable boy and the Crawford girl make you believe it.

Skeets Gallagher is the not-too-funny comic and Wallace Smith plays the small town lad convincingly. It's the best work Joan Crawford has done since "Paid," and Clark Gable—he's everybody's big moment. If Joan weren't so good, he'd have the picture. You'll like this. But while you're seeing it the kids should be doing their homework.



★ OVER THE HILL—Fox

THIS is Mae Marsh's triumphant return to pictures and she thought everybody had forgotten her. She won't think that for long, because all that Marsh charm and winsomeness has not been mislaid during her ten years' absence from the screen. As the self-sacrificing, understanding mother, who is unwanted by her grown-up children, she plays close to your heart.

The story has been modernized somewhat. (Of course, you remember the silent version with Mary Carr.) But all the pathos has been left in. James Dunn plays the son superbly and Sally Eilers is his sweetheart, and they didn't do better work than this in "Bad Girl."

Don't miss the Marsh comeback.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES—
United Artists

DOUG FAIRBANKS is a smart guy. He went on a pleasure trip, had a lot of fun, and now he's making it pay him in cash. For he took a camera along with him and this picture is the result.

For the sheer novelty that picturegoers have been crying for, this film deserves all the praise adjectives. There have been travel films innumerable, but never before one which includes the rare laughs, the trick gags, the clever stunts that Fairbanks has sprinkled so generously throughout the camera-story of his wanderings. It is just these things which make this so decidedly worth viewing.

Doug himself is in many of the scenes and you'll like that grin better than you ever have before. He keeps up a running fire monologue throughout the piece; discovers that the fox trot was originated in Siam and feeds peanuts to King Prajadipok's white elephant.

It would be unfair to tell too much about the things Doug has in his picture. But this we can tell—there are laughs, thrills, magic and camera tricks that outdo even "The Thief of Bagdad."

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES
ARROWSMITH POSSESSED OVER THE HILL
TONIGHT OR NEVER FRANKENSTEIN
TOUCHDOWN HELL DIVERS FLYING HIGH

The Best Performances of the Month

Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith"
Helen Hayes in "Arrowsmith"
Richard Bennett in "Arrowsmith"
Joan Crawford in "Possessed"
Clark Gable in "Possessed"
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill"
James Dunn in "Over the Hill"
Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never"
Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight or Never"
Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein"
Colin Clive in "Frankenstein"
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers"
Clark Gable in "Hell Divers"
Walter Huston in "A House Divided"
Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat"
John Breeden in "The False Madonna"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ ARROWSMITH—United Artists

IF author Sinclair Lewis finds fault with this (as Dreiser did with "An American Tragedy") he should be sent to bed without his supper. For everything that was in the book is here—the drama of the doctor-scientist who risks his life and happiness so that others might live.

Ronald Colman is poised as usual, but he's more than that. For once he has a chance to show of what actor stuff he's made. And it's all wool and a yard wide. He simply is *Dr. Arrowsmith*.

No one could have done the tender, faithful wife who makes terrific sacrifices for the doctor's humanitarian career better than little Helen Hayes. These two—Colman and Hayes—are the ideal pair for this film. And, in case that isn't enough in the acting line, there's the old master Richard Bennett who makes a great *Sondelius*. He and A. E. Anson turn in two of the finest character performances you'll see this season.

To producer Sam Goldwyn, director John Ford, and adapter Sidney Howard go leafy laurel wreaths for their respective brows. Perhaps you'll say there's too much dialogue, but convincing locales make up for it.



★ TONIGHT OR NEVER—United Artists

WELL, this is one of the most difficult pictures PHOTOPLAY has ever tried to review. It's beautifully directed, acted and produced. Neither director Mervyn LeRoy nor star Gloria Swanson has ever done better. As for newcomer Melvyn Douglas (from the stage), he'll give Clark Gable a few anxious moments. This new lad has sex-appeal, too. The story is clever and the dialogue dynamic.

Why difficult, then? Because it's the *hottest* picture yet screened. It sizzles and burns. It's SEX in capital letters. Sophisticates will eat it up, but old-fashioned family folks may be shocked. For Gloria and Melvyn are more frankly seductive than ever were Garbo and Jack Gilbert. This is recommended for people who like snappy lines, snappy situations and snappy love scenes.



★ FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

IF you like mystery and spooky pictures, here's your meat. It's strong stuff, and not for faint-hearted folks. It introduces a successor to the late Lon Chaney, who out-horrors anything Chaney ever gave us.

The opening scene is a funeral. A mad surgical genius creates a monster and, no matter how well you know the story, to watch that mechanical man come alive is a breath-taking, sensational experience you won't forget.

Boris Karloff plays the monster. During the making of the picture he lost twenty-one pounds. You won't wonder when you see him. He's great, as is Colin Clive as *Frankenstein*. The direction and photography are magnificent. And, whether you like it or not, you'll be held spell-bound.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆
**TOUCH-
DOWN—**
Paramount



AT last a new angle on college football! A handsome but over-ambitious coach is the hero in this one—not the flashy halfback making the last minute touchdown—and you'll get some inside stuff on crooked football. Richard Arlen, as the coach, is excellent, while Jack Oakie, as his wisecracking pal, does his best work. Peggy Shannon hasn't much to do. See it.



☆
**HELL
DIVERS—**
M-G-M

THE combination of Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces results in grade-A entertainment. Although it's peacetime aviation, the flying acrobats are all there. And neither Gable nor Beery, as friendly enemies, has ever been better. The romance is secondary. The real kick of the picture is the sacrifice of one man for his pals. Those scenes will get you.

☆
**FLYING
HIGH—**
M-G-M



THIS snappy picture proves that producers have learned how to use music—sparingly and appropriately—and they haven't allowed dancing and vocal numbers to interfere with an otherwise rapid-fire, knock-'em down and drag-'em out comedy plot. Bert Lahr and lanky Charlotte Greenwood are a comedy team second to none in talkies. The fast and furious chorus numbers are presented from weird angles.



**HER
MAJESTY,
LOVE—**
First National

IF all barmaids were as lovely as Marilyn Miller, Volstead wouldn't have a chance. But she's one of the musical comedy variety that never existed—tossing off songs between every glass of beer. Her dancing is okay, too. Ben Lyon is the heavy love interest and some of the best comedians in Hollywood make you chuckle. This is light but pleasantly entertaining.

**THE FALSE
MADONNA—**
Paramount



THIS is pretty melo melodrama, without a single laugh to lighten the action, but it hits your heart just the same. Kay Francis poses as the mother of a rich blind boy, to swindle him. His helplessness, however, awakens her better nature and sends her along the straight and narrow path. John Breeden, a new lad, almost steals the show from the other competent actors. He's great.



**PEACH
O'RENO—**
Radio
Pictures

THOSE nut comedians—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—are at it again. This time they do all their funny business in Reno's fashionable divorce colony. It's an absurd plot concoction and although the story is weak on romance it's long on laughs. Peppy Zelma O'Neal comes close to stealing the picture from right under Woolsey's cigar. Dorothy Lee is as cute and pretty as ever.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**CORSAIR—
United
Artists**



THERE is neither freshness nor much action in this. Chester Morris plays a rum-runner, determined to show up the hypocrisy of his girl's father. The dad is a bootlegger, but poses as being respectable. Familiar gangster activities are transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Beautiful Alison Lloyd (you know her as Thelma Todd) supports. Recommended only for ardent Morris fans.

**MEN IN
HER LIFE—
Columbia**



IT'S an old story, but ingeniously worked out. And the dialogue has a good crackling quality. Rich young girl is saved from embarrassing situation with bogus count by rough and ready American. Lois Moran (it seems only yesterday she was doing kid parts) gives a sincere, adult performance, while bad man Charles Bickford has never done better in his movie life.

**THE CHEAT
—Paramount**



THAT Bankhead girl has done it this time. She clicks in a big way. Sure, the story is hokum, about a villain with Oriental ideas (that's Irving Pichel), and a woman who takes money with which to speculate. But you're entertained and interested in spite of yourself because of excellent direction and great acting. Tallulah is sincere and dramatic. This film shows what she can do.

**A HOUSE
DIVIDED—
Universal**



THIS is life and love in the raw, with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose mail-order bride abhors his cruelty and vulgarity and falls in love with his handsome son. There's a terrific battle between father and son. What a situation! Helen Chandler and Kent Douglass are excellent as the boy and girl, but it is Huston's performance you won't forget.

**THE
YELLOW
TICKET—
Fox**



IF you thought they weren't doing that sort of thing any more (villain locks beautiful girl in bedroom where she fights for the same old honor), take a look at this. It's the moth-eaten melodrama dressed up in new clothes with Elissa Landi, who should have better stories, and Lionel Barrymore making his ridiculous rôle seem believable. They make a picture worth seeing.

**HIS
WOMAN—
Paramount**



A BABY with a lusty yell and a total lack of screen consciousness steals this picture. Unfortunately for Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, their fine talents are rather wasted on a slow moving and trite story. Gary is captain of a freighter. Claudette vividly plays the rôle of a tarnished lady redeemed through love. Old stuff. Some fine photography, however. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 94]

Villainous Jean Hersholt gets a wicked glint in his eye every time he sees a paint brush. Adolphe Menjou can't leave those first editions alone and Eddie Robinson is positively mad about Wagner. It's all pretty depressing

ILLUSTRATED BY
VAN ARSDALE



LAST Tuesday—no, it was Thursday—no, a week from last Monday—. Well, anyhow!

A few days ago our Aunt Hermione arrived in Hollywood from Oklahoma. We hadn't seen the dear, white-haired old lady for years. We embraced her joyfully.

"Why Auntie! What fun you're going to have," we exclaimed. "Old Mrs. Smith across the street is having her eightieth birthday party today, and she'll love to have you come. And our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Tiffits, has just won a knitting contest. You'll have a wonderful time with her."

"Knits!" replied Auntie, sniffing. "It's men I want, Nevvy! How about a match there, kid? What do you think I'm holding this cigarette for?"

"Men?" we asked, in a faint voice.

"Sure! Wild men! Bad men! I been seein' a lot of these here movie pitchers lately and, boy howdy, they sure got some tough lads in 'em. Villains is what I come out West here for. Men as is men!"

Auntie has a mind of her own, and before we knew it we found ourselves, with a list of all the movie "heavies" of our acquaintance, climbing into our car with Auntie herself.

George Bancroft lives almost next door to us, in Bel-Air, and we took a peek into his yard as we drove past.

We caught a glimpse of George. He was down on his knees with a pruning shears, trimming a rose-bush. He is helping with the landscaping of his new home. We speeded up. Where to go? Let's see—George works at Paramount. How about the other villains at that studio? It couldn't be William Boyd. William, we knew, collects antiques; his collection of pewter and milk-glass is the envy of connoisseurs all over the country.

How about Fred Kohler, then, Bancroft's old slugging-partner in "Underworld," and a tough guy in general on the screen? We could drive out to his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. But we knew just what we'd find there. Fred would be petting a stray horse he had found, or bandaging the sore foot of a pup picked up somewhere. Fred raises Pekingese pups, too. That somehow didn't sound hard-boiled. Nope—

Swinging the car around, we headed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Arriving there, we asked right off the bat for Wally

Auntie Wanted

Beery. It would be hard to find a gentler soul than Wally, but maybe he would put on a little growling and cursing for Auntie, we figured.

"Mr. Beery telephoned us he's going to stay home today," came the answer. "He's tying some trout flies."

"Humph!" snorted Aunt Hermione, with a furious swish of her feather boa.

"Now, now, Auntie," we placated the dear old lady. Trying again, we asked, "How about Ernest Torrence?"

"Mr. Torrence isn't here either today. He's visiting John McCormack."

"Mr. McCormack is singing two of Ernest's compositions this season, you know, in his concerts."

Auntie stomped her high buttoned shoe. "Ernest Torrence writes tunes? Don't tell me! Didn't I see him with my own eyes, getting drunk and shooting Indians in that pitcher with all the covered wagons in it? Don't tell me, young man!"

"Now, Auntie, please—," we begged her, mopping our forehead.

"Well, how about that Frenchy feller, with the cute leetle moustache?" she demanded. "He works here, don't he?"

"Adolphe Menjou?"

"That's the bimbo! Lead me to him. He may not be so tough, but he sure is wicked enough to warm the heart of a lonely girl like me!"

WE gulped. Auntie was carrying a six-gun in her muff and we didn't dare tell her that, unless Adolphe was working, he was bound to be up in the studio library. Suave and dangerous he may be on the screen but, with his make-up off Adolphe is a collector of first editions!

Hastily we thought of substituting Jean Hersholt, the beast who tried to drive Ramon Novarro to suicide in "Daybreak." Then we recalled that Jean is a bookworm, too. And when



Aunt Hermione,
aged seventy-two,
goes to Hollywood
hunting wild par-
ties and wild men

By

Jack Jamison

'E m BAD

he's not with his books, Jean is painting delicate landscapes. Worse and more of it!

Lionel Barrymore? Lionel's hobby is the most fragile of all art work, etching. He was out of the question. Etchings wouldn't look villainous to Aunt Hermione. So was Lewis Stone out of the question—rancher, penny-ante player, and fatherly advisor to those in trouble. What could we do?

We had an idea. "Oh, you don't want to waste your time, Auntie," we said, with our most engaging smile. "There's a man in Hollywood who's twice as wicked as Menjou."

"The heck you say!" exclaimed the dear old lady, all smiles, as she playfully nudged us in the ribs with her umbrella. "Attababy! Lead the way!"

SO we drove Auntie to John Miljan's home. We left her outside for a moment. Rushing into the house, we found John just where we expected to—where George Bancroft had been. He was on his knees in the garden, transplanting a rare tulip bulb. "Listen, John, do us a favor, will you?" we gasped. "Hurry upstairs and put on some morning clothes. It's a matter of life and death. When you come downstairs, be looking wicked—as wicked as you can look!"

"But this bulb—"

"We'll bulb you a new bulb!" we panted. "Hurry, please."

We got Aunt Hermione into the house and sat her down in an easy chair by the fireplace. After a few minutes John came down, dressed to kill and sneering so that chills ran up and down our backs. How Auntie perked up! She winked at him and began to giggle. As the two of them chatted we went out into the kitchen to ask the cook for gin. She didn't have any. John doesn't drink. We were halfway back to the drawing-room when we heard a yell of rage from Auntie Hermione.

"Nevvy! Come back here! Take me out of this joint!"

"Why Auntie, what on earth is the matter?" we asked, hurrying in. "Did he hurt you?"

"You know what this wicked, dangerous man here is trying to talk to me about?" she demanded. "I sit down and get all set and do you know what he asks me, the mugg? He asks me if I love canaries! He has seventy-two canaries, he tells me! Canaries! Whoops! A lot I care about canaries! They're just a pain in the ear to me. Get me out of here, Nevvy, before I do something I'm liable to be sorry for!"

Perspiring, we got Auntie into the car again. What to do? We had introduced her to the screen's best-known and hardest-souled villains, whose leers and scowls have made even Eskimos shiver, and not one had clicked. Maybe Auntie wanted scoundrels of a more modern sort.

Gangsters! An inspiration! Edward G. Robinson and Jimmie Cagney! We tried their names on Auntie and her grin stretched from Atlantic to Pacific.

Robinson was at First National in Burbank, working. "Come on the set and watch this scene," he suggested politely. "and then we'll have tea together. Or would you rather come to my dressing-bungalow now?"

Auntie gave us a savage kick on the shin and whispered, "Bungalow," in our ear.

"That will be nice!" smiled Mr. Robinson. "You can hear my Wagner phonograph records. You know, I could scarcely live without my music."

Well, we're only glad the twenty records Auntie broke over our heads were not Wagner! Wagner is too heavy! Hurriedly we asked someone if James Cagney was in *his* dressing-room. He was. As we reached it, we heard sounds of scuffling feet inside. Auntie brightened.

"A fight!" she cried, joyfully.

"You wait outside," we ordered her, and went in cautiously. But it wasn't a fight. The scuffling was Jimmie and his wife practicing new dance steps. And we didn't tell Auntie what Jimmie said to us—"This is our favorite recreation, you know, when we aren't playing croquet." Oh, no, we didn't tell Auntie. Instead, we ripped open our collar, mussed up our hair and staggered out of the house panting, "It's too terrible for mortal eyes to see!" Pushing Auntie back into the car, out of which she was trying to scramble, we went on: "Blood! Nothing but blood all over the floor. Let's get away while we can."

We can't describe the dear old [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

See THESE LATEST Chanel

ANOTHER big fashion "scoop" for PHOTOPLAY! Once again we are able to give you an exclusive preview of the Chanel-designed clothes that you will see Gloria Swanson wear in "Tonight or Never." And, according to our reviewers, Samuel Goldwyn has made a picture worthy of the clothes.



Chanel goes in for sleeves in a big way, it seems. Huge muffs of fur match a face-framing collar on the short satin jacket which accompanies this regal white satin evening gown. That train is dramatic, isn't it?



Look at those wing-like draperies! Who but Chanel would add them to a black velvet evening gown? Who but Gloria could wear them so smartly? Both front and back décolletages are tricky. Those are jeweled clips on the shoulder. Note the straighter line, too



STYLES IN Gloria's Picture

Chanel has caught all the glamour that surrounds an opera singer in these clothes she has designed for Gloria's operatic screen rôle. Look at this afternoon ensemble in black satin and ermine. Every line of it is distinctive. The coat is long and slightly fitted. Barrel cuffs of ermine trim the sleeves, while a double collar of the fur rises about the face. The dress depends upon intricate seaming for its chic. Bands of ermine trim the surplice neckline. A barrel muff echoes the sleeve detail and a pert turban tops the unusual costume



Longer and more elegant goes the trend in evening wraps *a la* Chanel. This gorgeous satin one is lavishly trimmed with that precious fur, chinchilla. Again the unusual cuff detail that marks all these "Tonight or Never" costumes



"I owe everything I am to my mother," says Jackie Cooper with a catch in his voice as he magnanimously attributes his success to this Little Woman. Incidentally, Mrs. Cooper is his manager as well as his Best Friend and Severest Critic. Jackie's fortune is put in trust funds

Man About Town

By S. R. Mook

crossing one foot over the other. "'Lo, Mary," he added as an afterthought while he anxiously scanned the horizon. Evidently not finding what he was looking for, he mounted the rung of my chair and peered over my head.

"I'm looking for a table," he announced.

"Why don't you sit down with us?" Mary invited.

"I can't," he announced disgustedly. "I got my mother and aunt with me."

At the time he was working with Richard Dix in "Big Brother." "How's the picture going?" I asked.

"Oh, the picture's going all right," he replied, "but we can't find a name for it. They want something with me in the title."

"Well, how about 'Big and Little Brother?'" Mary suggested.

"That's what I told 'em," he answered, "but you know Dix, a swell guy to work with, but when it comes to publicity it's Dix, Dix, Dix. I gotta go now," he finished, "or Mom will get sore. She'll think I'm neglectin' her."

Two months later we met again in the publicity offices of M-G-M. "Hi, Jackie," I greeted him.

"Hi, pal," said Jackie extending his hand.

"You don't remember me, do you?" I persisted.

"I'm afraid I don't," he confessed. "The face is familiar but I can't place the body."

I recalled the time and place. "Oh, sure," he said carelessly. "What you been doing with yourself?"

I FLIPPED the back of my hand against his midriff. Jackie let out what is commonly known as a belch. He hastily grabbed his mouth, and turned to his mother. "'Scuse me, Mom, but honest I couldn't help it. He socked me in the breadbasket and I'm full o' watermelon."

He turned to the publicity woman sitting nearby. "I just had lunch with Mr. Mayer," he informed her, and after assuring himself she was properly impressed, he continued: "How 'bout that letter I'm supposed to write for you?"

"We're having all the stars write to each other," she explained. "Anything you'd like to get off your mind?"

"Sure," said Jackie. "Me and Wally Beery been talking about getting up a football team around here. I been looking for a practice field and now I've found it, I can't find him to tell him where it is."

"WHAT'S a man about town, Wally?" Jackie Cooper asked one day on "The Champ" set.

"What you want to know for? You're not figuring on being one, are you?" Beery countered.

Jackie swung two legs over the arm of his chair and sat on the end of his spine. "Well, I figured maybe I was already. I understand that a man about town is a guy who goes to a lot of theater openings and a lot of banquets and knows a lot of people and belongs to a lot of clubs. Well, don't I go to all those openings? And haven't I been invited to the big Academy banquet and don't I call a lot of guys by their first names? I'm a good fellow and I go to a lot of places. Don't that make me a man about town?"

Some weeks later when Wally Beery repeated this conversation it occurred to me that if ever there was a real man about Hollywood, Jackie Cooper is it. He's got Adolphe Menjou beat for nonchalant poise. The ladies—old and young—flock around him as if he were Clark Gable. He accepts greatness and admits it like Bill Powell. And he certainly "calls a lot of guys by their first names." What's more he gets invited to all the best places—including Louis B. Mayer's yacht.

I recalled our first meeting. Mary Brian and I were sitting in the Radio Pictures lunchroom when a blond youngster passed by our table. Glancing up I beheld Jackie Cooper. We had never been formally introduced, but Jackie, so I'd heard, is not one to stand on formalities. He grinned.

"Hi, Jackie," I greeted him.

"Hi, pal," said he, slipping his arm around my shoulder and

Prominent club- man, after din- ner speaker and H o l l y w o o d playboy breaks d o w n a n d makes an inti- mate confession

He slipped into Eleanor's chair, seized a pen and drew a sheet of paper towards him. For ten minutes nothing was heard but the scratch-scratch of Jackie's pen. His tongue, which protruded slightly from the corner of his mouth at the start, threatened to reach into his ear before he finished.

"This is sure a swell pen you got here," he announced as he completed the letter and held it up for inspection. I glanced at the epistle. If Wally Beery learns from that letter where the practice field is located he can qualify as the world's champion crossword puzzle expert.

JACKIE eyed me meditatively. "Say," he asked suddenly, "didn't you come down to our house to a party Mom gave last summer one night?"

I confessed I had. "Well, why don't you come down for a swim some day? I haven't changed any since I got a break. And if you forget your suit," he offered, "we'll fix you up somehow. 'Course they're mostly only women's suits down there, but," he eyes my waistline doubtfully, "maybe you could squeeze into my brother's suit.

"I gotta go now and look for a dressing-room," he finished. "See you at the beach Thursday."

Later, I learned he had chosen Marion Davies' bungalow as a likely spot for his dressing-room and it had taken considerable diplomacy on the part of studio officials to persuade him to wait until her return from Europe before moving her things out.

When I arrived Thursday he was dressed mostly in a pair of blue cords. North of the equator he wore a crash beach shirt.

"Hi, pal," he greeted me.

He proceeded to tell me about a club he had formed before they moved down to the beach. It was called the Arrow Club and boasted a clubhouse the boys, themselves, had built and which, his mother said, on the outside closely resembles one of Chic Sale's specialties. It looked as though it was standing only because it didn't know which way to fall, his grandmother added. Jackie indignantly refuted the aspersions cast upon his architectural ability.

The membership was recruited from boys fifteen and sixteen, personally selected by Jackie. "The only guy in it under fifteen was the janitor," he vouchsafed. "He was only five. I like to go with older fellows," he went on. "Then if anyone picks on me, I got them to fall back on. It was a swell clubhouse, too. We had a secret entrance through the roof. We were going to dig a tunnel so you'd come up from the bottom, and where you went into the tunnel we were going to have a



The president of the Arrow Club, himself, in the doorway of the palatial clubhouse. A group of public-spirited young men formed this organization. Just what its purpose is has not been decided. Note entrance through roof, and secret sign on wall. Jackie's integrity is unimpeachable, so don't ask him. He'd die before he'd tell its meaning

trap door and cover it with grass and dirt so no one could find it, but the other fellows got tired of digging. So we had the entrance through the roof and hid the ladder when we weren't using it, 'cause no one would ever think to look for a door in the roof of a building, would they?"

I conceded the logic of his reasoning.

"The only trouble," he went on, "was once the fellows thought everybody was out and they took the ladder away. When I went to get out there wasn't any ladder, and I fell off the roof and almost busted a rib. So Mom broke the club up and I gave the building to a girl next door."

WHEN the club had been explained, Jackie led me into his bedroom to show me some autographed pictures he has collected. "I got more in the back room," he volunteered, "but they're not *important* people."

Next, he proceeded to pull out the bottom drawer of his dresser and show me his treasures—a couple of rings, one of them made from a horseshoe nail—and about forty "migs" (marbles).

He held up the horseshoe ring. "Is this a man's ring?" he demanded. "It looks sissy to me."

When I had assured him of the masculinity of the ring, he eyed the marbles. "We *could* play a game of marbles," he observed—and then decided against it. "But I guess we better not. You'd be sure to lose and then you'd have to buy some 'migs' to pay me. You better save your money."

I yessed him heartily.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



The Unknown HOLLYWOOD I Know

This is the way Lillian Gish insisted upon acting in "La Boheme." She just would be coy in spite of all of Jack Gilbert's ardent advances. "I'll not have any kisses in this picture," she said. But there were kisses. Read the story and you'll discover why



"One of the atrocities we concocted in the publicity department," says the author. "Of course Gwen Lee never wore those fur garters. We said she did, but it was press agent stuff!"

BIG, booming factories were the studios of six years ago, entirely different from the chummy, cozy workshops of the old Griffith and Metro days. Today they have taken on still another color. Nothing changes as suddenly and decisively as Hollywood.

When I started to work in the publicity department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the word "talkies" was still uncoined, the sound picture practically unthought of, and great stars of that studio were yet to be born professionally. The big shots of the lot were Jack Gilbert, Lillian Gish, Mae Murray, Marion Davies and Ramon Novarro.

Two of the most promising newcomers—players untried—were Joan Crawford and Billy Haines.

And there was a Swedish girl who had just been brought over with a great director. None of us could see why they had given her a contract. She was too tall, too gawky and had none of the obvious requirements of a great actress. She just wandered about the lot and nobody paid her any attention. Her name was Greta Garbo.

No, we were concerned with the artists, Lillian Gish and that marvelous actor, Lars Hanson. And now who knows anything about Lars Hanson and where is Lillian Gish? While Garbo . . . well, if we had had sense enough to see what the girl had we wouldn't have been working in the publicity department. But we were not alone in our disregard.

Even the executives ignored her.

Lillian Gish was the highest paid star on the lot. It was rumored that she received \$8,000 a week (shades of Connie Bennett's \$30,000!) and everybody was a little jittery when the contract was signed. The great Gish was among us. Why, Hergesheimer had said she was the truest *artiste* of the cinema. So had Mencken. And George Jean Nathan.

When Lillian Gish
was a real vamp . . .
The episode of Mae
Murray's precious dim-
ple . . . When Conrad
Nagel was Elinor Glyn's
IT man . . . And other
things like that

*By Katherine
Albert*



There were kisses a-plenty when Conrad Nagel and Aileen Pringle played "Three Weeks." Elinor Glyn saw to that. She also tried to make Conrad's ears lie flat. Such love scenes were the fad six years ago. And that bed of roses—but what of the thorns?

The problem for us was what to do with a person like that from a publicity standpoint. The best way we knew of getting stars' pictures in the papers was to have them posed wearing fantastic garters, having their legs tattooed or their nails painted gold. Obviously, Gish was not the type. It was in dignified copy that we must "plug" the ladylike Lillian, so, because I'd known her in the old Griffith days, I was assigned the special task of "handling" her.

Reams and reams of copy had been written about her. She was a recluse, a saint upon a cinema hill.

I REMEMBER that there was a title writer on the lot who had been a hardboiled newspaper man. Girls like Gish, he boasted, were just a lot of first class bologna. The only real women were the kind who knew life. He had not met Miss Lillian when he made these statements but when he did, he assured us, he would not be a fool like the rest.

And then he was given the job of writing titles for her picture "La Boheme." He went to confer with her and came away from the interview with a mist before his eyes, his brain fogged by the cobwebs of beauty. The Little People had got him and when I asked him what he thought of Gish *now*, he stuttered, "Why she's . . . why, she's . . . she's what men think women are before they know they have bodies."

That's what Lillian Gish did to men. Frail, delicate, her pale blue eyes wan with suffering, her soft, blonde hair about her head like the radiance from a winter sun, her fragile hands traced with tiny blue veins and lying in her lap like spring flowers—she was the greatest siren in Hollywood. You can rave about your bold, voluptuous women, your brittle gold diggers, your glamorous ladies of leisure, your sex appeal kids from Brooklyn, but Lillian Gish could, in the matter of getting [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Arrow points to spot where Mae Murray said she had a round, smooth dimple. But a mean old retoucher made it look like something else. It's a wise star who knows her own dimple



TWO cameramen risked their lives in the wilds of the Paramount Studios to get this picture of Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Freddie took a chance, too. Suppose somebody's foot had slipped! Oh, how they suffer, gentle reader, how they suffer for you. But they get paid for it!



MIRIAM HOPKINS suffers, too. And in the same picture. Imagine having to lie in that soft bed all day while the director gives instructions. She makes the sacrifice so your lives will be brighter. Think about that when the alarm rings at six A. M. and all you have to do is go to a nice office



In spite of his playing *Hamlet* in a school production, Hardie Albright turned out to be a good actor—stage or screen



The germ of infantile actoritis bit him when he was four years old. "He looks like Francis X. Bushman," said Mr. Wilkins

We Should Have Known

BY the way Hardie Albright would dress up in fantastic costumes and deliver long, heart-breaking orations as a kid, we should have known he would turn out to be an actor.

And we should have known it when he was the only kid in town that never wore a hat winter or summer.

We suspected it the night the high school contest was on and Hardie stood up there on the platform and delivered Shylock's speech. With fire and feeling, he cried long and lustily for his pound of flesh.

"Huh," old man Wilkins remarked on his way home. "I never heard so much swell yelling for a pound of anything in my life as that Albright kid let out tonight. But durned if he ain't good. You kind of believe everything he says. Yes sir, he's good."

Hardie won the medal that night.

And Charleroi, Penna., was beginning to sit up and take notice of this kid that was in constant demand by all the merchants to make window signs, by all the men and women's clubs to help with their plays; of a kid that won every track meet at school and smacked two front teeth out of Jimmy Buchanan's face because he called him "Blondie," and finally graduated as president of his high school class.

He was *Hamlet* in the class play, I remember. And how carefully we avoided one another's eyes on our way out. Talking at length on some trivial thing that didn't matter. Ashamed of the lump that had gathered so mysteriously in our throats. Ashamed of our own emotions and to admit that into the being of each one of us had crept the realization that here, in our midst, was someone gifted beyond our understanding.

So leaving the town, his town, a little bewildered or maybe a little puzzled about the whole thing, Hardie went away to Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, some thirty odd miles away.

"I want to be an actor," he told Chester Wallace, head of the drama department. "But I can't go on unless I'm sure dad and mother are

That Hardie Albright would turn out to be an actor, says this writer who "knew him when—"

satisfied about it. We—that is—," he stammered, "people up my way don't study acting much."

"I understand, lad," Mr. Wallace said. "Let's see what you can do."

So, on an empty stage, in a dim auditorium, Hardie Albright stood alone. There were no familiar faces beaming up from below. Just space.

He pulled down his coat, brushed back his hair, bit his tongue twice

and began! "Hamlet," bits of "Shylock,"—everything but "Gunga Din" and "Fireman Save My Child."

"All right," Mr. Wallace said at the end, "you may go now. I'll write to your parents."

At the door, Hardie hesitated, fumbling with the doorknob. Mr. Wallace waited.

"Did you, that is, Mr. Wallace," he hesitated, "did you ever want to do anything over so badly that, well, you'd give half your life almost for another chance?"

"Why, yes I have, Hardie," Mr. Wallace replied. "Why?"

"I wish I could do this over. I know I could do better."

BUT the performance stood. And the letter reached Hardie's home.

"I never saw so much conflagration and misdirected talent in all my life," Wallace wrote, "but he's an actor. It will take a lot of study and work, but your boy is an actor. Make no mistake about that."

So Hardie entered the dramatic department of Carnegie Tech.

We didn't see much of Hardie in those four years. Summers, I recall, he taught in a dramatic school in Gloucester, Mass.

But graduation time finally drew around. And Hardie was again chosen for the *Hamlet* of his class.

We went in on the street cars to see him. Norman Foster was in the class too, but then we didn't know we'd be writing him fan letters, too.

For three weeks "Hamlet" ran in a Pittsburgh theater, and the town,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

By Sara Hamilton

The Screen Forecasts Return to Classic Lines in New Year



YOU'LL see fewer frou-frous in 1932 fashions. And you will want some simple, straight-line frocks like this one Marion Davies wears in "Polly of the Circus." The dress is of sheer wool and that neckline and white vestee are labeled 1932. Even the peplum keeps to the straight and narrow!



WHERE are the billowy sleeves and fluffy period styles of yesterday? Quite shelved for the straight trimness of frocks like this. You'll feel as smart as Marion Davies looks in a brown silk frock that lets its belt be the sole ornamentation. Note deep armhole and draped neckline. Smart hat—nice suede pumps



Seymour

Let Screen Clothes Be Your

THE current pictures show dramatic fashions that are practical—styles that every girl can safely copy because they are wearable. You are sure to be ahead of the season if you watch your movies — screen clothes forecast trends, instead of merely following them!



TIRED of winter colors under your coat? Take a print pick-up then—it will make a new woman of you! Dorothy Lee wears this brown and white floral print in "Peach O' Reno"—and it's just that. Prints always make a bright, extra-something for the wardrobe in mid-winter. Cape effects, like this, are good. Those shoes are a California climate concession!



IT'S a bonnie Scotch cap that Spanish Conchita Montenegro is wearing here. The Scotch cap type of small hat is a great favorite this year. It's young looking, has the right eye-pointing line—and is just right to wear with those big fur collars. Worn in "Disorderly Conduct."



THAT good old-fashioned fabric, corduroy, is now one of the best new fashions. Here you see Dorothy Tree using it for a polo coat in "Husband's Holiday." Brown buttons, brown belt and collar lining accent the beige color of the material.

Guide to Wearable Fashions



THIS coat Joan Crawford wears in "Possessed" forecasts new style trends. It is furless. The fabric is smooth, and the shoulder cut gives width while the silhouette stays slender. And that high collar with bow tie is fashion news.



PICTURE of a young star all set for a theater date! Dorothy Tree tops a simple black velvet dinner dress with a matching velvet coat in the new length. Note those sleeves shirred in at the wrist. As you can see in the smaller picture, fine white lace trims the square, high neckline and lines the puffed sleeve ruffle. Worn in "Husband's Holiday."



Tailored Trends

"QUAINT" and "period" are two words which will not do much headlining for 1932 fashions, if you follow style tips that are already being given to you in new pictures. The smart outfits which you will see Norma Shearer wear in "Private Lives" stress a definitely tailored trend, whether it is in lounging costumes or street clothes. I think you will approve the two shown here.

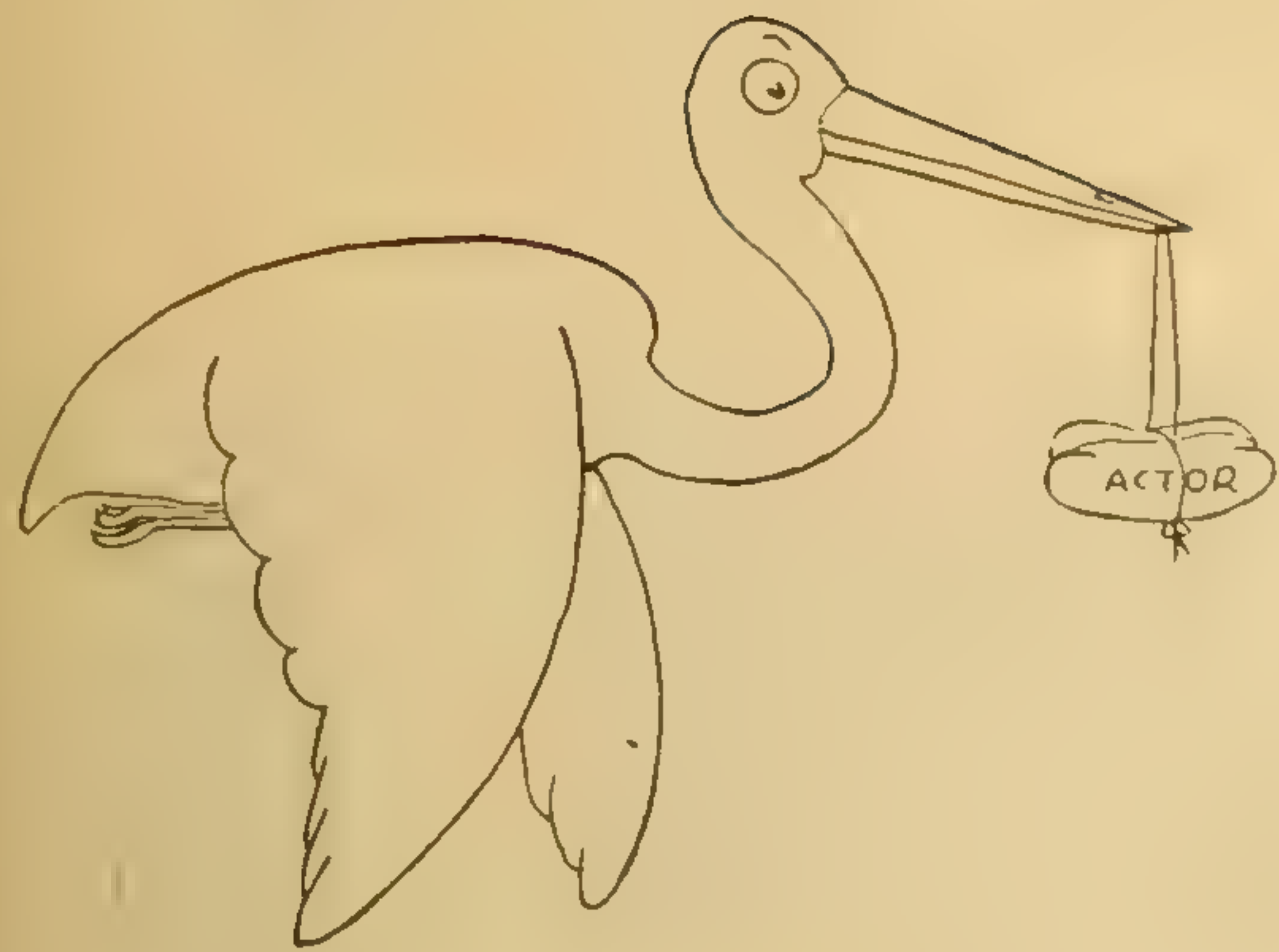
— Seymour —



If you don't go home from "Private Lives" with your head whirling with new fashion thoughts—it won't be Norma Shearer's fault. Not least among several striking lounging costumes is this one in a spring-like color scheme of green, yellow and blue. Trousers and bolero are green, blouse yellow, sash and scarf in green and blue.



WHY did you top your grand tailored red wool dress with that dizzy hat, Norma Shearer? The clever use of piqué saw-tooth edging makes up for it—so all is forgiven!



According to Mr. Young, actors are born just like human beings

OUR GUEST PAGE



Our guest writer claims, too, that many actors die a natural death

THANK you, Mr. Editor. I'll try to behave like a decent law-abiding guest. . . . Yes, indeed, thank you. That's plenty. Plain water with mine. How to become an actor? I'd be delighted to tell you.

Birth is of the utmost importance. No one who intends adopting acting as his or her profession can afford to ignore a careful selection of parents. In the case of the actor, the father is of prime importance. In the case of the actress, the mother.

As an example, supposing an actor intends to specialize in the portrayal of rheumatic traveling salesmen. He should select as a father a man inclined from early youth to rheumatism, who had had a wide experience as a traveling salesman, graduating from pencils to, say, brassieres.

Of secondary importance, but still important, is the question of the mother. In this case, I should suggest that his mother be accustomed to long periods of living without her husband. She may, however, entertain.

In the case of the actress who wishes to specialize in, for instance, characterizations of vegetarian spinsters, the mother should be a spinach addict. The type of father in this case is negligible or might be one of many.

WORK

Hard work is usually given as a recipe for success in any field of endeavor. In the case, however, of the actor, the less hard the work the better the result.

DANCING

The ability to dance is important to an actor or an actress, provided they don't dance.

PAINTING

This should be confined to the face, and not much of it.

MUSIC

Buy a harp, but leave it at home.

FENCING

This is useful in emergencies

By Roland Young

with recalcitrant managers or directors, and the sword cane should be part of every actor's equipment.

GARDENING

This is useful when not employed in your profession.

THAUMATURGY

Optional.

MIND-READING

Just plain reading is better.

MODELS

It is a good thing to have a model to look up to and copy. In this capacity, Mickey Mouse is supreme.

DEUCLAW

A short rudimentary digit on the foot of a quadruped. Avoid these. They just give you shoe trouble.

DRINKING

This should be undertaken in a serious way. You might be called upon to play the part of a Dry Senator.

LETHAL CHEMISTRY

A knowledge of this is useful in cases of supervisor trouble.

SHARP SHOOTING

See above.

MARRIAGE

This comes under the general heading of noble experiments. It is, indeed, one of the oldest forms of prohibition. It is, of course, frequently resorted to—or how would there be so many little actors and actresses every spring? In this free and enlightened twentieth century, marriage need not be permanent. This is possibly one of the attractions. It is said to enhance the social standing of offspring, although there have been certain notable exceptions.

DEATH

Death is as important as birth. In some cases even more so.



He also drew the pictures at the top of the page. Thank you, Mr. Young, you were great in "The Guardsman." You always come through

The Prize Winners

First Prize \$1,000—

"My Companions"

E. E. AND MRS. H. M.

PHILLIPS

Booneville, Miss.



Second Prize \$750—

"Photoplay's Stars
of the World"

BETTY M. WALKEY

114 Union St.

Lancaster, Ohio



Third Prize \$500—

"Screen"

RENA GRACE COULTER

43 Sterling Ave.

Buffalo, N. Y.



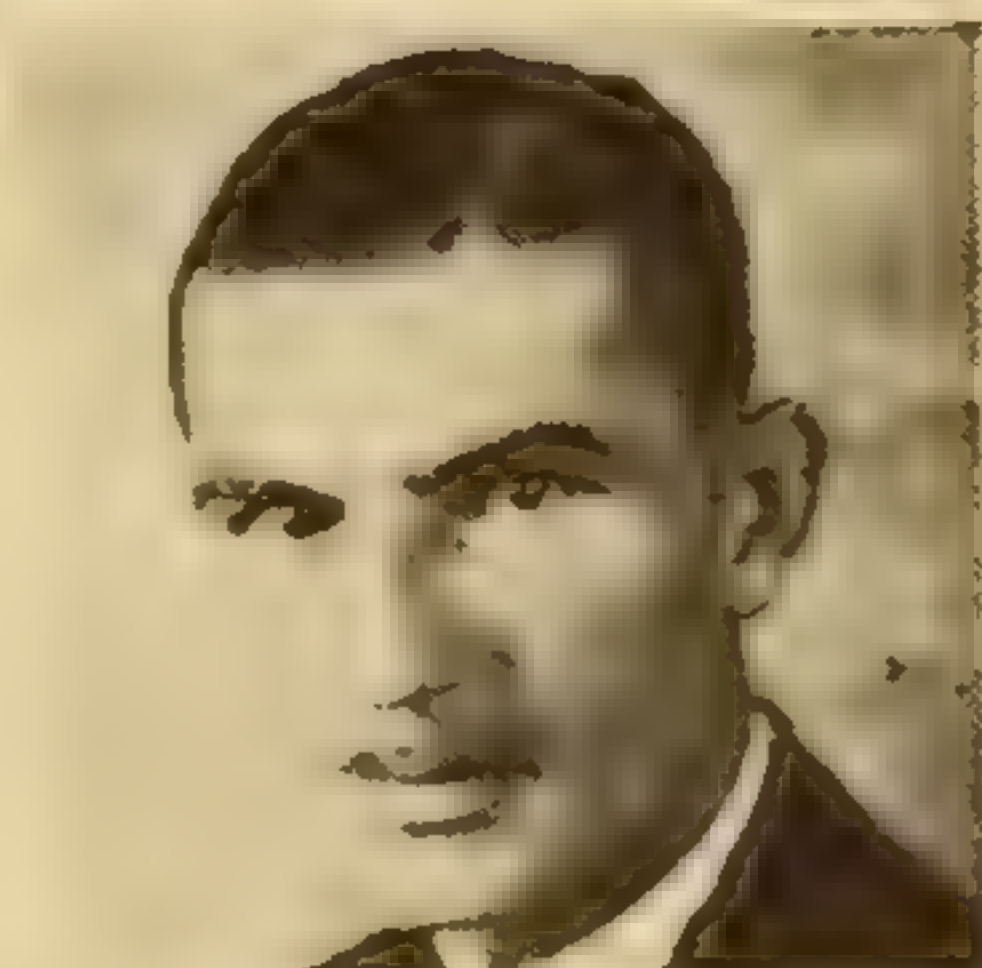
Fourth Prize \$300—

"Peacock"

FRANK L. GRESEKE

612 Lake Ave.

Lake Worth, Fla.



Fifth Prize \$200—

"A Chest of
Miniatures"

MRS. LINA R. GARST

9 Paine Ave.

Auburn, R. I.



[ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 106]

WINNERS



This scene, with the photos of the stars grouped about the walls, took first prize—\$1,000—for E. E. and Mrs. H. M. Phillips, of Booneville, Miss.

WELL, the judges have done it again. They have gone over the more than 20,000 entries in PHOTOPLAY's eighth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest and seventy fortunate contestants have emerged winners. As you read these words, seventy mail carriers are handing to as many happy individuals a check each, ranging in amounts from \$1,000 to \$25, as their reward for the skill and painstaking accuracy they manifested in their solutions. It is a special honor in itself to win against so large a field of splendidly planned and splendidly exhibited entries.

As in previous years, exhibits from practically every part of the civilized world were presented and, as hitherto, the judges had to proceed by the slow process of elimination and tentative selection before they could concentrate on the several hundred entries from which the choice of seventy winners was finally made. A task, however, which was absorbingly fascinating.

PHOTOPLAY'S STARS OF THE WORLD



Betty M. Walkey, of Lancaster, Ohio, was awarded second prize of \$750 for her board and map showing the birthplaces of the stars in the contest

Third prize of \$500 was won by Rena Grace Coulter, of Buffalo, N. Y., for her effective display of the stars on this inexpensive but novel screen

Of \$5,000 Contest

By only holding closely to the three major requirements—accuracy, neatness, ingenuity in presentation—was it possible for them to arrive at just and fair decisions.

In the minds of the judges the outstanding entry in the Contest was the presentation—done on a small scale—of a child's bedroom, the walls of which are adorned with the properly assembled and named portraits of the stars that appeared in the Contest. A small boy in bed, holding a copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, fits into the general plan that gives a special significance to the designation, "My Companions."

This first prize winning entry, \$1,000, was the work of E. E. and Mrs. H. M. Phillips, of Booneville, Miss.

When notified that their entry was under consideration for a possible prize they wrote:

"So long have our thoughts in connection with money been confined strictly to the smaller denominations that now, given the privilege of entertaining the hope of something larger, the mental diversion is indeed pleasant.

"There are winter coats to buy. Our picture show budget will, no doubt, be increased, and the chances are that our motor trip West that fell through last summer due to insufficient funds will be planned for next spring."

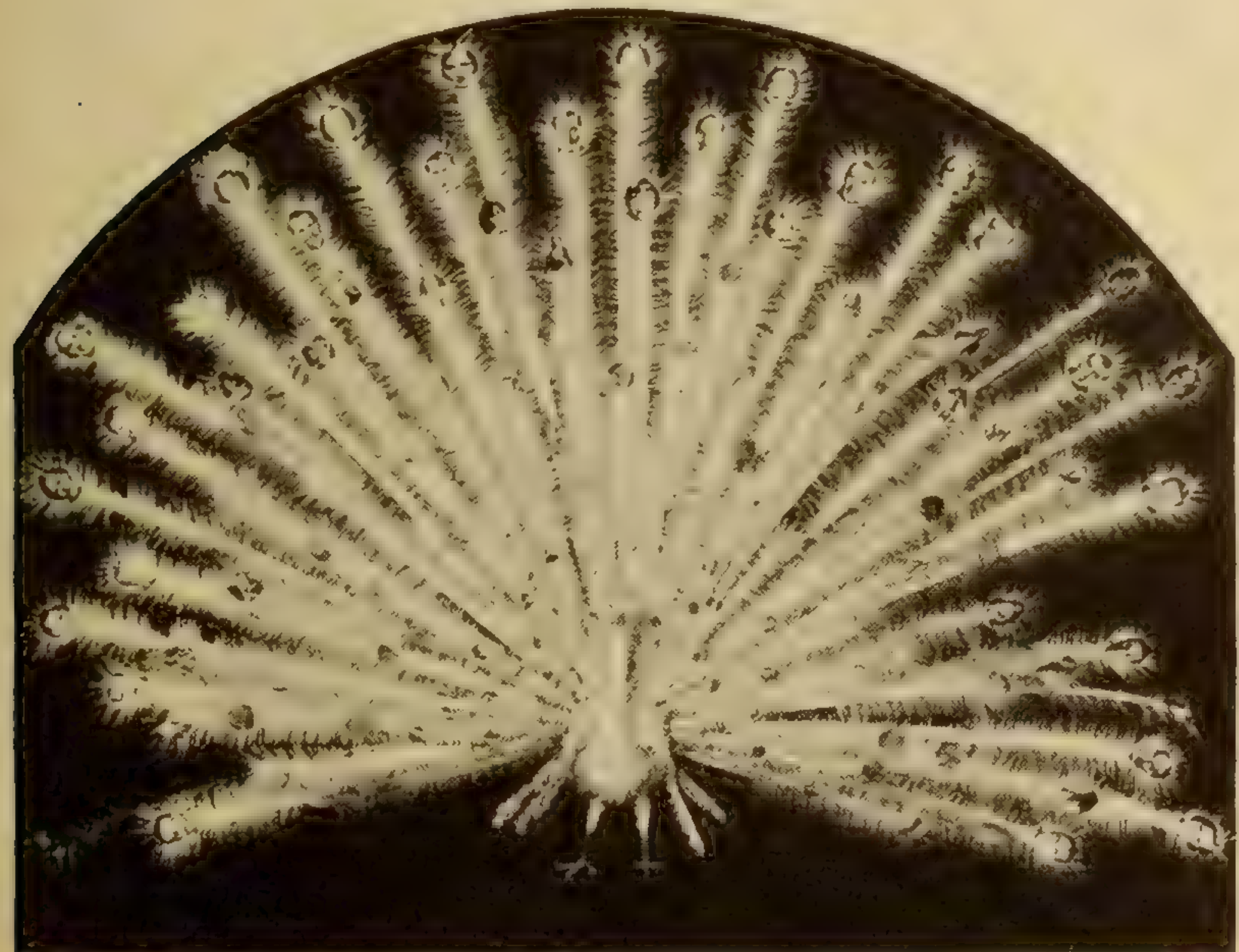
THE second prize, \$750, was captured by Miss Betty M. Walkey, of Lancaster, Ohio. Entitled "PHOTOPLAY'S Stars of the World," it represents the birthplaces of the motion picture actors and actresses whose portraits were used in this Contest. Miss Walkey evinced a marked intelligence and care in the manner in which she evolved and worked out her idea. Her letter is as direct as her presentation. From what she writes she undoubtedly will use her prize money to excellent advantage.

"I am sixteen years of age and a sophomore in Lancaster High School. I am kept very busy with my school work as I am carrying extra subjects this year. I am specializing in languages and would like to become a linguist.

"My hobby is dancing, and although I enjoy many outdoor sports such as tennis, target practice, and swimming, it provides my chief recreation. I have studied ballet work for a number of years and I now go to Columbus three evenings a week for lessons in ballet and Spanish dancing.

"In the event that I should win one of the larger prizes I think I should like to use it to further my education in dancing. It would give me great pleasure to be able to study in New York or to spend a season or two in a dancing and recreational camp."

And you must admit that the third prize winner had an ingenious scheme. What could be more logical and at the same time more simple than to use an ordinary wire window screen as a method of conveying this entrant's idea? For this, Mrs. Rena G. Coulter, of Buffalo, N. Y., wins the third prize of \$500.



The Answers

June

Joan Crawford
Constance Bennett
Dorothy Mackaill
Marion Davies
Gary Cooper
Richard Barthelmess
William Haines
William Powell

July

Mary Astor
Mary Brian
Norma Shearer
Sue Carol
Robert Montgomery
Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert
Chester Morris

August

Jeanette MacDonald
Loretta Young
Anita Page
Leila Hyams
Clive Brook
Joe E. Brown
Warner Baxter
Lewis Ayres

September

Marie Dressler
Kay Francis
Mitzi Green
Marlene Dietrich
Paul Lukas
Phillips Holmes
Jack Mulhall
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"I put a great deal of love into my work on the Contest," she writes. "I am a stenographer and the sole support of my parents. Should I be so fortunate as to read my name among the winners, I would use the money to continue my vocal studies and take a course in advertising."

Here is a peacock, the like of which we have never seen before—all its feathers made of paper, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Pages from PHOTOPLAY were used to make this peacock, which carried off fourth prize of \$300 for Frank L. Greseke, of Lake Worth, Fla.

Mrs. Lina R. Garst, of Auburn, R. I., constructed this "Chest of Miniatures," which was awarded the fifth prize of \$200



Wide World

HERE, arriving at a Hollywood premiere with her husband, is the lady you all want to see: Mrs. Clark Gable, formerly Mrs. M. Franklin Langham of New York City. She isn't an actress, never has been and doesn't want to be

"I'm Not So Sure," Says Clark Gable

Because the higher the pedestal the
better target you make for the Holly-
wood sharpshooters

By Ruth Biery

HAS Clark Gable a child whom he is not recognizing? Has he been married twice, three times or four? What is his true background? Every writer in Hollywood is trying to find answers to these questions. Some have printed stories without waiting to get the truth.

It's a very old Hollywood custom.

But a custom which Clark, a newcomer, is incapable of understanding.

"Why don't they come to me," he demands, "and ask me?"

"My stepdaughter is sixteen years old. My stepson twelve. They are the children of my present wife.

"No one has asked me about this, to date. I would have been glad to tell them. If I had any children of my own I would be proud to say so."

The bare facts of Clark Gable's life have been written before. But what was happening inside the lad's head and his heart has never been told.

CADIZ, OHIO, is a droning hamlet less than twenty miles from the galloping city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The adult inhabitants of Cadiz peer indolently from their vine-covered piazzas toward the smoke curling from the buzzing factories of the city and congratulate themselves on the peaceful contentment they have inherited. The youths of Cadiz look at the same smoke with yearning and impatiently count the years until they will be old enough to go to the city.

Cadiz is Clark Gable's home, and in only one way did he differ from the other youngsters there. He was incapable of cruelty. Trapping was the chief sport. Clark would set his traps as eagerly as the others. But when it was time to collect his prey, he couldn't bear to kill the animal. The boys didn't dare call him yellow, because he had two good fists and had proven he could use them.

The heart of a poet, the physique of a Dempsey, was Clark's inheritance. His mother was an artist. Although he doesn't remember her (she died when he was an infant), he knows that she never gave up her efforts to improve artistically. She was a dreamer, a beauty worshipper.

But his father was a product of the oil fields. Rough, hard, a man among men.

Clark's stepmother did a re-

markable thing. She learned to know the boy's mother's people, and reared the lad as his own mother would have.

But his great sensitivity to art and beauty was always warring with the two-fisted training of his father!

His first struggle came when he was sixteen, and his father bought a farm in Northern Ohio. It was a funny, little farm in a funny, little community. The people were entirely different from those whom he had left. He missed the gay *camaraderie* of Cadiz and, trying to make friends with the farmer folk, discovered they had nothing in common. He was thrown upon his own resources. "I learned to live with myself instead of with others," he says.

He turned to long tramps in the country. His constant companion was his dog, and during those lonely hours he learned there was something within him that demanded expression. He played with the idea of becoming an artist, a writer, an actor, a doctor.

One of his Cadiz friends wrote that he was going to Akron to work. Clark begged his father to be allowed to join him. Those were the exciting days at the end of the war. Getting a job was easy. He went to work in the office of a rubber company. The first day he fell asleep! Filing papers was a dull task yet he had to keep his job because of the money, but he stopped night school where he had studied dentistry.

Frantically he sought something that would reveal the magic of life. It was watching a dingy little stock company play all the old theatrical chestnuts that seemed to lift him out of himself.

HE was a gawky, country boy, almost alone in his first big city. He was afraid of girls so his adolescent dreams turned to the theater. And, having been introduced to one of the actors, he hung around backstage until they finally gave him the job of calling the cast for their cues. He received no money. To smell grease paint was reward enough! Eventually, they gave him some walk-on parts. "Your carriage awaits, madame—" was the longest line he spoke. That didn't matter. It was the crepe hair, the spirit gum, the paint, the powder and the language of the stage which held him.

He kept his office job as a temporary livelihood, but cultivated the stage as a vocation.

Undoubtedly, Clark would have become a *bona fide* member [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Clark says:

"I have been married twice, and twice only.

"I have no children of my own, but I have two stepchildren.

"I have learned there are just two things that can keep a man from living as he wishes. One is poverty, the other fame.

"What I didn't know when I was piling lumber at \$3 a day—a job I didn't like but had to do to eat regularly—was that success and a fine income may cause the same situation.

"If I can't live in Hollywood according to my own ideas, I know I can get out and make my living somewhere else."

Look in the Mirror! How

Are You Popular?

IT is an accepted fact that women can't sit down and tell the truth about one another without having the meeting break up in a small riot. That's the reason that the game of "truth" often causes a break in friendships of long standing. Women don't like to hear unflattering things about themselves—and they don't like to admit unflattering things to themselves, either. Perhaps if there was more self-honesty, there would be fewer unhappy women.

The other day a charming young girl wrote to me from a school in the South. It seems that she and her friends had had one of these truth sessions. They had told her that she was not making the most of her looks. She had lovely hair but she didn't take enough time to make it a real asset toward beauty. Instead of becoming angry at this frankness, she hurried back to her room and wrote me for some good tips on how to make her hair more tractable and really lovely. She, you see, had the good sense to take a friendly hint from others. And I imagine that she will be the belle of school proms from now on because she benefited by constructive criticism.

All this leads to the question of whether or not you can honestly rate yourself. It isn't often easy to see yourself in a dispassionate way. We are all too prone to excuse our faults. It is easier to say, "I might be successful," than to say, "I am successful." It is easier to take second best rather than to make the effort to correct some small thing in ourselves.

If you don't put a valuation on yourself, no one else is going to. The successful business woman, the most popular debutante, the most brilliant actress, are women who have groomed themselves to reach a definite goal. You don't have to be ruthless about it, you don't have to mow others down to make a place for yourself. You merely have to be knowing about your charm, your ability—have faith in yourself.

DO you remember the breathless wait there used to be for the school year book which would give the rating of your class's most successful members? Most schools still have these statistics every year. There is the vote for *the most beautiful*, *the most popular*, and so forth. And then somewhere toward the bottom of the list there would be the cruelly frank classification for *the biggest grind* or *the most competent*. I wonder if there ever was a girl who honestly thought it was an honor to be rated the most competent? I doubt it.

The whole secret of this business of charm, or glamour, or whatever your particular term for it may be, is to create an aura about yourself. Make yourself look what you want to be. Suppose you are the most efficient business woman that ever lived, no man wants you to rub it in. And the whole glory turns to so many ashes if you see a future that holds nothing but a desk in it. Be efficient in your office, but shed your



Poised, beautiful, popular and successful—Kay Francis can meet her mirrored reflection face to face with the assurance that she has made the most of every asset. Why not let your mirror reflect as gratifying results? Just a little self-study and a lot of will power will do it!

Friendly Advice on GIRLS' PROBLEMS

I will gladly answer any personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type, and make-up shades. Merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Also ask for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives general advice on the care of the skin with treatments for black-heads and acne.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

Self-Analysis Will Give You

Do You Rate Yourself?

Beauty Questionnaire

Carolyn Van Wyck asks some burning beauty questions below. Perhaps they may give you a cue to your own beauty problem. See how many you know. If you can't answer them yourself, you will find the answers on page 112.

1. Can eye shadow make eyes look larger?
2. What is the latest hair whim in Paris?
3. What is Mary Pickford's tip for slimness?
4. Do you key nail polish to skin tone?
5. How can brittle nails be avoided easily?
6. Who can wear coral rouge and lipstick?
7. What composes the "white henna" bleach?
8. Do you moisten lips when using lipstick?

competent shell when five o'clock rolls around. Take off your tailored suit, put on a deceptively feminine gown. Don't talk shop, but tell your best beau of the evening the most amusing, delightfully frivolous things you can think of. If he is the type that likes to have your gloss of indolent, well-groomed femininity pierced with a brain wave now and then—you can give him small doses of your efficient side! But remember, only small ones. The average man is as wary of a too efficient woman as he would be of a shrewish mother-in-law!

One of the most successful business women I know is a perfect dynamo at her desk but the most fragile, exquisite bit of femininity socially that you could possibly imagine. I once remarked to her that I had never known anyone who could conquer more difficult situations than she could and still leave her business contemporaries feeling that they were humoring a charming, precocious child. She gave me one of her subtly knowing looks and said, "I never let people see me work except when it is important, and I always try to do things in such a way that an idea of mine always looks as if it surprised me as much as it has my business associates." Yet anyone who has ever done business with her knows that she is as shrewd as you can find them—but I doubt if anyone has

Are You

Successful?

ever thought to dismiss her with a disparaging, "Oh she's efficient, all right!"

Haven't you heard someone say, "If I put up with the dull people she does, I could be popular, too?" And right there lies the why of popularity. You can't just fill your life with the most sparkling wits, or the most fascinating people if you decide that popularity is your goal. Often you have to work up to the coterie of chosen ones through a maze of dull but useful people. Oh, I know that sounds mercenary—but actually it isn't. The stag line at a dance isn't filled with the best dancers and the best looking men—but those nice, but dull young men who may compose part of it, will give you the rush that makes the catch of the season suddenly realize that you are really pretty grand. And those nice young men will have been cheered by the warmth of your smile and the friendly, reluctant pressure of your hand as they release you to your next partner. It is so easy to leave people with a pleasant glow that it is only the self-centered person who never thinks it worth the trouble.

CHARM—glamour—personality—we all want it. We can't all have it without a bit of self-study, a careful rating of ourselves. Know your weaknesses and how large a part they play in keeping you from your goal. Then discipline yourself to overcome them. You can, you know. An alert, poised mind and body makes for a poised manner. Come face to face with yourself in the mirror—and then have a truth session with that mirrored self! You will be surprised what you can find to do for yourself.

And rather than furrow your brow with unsolved problems—come to me, I know I can help you out of your dilemma.

BESSIE:

You are considerably underweight for your height. I think if you tried to gain weight for awhile you would discover that your whole figure will become more perfectly developed. Try eating fattening foods, drink milk and cream several times a day, and get plenty of rest. That will put the weight on where you need it.

Exercise is excellent for building up and filling out a concave chest. First learn to breathe deeply, especially when walking. Also try this exercise:

Stand about two feet away from a wall. Face it, placing your hands flat against it. Then move your head slowly toward the wall. Keep your chin up until your chin and chest both touch the wall. Now return slowly to the former position. You can repeat this a few times at first, and then gradually increase the number of times when your muscles become adjusted to the strain.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

New Start Says Carolyn Van Wyck

MAE CLARKE is a girl who knew what she wanted—ever since she was a kid. So she went after it. And got it.

What she wanted was to be an actress. Not just another actress, but a good actress whose name would go up in electric lights and be remembered, not forgotten.

Well, there's nothing unusual in that, of course. Any number of girls have and have had the same idea, you say. All right, but wait a minute. Don't forget that Mae Clarke didn't just fall asleep with the idea. She worked on it and made the grade, until now she's at a station pretty near the top.

And even that, you mumble, is nothing so great, is it? There are lots of other movie actresses in Hollywood who are just as near the top, and nearer, too, than Mae. Okay. But don't overlook this—

Mae Clarke's story is unusual because of one point: Mae started from scratch with nothing—nothing whatever to give her a boost along the path she had chosen to climb. Except her own determination. And since we're all human, we still like to hear about the Horatio Alger hero or heroine, and we like to pat 'em on the back when they make good.

You see, Mae didn't have any head start like—say, the Bennett gals. They had a father and a mother who were of the theater. Behind them, they had generations of theatrical tradition. Heredity gave them a swell shove to start them along their careers, and Papa Bennett took over the job where heredity left off.

But Mae Clarke's dad wasn't an actor. Her mother wasn't a star. There were no great names of the theater hanging on her family tree. Papa was an organist in an Atlantic City showhouse; that's as close as she came to the stage on dad's side. And mama's closest connection was that she used to wish, when she was little, that she could be an actress.

NOR did Old Man Luck beckon Mae to sit in his lap, like any number of our present cinema stars. Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance, was picked out of obscurity by a director who wanted a type and thought she was it—and the road to film fame was smoothed for Maureen by the combined forces of a big studio.

It was different with Mae. Nobody picked her out and made her a star. Nobody paid any attention to her, in fact, except when she forced them to. There wasn't any lucky break for Mae—except the ones she created.

She didn't have Greta Garbo's exotic lure; she didn't have the ballyhoo that popped Dietrich into the film firmament overnight; she isn't any extraordinary beauty that makes you sit up and take notice whether you want to or not; she didn't have the advantage of getting into pictures when pictures were growing up—like Swanson and Pickford, you know—so she could grow up along with them.

"I'll Have Vanilla"

Mae Clarke was a good soda-mixer. Now she's one of the coming stars because she went after what she wanted

By Harry Lang



Mae made a hit as the tough girl in "The Front Page." Then she scored in "Waterloo Bridge." Then "Frankenstein." She's well on her way

Mae Clarke didn't have anything. She was just an ordinary, live-around-the-corner, little Atlantic City kid, who used to play pirates on a raft with the neighborhood boys and girls.

But get this—even when she was playing pirates, Mae Clarke was beginning her acting career! And when a kid starts actively working out a career before she's ten, and keeps everlastingly at it from then on—well, she doesn't need Bennett's ancestry, or Garbo's lure, or Swanson's ground floor "in," or a Prince Charming in one guise or another to carry her along.

"It's trite," she laughs, when you ask her about her career, "to say, 'I always wanted to go on the stage.' People who read and write about stage and screen folk must get sick to death of that line. But I can't help it—with me it's true, and that's all there is to it.

"Why, even back there as far as I can remember—three years old—I used to live to 'act.' My mother must have sympathized with me. I've often heard her tell me that she, too, had wanted to be a great actress. Anyway, as early as three I began having dancing lessons.

"Then, when I got a little bigger, I used to love to dress up in boys' clothes and play pirates. We had a lagoon that we used to call our Spanish Main, back there in Atlantic City, and a raft. We buried treasure and sailed the seas and all the time I was acting the part for all I was worth. I used to throw myself into it—live the part."

NOW, haven't you heard that before, too? That "live the part" stuff? More than one of our great actors today give that as one of their secrets of success—that they're "living" every character they play. Well, look—Mae Clarke was doing that when she was a kid!

Amateur theatricals came next in line. Mae was a soda-mixer by day. By night, she was acting or rehearsing in some amateur show. Soda-jerking was all right—but life began when the shop closed and Mae became an actress.

And then came her chance—a carnival was to be staged, and somebody was to be queen—somebody who would sell the most tickets. Mae went to work. She knew what she wanted. She wanted to be queen—not just for the sake of being queen, but because it was a part she could act, you see. Of course, she outsold all the other contestants.

Then there was an amateur tryout. A New York producer, during the carnival, agreed to select one girl whom he would give a job in one of his New York shows.

Mae Clarke knew what she wanted, again. She wanted to be the one girl. So the queen doffed her crown, practiced songs and hoofed it until she was so tired she could hardly mix a strawberry sundae. The night of the tryout everything went wrong. The musicians played the wrong music

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

HOLLYHOO

[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

You Can't Fool A Horse-Fly



"Really, I'm not in the mood today, Mr. Director. My Pekingese is indisposed"



"Beggin' your pardon, madame. Shall we dust Mr. Gable this morning?"



"—and when Jackie Cooper cries it just breaks me all up"



"And then again —maybe it's the kind of malt you use"

Movie Thrills You'll Never Forget



"The Front Page." A scene from the dashing drama of newspaper life. Mollie comforts the newspapermen and soothes their frayed nerves with a plate of her famous home-made doughnuts



"Uncle Tom's Cabin." The bloodhounds close in on Little Eliza as she flees across the river, leaping from cake of ice to cake of ice



"The Champ." Jackie Cooper pleads with Wallace Beery to come out from under that cloak and be a man, but Wallace is ashamed because he's just gambled away Jackie's favorite canary

"The Great Train Robbery." A scene in the waiting-room of the railroad station just before the sensational holdup



"Engaged! Of course not—
eh,—we're just pals. How do
these rumors get around,
anyway?"



V. D. E.



"To be a great actress you must first learn about life. What are you doing tomorrow night?"



"I don't want us to move to Hollywood. Marriages don't last there"



"Gee, those movie stunt men take awful chances!"

That Stuff Is Out



Paul Lukas is a nice Hungarian boy who got all confused about this hand kissing business. To kiss or not to kiss was Paul's problem, but you'll have to read the story to find out what he finally decided

Whenever Lukas talked to cute girls like Dorothy Jordan he got into trouble. "American ladies are beautiful," he says, "but I am afraid to look at them." This is just a still from "The Beloved Bachelor"

PAUL LUKAS is bothered. He goes around the lot muttering. Of course, a boy's best friend is his mutter. But don't hold that against me. This is serious business—this case of Continental manners versus American romance. It has caused our Paul a few sleepless nights.

Picture him as he was when he first came to this country from Hungary—handsome, suave, charming and as European as a pair of white spats. He had been on the stage abroad for fourteen years.

Imported to play in silents, he thought his career was at an end when the microphone reared its ugly head. But, instead, his accent proved an asset and the girls raved about him in "The Right to Love," "Anybody's Woman," "Unfaithful," "The Vice Squad" and "Strictly Dishonorable."

That's the whole trouble. The girls went mad about him simply because he bowed from the waist, tipped his hat grandly and paid elaborate compliments. Here's the story.

Just a few weeks after he and his wife arrived in Hollywood he was invited to dinner at a smart beach club. One of the delightful sequined gowned ladies, whose husband was present, danced with him. When the music ended Paul lightly lifted the right hand of the lady to his lips and kissed it. It's an old Hungarian custom for saying, "Thank you," or "You're a good kid," or anything like that.

Immediately after this the manager of the club appeared and said to the host of the party, "Now I don't mind your guests having their affairs but they mustn't be so bold about it at my club. See that there is no more of that hand kissing business on this floor."

Paul was bewildered, for he soon found that this distressing incident was the beginning of a series of episodes. There was a pretty extra girl on the lot who had worked in a number of his pictures. Paul met her, clicked his immaculate heels together, made a courtly bow and gave her one of those avid European, ten-pound looks. The next day she regaled the studio with an account that Lukas was madly in love with her.

Upon another occasion, at a party, Paul was presented to a charming lady (he still calls 'em ladies), the wife of a director. He complimented her upon her gown and told her that her eyes were lovely. In Europe it would have been forgotten. Not so in Hollywood. The next day the lady's husband passed Paul by with a look that could come only out of an electric refrigerator. The wife, it was later discovered, had taunted her husband by telling him that Paul adored her.

IS it any wonder that the poor man sighs, "These American girls are the most beautiful in the entire world—and that includes Vienna—but I'm afraid to so much as look at them."

Mrs. Lukas reacts to all this with a shrug of her shoulders and a complaint that "American men are lacking in courtesy." She understands. While Paul is kissing other hands she feels her own manicure is all for nothing.

Right now we might as well get this hand kissing business settled. In Europe, where the quaint custom originated, a gentleman kisses the hands of:

- Married women,
- Elderly unmarried women,
- Women who have achieved fame,
- Or any women to whom marked respect should be paid.

The young girls must struggle along without it until they marry or do some worthy deed. The idea seems to be—make a success and get your hand kissed.

Paul was advised that his nice speeches and pretty compliments got him the reputation of flatterer. So he's stopped all that. As have all the foreign legion.

Ivan Lebedeff, Ramon Novarro, Nils Asther, Jose Mojica—they suffered, too, when they first arrived. Ivan, having learned his bitter lesson, has only five or six women on his hand kissing list and he settled the big hat tipping problem by not wearing one. Mention American girls to any of these men and

hear them sigh.

That accounts for cyclones in the Middle West.

By Frances Denton



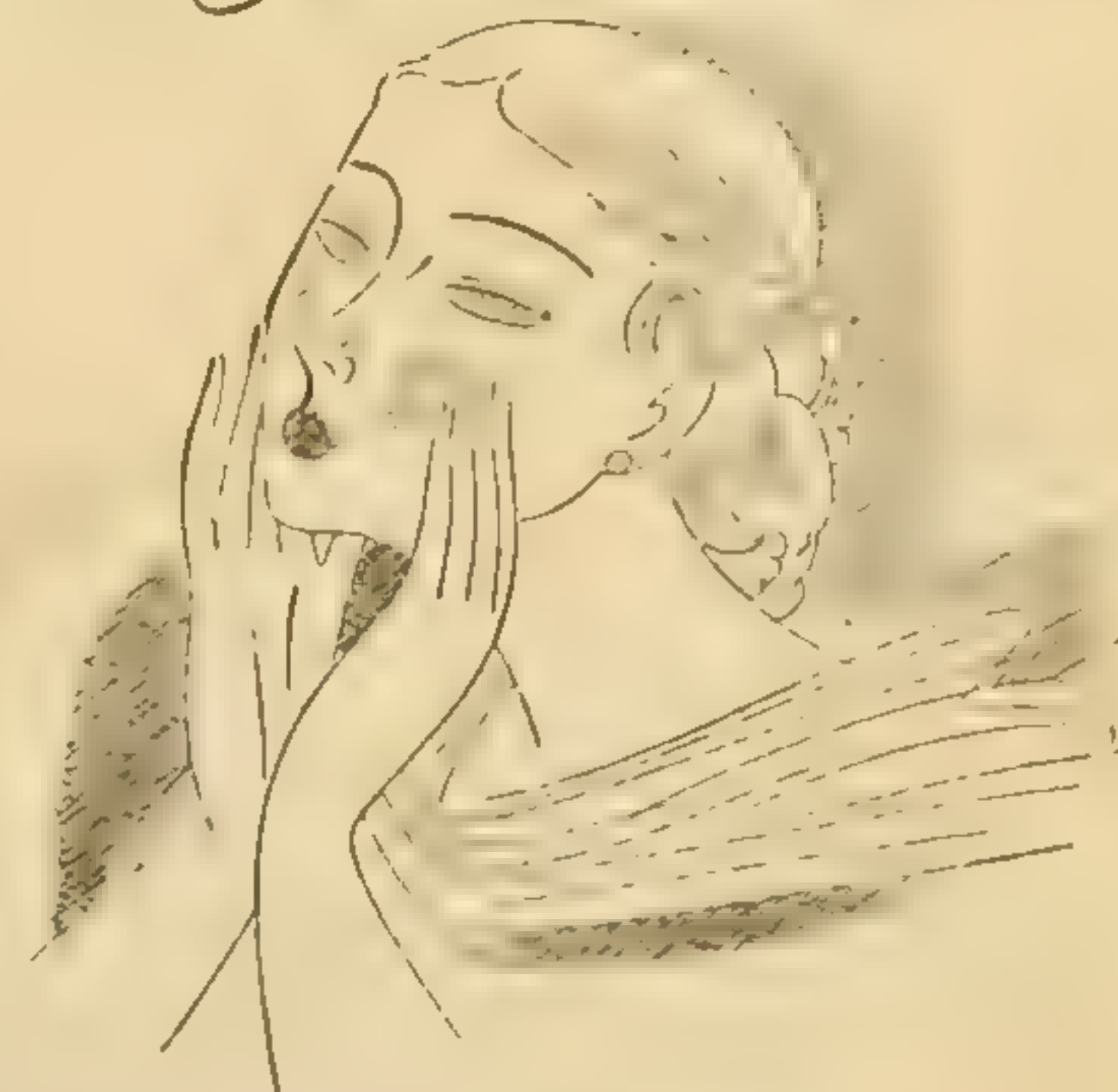
"**H**OW'S the baby?" asks the lad from gay Paree. And dynamite Dietrich replies, "Ach! Svell! You and your missus come for dinner and I bake somet'ing nice, yah?" And that's what Marlene and Maurice Chevalier talk about when they visit each other's sets. Or maybe they're just kidding us

SWIFT — INFALLIBLE —

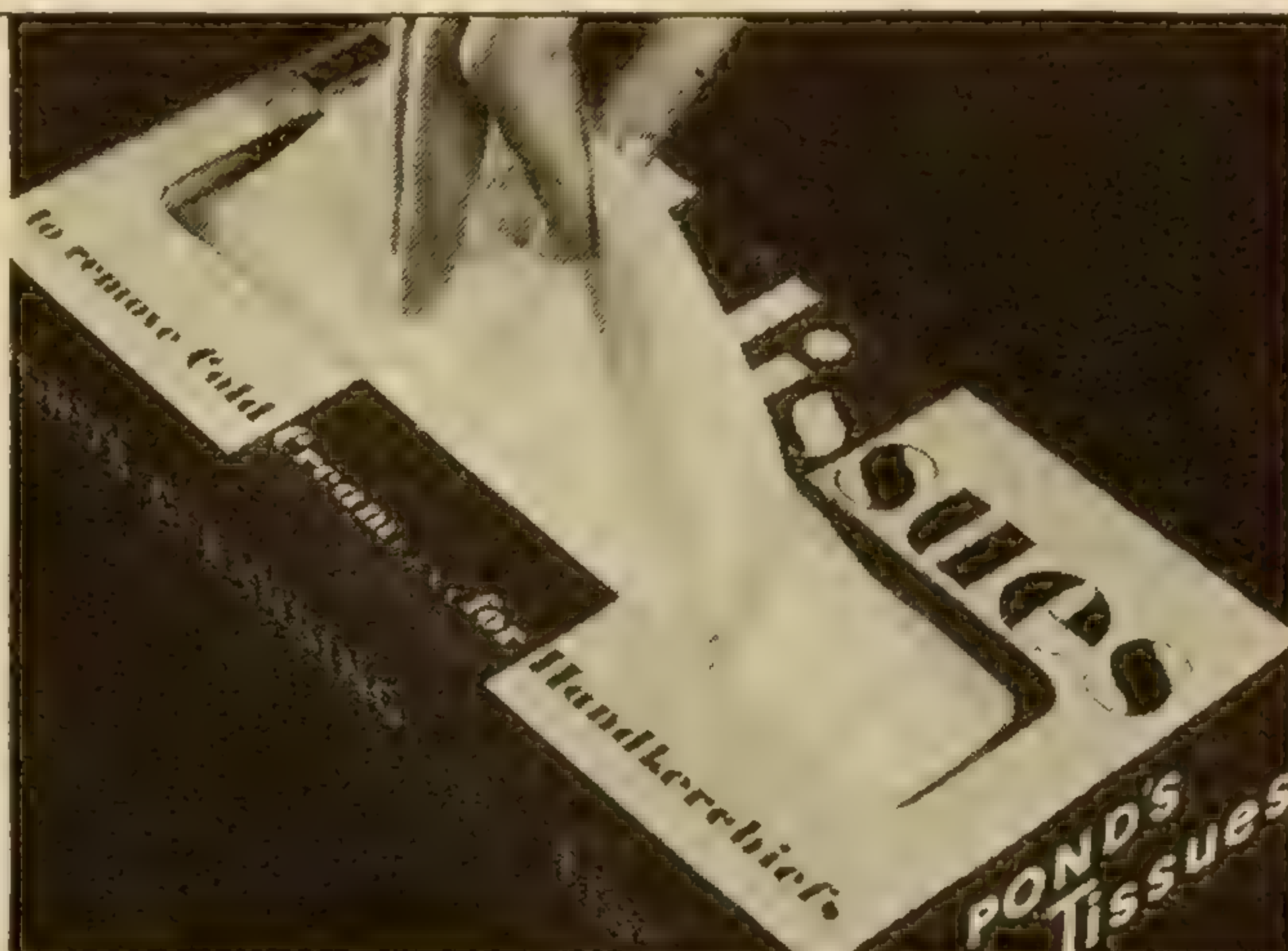
these 4 famous steps to beauty



1 Immaculate cleansing, to the depths of the pores — that's the first step of the Pond's Method . . . Apply POND'S COLD CREAM generously over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes to ward off sagging and wrinkles . . . Let the fine light oils sink into the pores and float every particle of clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface.



2 Now wipe away with POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES—more efficient because so much softer and half again more absorbent by laboratory test . . . Society women say these exquisite Tissues are "the best way to remove cold cream," for they absorb the dirt so completely that nothing is left to clog the pores . . . Tissues in white or enchanting peach.



3 Next, POND'S SKIN FRESHENER to tone and firm—you saturate a pad of cotton, then pat briskly over your face and neck till the skin glows . . . This gentle tonic and mild astringent is so carefully formulated it *cannot dry your skin* . . . It is indispensable in home treatment of minor skin ills such as enlarged pores, sallowness, blackheads and blemishes.



4 Smooth on a dainty film of POND'S VANISHING CREAM always before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish . . . Use not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth and white.



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Tune in on Pond's Friday evenings 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEA and N.B.C. Network

"I'm over



MARY BOLAND, who looks under 30, declares she is over 40 years old! This lovely actress, who numbered among her early Broadway successes such hits as *Strongheart*, starred last season in *The Vinegar Tree*. Still radiantly youthful as this recent photograph shows, Mary Boland says: "There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. A skin aglow with youth never fails to win hearts!"

LUX

40!" *says*

MARY BOLAND

*Famous stage beauty
tells how you, too, may
keep Youthful Allure*

"I DON'T mind admitting it in the least," says Mary Boland, beloved stage star. "I'm over forty years old!"

"There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. Any woman who really wants to can keep the radiant charm of youth right through the years.

"We on the stage have proved it. Our thirties—forties—even fifties!—have no terrors for us.

"There's no magic about it, though. It's just a matter of realizing the importance of *complexion care*. A skin radiantly aglow with youth has irresistible appeal—never fails to win hearts!

"For years I have used Lux Toilet

Soap to keep my skin youthful. Its lather is so gentle and soothing and it does leave one's skin remarkably smooth."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard Complexion Beauty

Mary Boland is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important screen actresses (including all stars) 605 use it regularly. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care!

Toilet Soap — 10¢

ASK THE ANSWER MAN

WALLACE BEERY and Jackie Cooper make "The Champ" a winner, according to the Answer Man's mail. "What a team!" everyone is saying. The actor who has been in pictures for years and the little chap who is just beginning have won the hearts of the movie public. "Tell us about Jackie," the letters ask. Read the story about him in this issue, but here are some facts that the story doesn't give.

Jackie was born in Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 15, 1923. He is 51 inches tall, weighs 73 pounds and has blond hair and hazel eyes. He entered pictures in 1928, becoming one of the members of "Our Gang." He also did a small bit in the "Fox Movietone Follies" and "Sunny Side Up."

In 1930, Paramount borrowed him from Hal Roach for the lead in "Skippy." That picture made Jackie. Radio Pictures then borrowed him to play opposite Richard Dix in "Young Donovan's Kid." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw great possibilities in this youngster and bought his contract from Roach.

"The Champ" is his first picture under the new contract. His next will be "Limpy," a story of a little crippled boy.

Wallace Beery's first screen appearances were in Swedish comedies. Later he went into feature pictures and gave many fine performances. Some of his latest pictures are "The Big House," "Min and Bill," "The Secret Six" and "The Champ." His latest is "Hell Divers," with Clark Gable. Wally hails from Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 235 pounds and has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He was on the stage for ten years before he entered pictures. His first wife was Gloria Swanson. Areta Gillman is the second Mrs. Beery.

Too bad Robert Williams didn't live to know of all the friends he had won by his fine acting in "Platinum Blonde," the last picture he made. For the benefit of those who know very little about Robert and are writing in asking about him, here is a short biography:

He was born in Morgantown, N. C., Sept. 15, 1899. When he was ten years old he ran away from home and joined a tent show. Later he was with a Mississippi showboat company, and then appeared in stock. Some of the plays he appeared in were "Voice in the Dark," "Jimmy's Women," "Eyes of Youth," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Friendly Enemies" and "Rebound."

He had several offers to go into pictures but always turned them down. It was while he was rehearsing for "Oh Promise Me," a stage play, that Pathe asked him to play opposite Ina Claire in "Rebound." This was followed by "The Common Law," "Devotion," and "Platinum Blonde." He was rehearsing for "Lady With a Past" opposite Constance Bennett when he was stricken with an acute attack of appendicitis which resulted in his death. He was married to Nina Penn, stage actress, and had a ten-year-old daughter by a former marriage.

* * *

VALERIE ROGERS, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—It's a good thing for me that you ran out of words to describe Clark Gable or I would still be reading your letter. Connie Bennett appeared on our March, 1931, cover, and she is in the gallery this month. You can get the March issue by sending 25c to PHOTOPLAY, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Connie is 26 years old and was born in New York City. She is 5 feet, 4; weighs 102 and has blonde hair and

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



In "The Champ," Wallace Beery plays a broken-down prize-fighter who stages a comeback. Jackie Cooper is his son. Folks loved the picture and want to see Jackie and Wally together again

blue eyes. Her sister Barbara, who is Mrs. Morton Downey in private life, is about 23 years old.

ELVA FUNK, MONTICELLO, ILL.—Hold the fort, Elva, for you are quite right in your argument. It was Norma Shearer who played the leading feminine rôle in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Raymond Hackett was the lad who took the part of her brother who also acted as her attorney in the picture. Glad to hear you're one of my regular readers.

B. R. BOWEN, KAW, OKLA.—Glad to make your acquaintance. There most certainly was a picture called "Across the Pacific." It was directed by Roy Del Ruth and released in 1926. Monte Blue played the rôle of the soldier, Jane Winton was the heroine, Myrna Loy the native girl and Charles Stevens the bad, bold rebel.

LUCY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I agree with you, Lucy. That was a swell dog that appeared

with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox." He is a thoroughbred police dog and is called "Major."

CHRISTINE NORGAARD, VALLEY CITY, N. D.—Whatsa matter, Chris? Have all the young heroes gone back on you? Charles Murray has been married to Boe Hamilton since May, 1911. They have one daughter. Charlie was born in Laurel, Ind., June 22, 1872; is 6 feet tall, weighs 196 and has gray hair and gray eyes. George O'Brien is still single. Imagine that! Alice Brady deserted the screen several years ago. She is divorced from James Crane. Has one son named Donald. Anna May Wong is still single.

E. M. S., LONDON, ONT., CAN.—I get quite a thrill out of answering letters to my friends in Canada. Glad you like our American heroes. George O'Brien is 31 years old, stands 5 feet, 11; weighs 176 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Still single, too, as I told Christine. Now I suppose it'll be a race between you girls. Lucille Brown was the young lady who played with George in "The Last of the Duanes." His next picture will be "Rainbow Trail," another Zane Grey thriller.

MRS. S. R. MINOR, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.—Yes, Gary Cooper was the leading man in "Lilac Time." Colleen Moore played the rôle of the French girl in that picture.

IRENE KNOPP, TONAWANDA, N. Y.—What a census taker you turned out to be. Well, here goes for the birth dates and places: Joe E. Brown was born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28, 1892; Phillips Holmes, Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1909; Buddy Rogers, Olathe, Kan., Aug. 13, 1904; Jack Oakie, Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 12, 1903; Lew Ayres, Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1909; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., New York City, Dec. 9, 1907, and Joel McCrea, Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 3, 1905. What a lot of territory they cover, Irene. Phillips, Buddy, Jack and Joel are still fancy free.

RUTH TORREY, WORCESTER, MASS.—Yes, Ruth, there really are two William Boyds. The dark one came to the talkies from the stage and the blond one, now known as Bill, has been on the screen since 1921. William (stage) Boyd's latest picture is "The Road to Reno." Bill (screen) Boyd's next will be "Suicide Fleet." He is a native of Cambridge, Ohio, and is married to Dorothy Sebastian. The William Boyd who appeared in the picture you sent me was the chap from the stage.

MARIE KENNREY, NEGAUNEE, MICH.—Harry Carey is very much alive. His latest release is "Bad Company," with Helen Twelvetrees, Ricardo Cortez and John Garrick. Colleen Moore's ex-husband, John McCormick, is not the great tenor John McCormack. Note the difference in the spelling of their names.

BUDDY CLARK, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Tom Mix will soon ride on the screen in a grand thriller called "Destry Rides Again." You're not the only young boy who will be tickled to death to see Tom and his wonder horse, Tony, again on the screen.

MRS. RICHARD LEDERMA, NEW YORK CITY.—Norma Talmadge's first talkie was "New York Nights." The very first 100 per cent feature length talkie to be released was "Lights of New York." Cullen Landis and Helene Costello played the leads and it was released in July, 1928.



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paid for
and the teeth
it beautified

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or several pairs of stockings—these
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It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely

natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



John Gilbert and Lupe Velez arriving back from Europe on the same boat. When reporters and photographers cornered them, John said, "I have nothing to say. My divorce from Ina Claire is not final." And Lupe was quite reticent—for her. She only said, "Oh, I think Mr. Gilbert is a marvelous person"

isn't a romance Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook are stepping out together. . . . Irene Rich has a divorce from her husband, David Blankenhorn . . . Close friends knew it was going to happen months ago. . . . Ricardo Cortez says there's no serious romance between him and Loretta Young . . . Loretta still goes around with Mervyn LeRoy, who used to take Ginger Rogers everywhere . . . Figure that out, I'm dizzy. . . . Mary Brian went to a theater opening with Ken Murray, the vaudevillian. . . . And now there's a chance the two might become a professional (not a personal) team. . . . Irene Dunne's telephone bill is over \$700 a month . . . That's long distance toll charges when she talks to her husband. . . . When Claudette Colbert was in Hollywood hubby Norman Foster wasn't out of her sight . . . That's to spike divorce rumors.

LOOKS as if the Mae Clarke-John McCormick love affair might play a return engagement. . . . Tom Moore, the divorced husband of Alice Joyce, married a girl named Eleanor Merry.

LAURENCE TIBBETT'S been singing love songs to a San Francisco girl who has gone to Reno for something or other. . . . Not long after Walter Huston's divorce was secured he married a stage actress, Nan Sunderland. . . . Lupe Velez is still wearing that wedding ring she says she bought herself. . . . Director William Wellman and Marjorie Crawford are whispering those old sweet nothings. . . . Over in Paris they're saying Ronald Colman is finally going to get that divorce from Thelma Ray. They have been separated since 1926.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

WHEN "Frankenstein," Universal's horror picture, was previewed at Santa Barbara, women screamed, strong men cowered and little children fainted. The theater was in the grip of terror.

One man telephoned the theater later and said he was going to file suit because of injuries to his wife, his child and himself. He claimed their nerves were shattered.

Another man called the manager regularly every five minutes, to say "I can't sleep because of that picture and you aren't going to either. You showed it and I am going to see that you are as restless as I am."

As a result, the picture has been cut to be less frightening.

An announcement will be run before it unfolds asking those who do not like gruesome pictures to leave the theater!

THE studio wanted somebody to play the rôles of Leila Hyams' mother and father in a picture. Leila's own mother and father, who are the Hyams and McIntyre vaudeville team, applied for the job. But the casting director said they weren't the type.

CCHECK-UPS on the Love Situation: David Manners takes Rose Hobart to all the best places. . . . And although they insist there



It's been a long time since we've seen one of these old-fashioned photos of a star arriving at work in her swanky, big automobile. It has also been a long time since we've seen such a display of aigrettes as Marlene Dietrich affects as she goes to the factory in her Rolls-Royce

"What! Can such Skin Loveli-
ness be had for less than a
PENNY A DAY!"

THE HALF FACE TEST

amazes fifteen

famous physicians. And thrills
the women of fourteen cities!

•

Maybe you've already read about the Nation-
wide Beauty Clinic. How 15 dermatologists,
in 14 cities, tested the leading soaps, creams
and lotions on the faces of their women
patients.

But do you know the two vital facts this
clinic disclosed?

[1] That Woodbury's Facial Soap secured a
higher scientific rating than any other beauty
aid?

[2] That Woodbury's proved the least expen-
sive of all accepted complexion treatments?

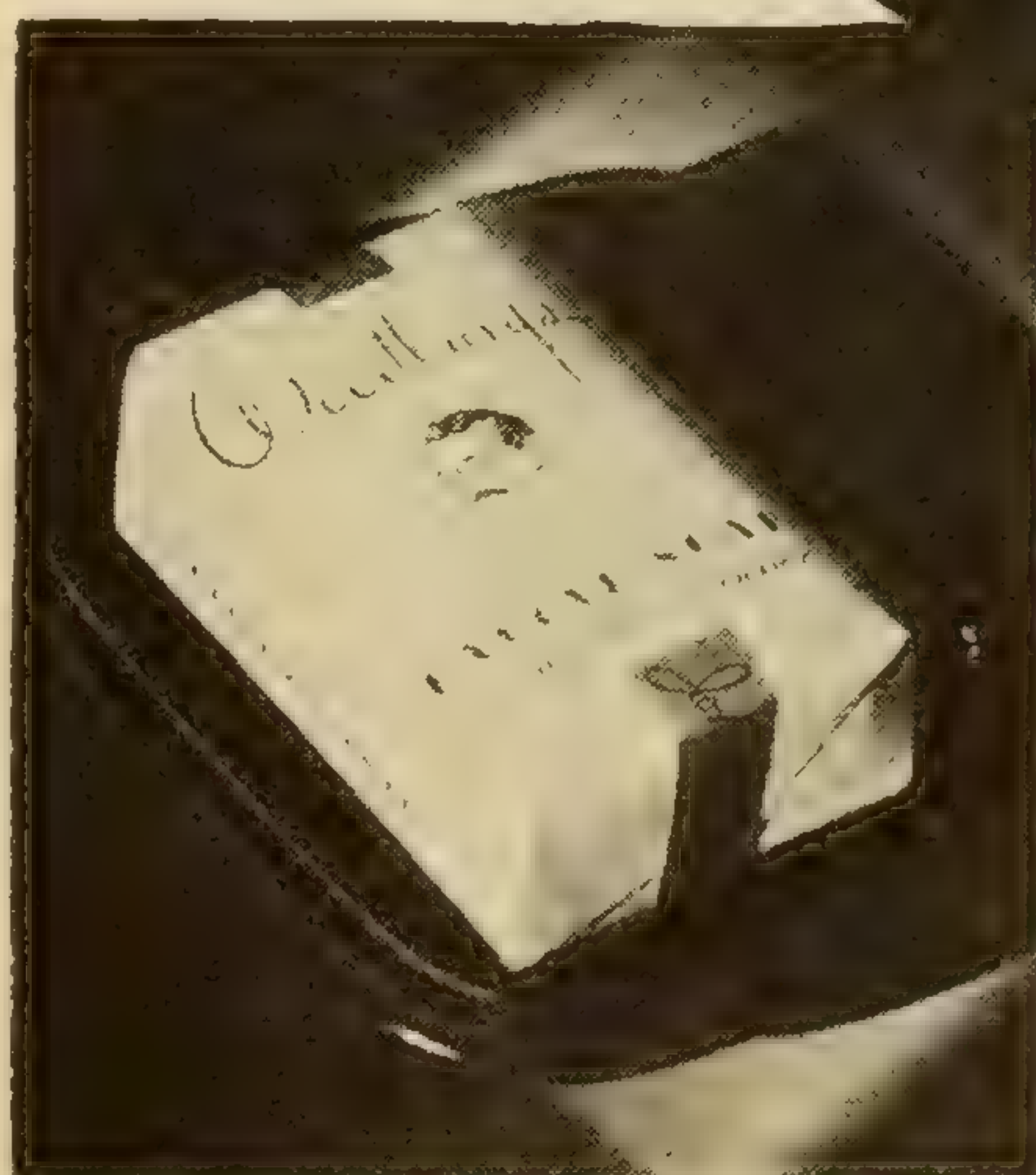
For a whole month, 612 women cleansed the
left side of their faces with *any* soap, cream
or liquid of their choice. But on the right side
of the face they used only the creamy lather
of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

While most of the physicians have recom-
mended it for years as the finest of all daily
skin cleansers . . . for both the normal and
the supersensitive skin . . . even *they* were
surprised at the magnitude of Woodbury's
victory! Even they marveled that in over
79% of the cases, the Woodbury-treated skin
showed a marked improvement over the skin
treated with other and costlier preparations!

Some women are either foolishly frugal or
wantonly extravagant in the prices they pay
for complexion aids. Either they buy ordi-
nary toilet soaps of no dermatological value;
or expensive creams and liquids, whose chief
recommendation is a nice odor.

Woodbury's cannot be judged merely as a
toilet soap. For it is really a scientific beauty
formula in cake form. At 25¢, it affords you
35 complete daily facial treatments. No
other beauty method is so economical . . . or
so effective.

With these findings of Science before you . . .
won't you at least try the "Woodbury Way
to Skin Loveliness" on *your* face? Woodbury's
Facial Soap may be obtained at all drug stores
and toilet goods counters.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

VERY few people know that Marie Dressler's great affection for humanity is the expression of a hungry and defeated mother love. Marie once had a baby girl of her own. The baby died a few hours after it was born and Marie has never quite reconciled herself to the loss. Marie seldom speaks about it and the studio does not want it to be known.

MARIE has received hundreds and hundreds of letters from people who read a story about her in the September issue of *PHOToplay* called "Don't Expect Too Much" in which she explained her philosophy of life. All the letters have told her that she's given

the writers courage. And Marie is all smiles and just that pleased.

IVAN LEBEDEFF and monocle are to be seen stepping out with Irene Dunne . . . Irene's husband asked Ivan to keep Irene from getting lonely. . . . That noise you hear is the flutter of stork's wings over Bessie Love's house. . . . Sidney Fox danced with Eddie Buzzell just once and that's how the rumor of their engagement started. Matter of fact, Sidney's heart belongs to another. . . . Peggy Shannon has a perfectly good husband named Allen Davis. They were married for two years but Hollywood didn't know about it.



"All ashore," cried the stewards of the *Europa*, and Douglas escorted Mary back to the pier while he and his party, including Lewis Milestone, director of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Front Page," set out to make the second of his travel pictures in Europe and Central Asia

A SCENE in one of Wally Beery's pictures called for some trick stunt for which a double was needed.

But where to find a human replica of the 235-pound, rubber-faced actor?

Casting directors bit their fingernails and jumped up and down on their hats. And then—oh, happy days!—a producer visited the Los Angeles jail. He saw a man who would do perfectly as a double.

"What's he in for?" he asked excitedly.

"He's been impersonating Wallace Beery," answered the jailer.

A PUBLICITY man stepped up to Constance Bennett as she arrived at a recent opening and asked her if she would speak a few words over the radio.

"No!" she answered briefly.

"Good!" the publicity man answered as briefly.

Connie Bennett looked annoyed. She likes to be coaxed!

LITTLE girls who want to make good shouldn't argue with big directors—not even if they think the big directors are wrong.

When The Great Lubitsch was looking for a girl to play the lead in "The Man I Killed," he made a test of Karen Morley, a bright newcomer. He gave her the biggest scene in the story to do and told her how he wanted it played.

"But, Mr. Lubitsch, I don't believe that would be the girl's reaction."

Lubitsch carefully explained that the story made such a reaction possible. "You see, Miss Morley, you haven't read all of the script."

"No," said Karen, "but I know what girls really do."

And that, gentle Annie, is the way she talked herself out of a grand part.

CONSTANCE BENNETT had accepted an invitation to attend one of those semi-public luncheons to be held in downtown Los Angeles.

On the afternoon before the luncheon, the director said she could not leave work.

Pathe telephoned Ann Harding and asked her if she would take Constance's place.

They told her frankly that she was second choice.

Ann said:

"Well what does that matter! Of course, I'll be glad to go and help out."

You have to know your Hollywood to realize just how rare a thing it is for one star to be willing to play second fiddle to another.

RIZA ROYCE, the former Mrs. Josef Von Sternberg, was raving about the splendid performance Helen Hayes gave in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

"Such acting! And no wonder, she comes from the stage! All *Hollywood* actresses can do is to show their legs!"

Marlene Dietrich is the Hollywood actress most famed for her legs and Mrs. Von Sternberg is suing the owner of those legs for alienation of affection.

Kitty! Kitty!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

This takes trying

BUT MAN! IT'S WORTH IT!



The grandest fling in all tobacco-enjoyment! . . .

Mouth-happiness!

Here it is . . . in 3 steps:

1 Try *one Spud*. Don't stop . . . simply because such coolly-coolness is a new one on you.



2 Try *one pack of Spuds*. Don't stop . . . simply because you're hardened to instant tobacco kick.



3 Try *one week of Spuds*. Watch that *noticeably* cool taste disappear. Watch the tobacco taste get keener and keener. And, notice, *how fresh, how clean, how all-around swell* your mouth begins to feel.

That's it . . . mouth-happiness . . . the grand, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

SOME years ago a Hollywood writer secured some snapshots that Rudolph Valentino had taken of Pola Negri and showed them to Pola. The star almost fainted when she saw them, "Oh, what tender memories they bring," she murmured. "Rudy and I were so happy that day when we set out for Catalina. The sun was shining, the sea was like glass. We had a glorious time. Before we knew it, night was coming on. You know how it is with people in love. Time simply flies."

Pola then told of a storm that came up as they were on Rudy's yacht and how they were both almost drowned, adding, "The day that had begun so beautifully almost ended in disaster. I knew it was an evil omen and begged Rudy not to go to New York. But he went, as he had planned to do, and I never saw him alive again."

"Unless you have lost someone you love, you cannot know how terrible it is. It leaves a void, a space that must always be empty. Love is like that, you cannot replace it."

The writer was entranced with all this and dashed home to write the story. She had just finished it when the afternoon papers arrived. The headlines read, "Pola Negri Leaves for France to Wed Prince Mdivani."

Love is like that.

THEY asked Clark Gable point-blank, in an interview the other day: Are you naturally affectionate?

To which all he'd reply was: "Well, I like feminine companionship."

HELEN HAYES—and you'll be hearing more and more and more of her—went to see her picture "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" when it was playing on Broadway. It was the first time she'd seen it and she was being critical of her own work, wishing she'd done that scene another way, knowing she could have gotten more out of that one, when suddenly she became conscious of stifled sobbing. She looked up to see seated next to her a large man with tears running down his cheeks. He looked at Helen and, not recognizing her, saw only that her face was tearless.

In quite a pet he said, "Haven't you any heart? How can you sit here and look at this picture without crying?"

VARIETY says it actually happened.

In a Pittsburgh neighborhood movie house the film showed a chemist working in his laboratory with test tubes, bottles, etc. Suddenly a kid in the audience shouted out: "Lookie, mom, that's just like daddy making beer!"

HERE'S an elegant story they're telling along Boul' Hollywood. Seems that one of the reasons that caused Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert to play the big divorce scene was that Ina insisted upon rearranging all of Jack's rooms. She'd not been living three days at his house before she was adding on wings, moving furniture and getting new rugs. Jack didn't

like that. He'd lived in that house for a long time and it suited him right down to the foundation.

They were divorced, but lately, before Jack went to Europe, they've been seeing each other at parties and are friendly again. One afternoon Jack invited Ina to his Malibu house for tea. Ina walked into the living room and said, "Oh, what a sweet place, Jack, but don't you think it would be more attractive if this chair were over here by the window and if those drapes were held back like this?"

"No, I don't," said Jack with one of those grim and determined frowns on the Gilbert brow, "and, hereafter, we'll have tea at restaurants."

RIGHT after Leatrice Joy was married to William Spencer Hook, one of those Los Angeles bluebloods, she dashed to the nearest postoffice and mailed her orchid bridal bouquet to her ten-year-old daughter, Barbara. Jack Gilbert is her father, you know. Later Barbara said quaintly, "I could hardly keep the tears back when I opened mother's wedding bouquet."

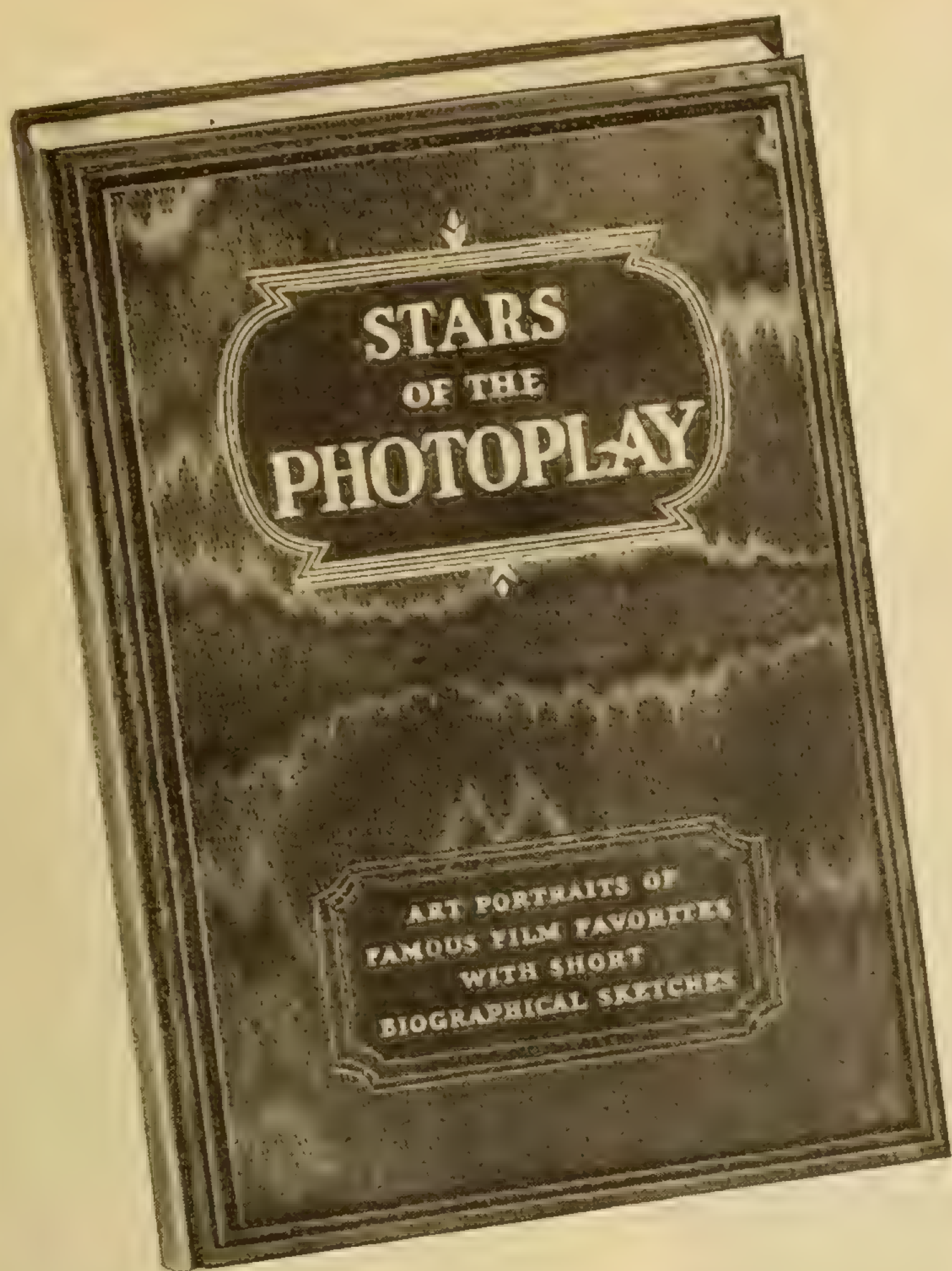
Only the Conrad Nagels and a man friend of the groom were present.

Leatrice says she has no further interest in pictures now, as she means to give all her time to being a wife and mother. Immediately she has two or three picture offers. They are living in the old family residence of the Hooks on Sixth Street.

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It takes something pretty good to give the prop boys, electricians and cameramen a thrill, but regard the rapt gazes that Dolores Del Rio inspires when she dashes off a fancy rumba for her new picture, "The Dove." Get the position of the two cameras. One photographs the Del Rio face and the other picks up the feet. Director Herbert Brenon stands by in order to guide the foot work



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The portraits are rich, rotogravure reproductions, and under each is a brief biographical sketch of the star featured, including such information as age, weight, height, complexion, etc. Just the kind of information that you want.

The cover is a handsome Red Art Fabrikoid with gold lettering, a book you will be proud to own.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



International

The most beautiful Hollywood romance of the month! Francis A. Gudger loved Marjorie Rambeau long before the theater-going public did. But her family insisted on her career. She married a couple of times. He married once. And suddenly (she is 39 and he 54) they eloped like a pair of high school kids to Yuma, Arizona, and vowed they'll never be separated again. Marjorie is through with pictures, she says

CAROLE LOMBARD says she won't be knitting any tiny garments until her career is finished. And Paramount demands her services for four more years. . . . Chic Sale was playing old men character rôles before he was shaving. . . . Fifi Dorsay says that Boston didn't like her Hollywood wiggle. . . . Perc (make-up-man) Westmore has created gold eyelash paint. He says it's to be worn with evening clothes. . . . The boys who draw the eyelashes on Mickey Mouse get \$20 a week. . . . Joan Crawford and Mrs. Clark Gable are intimate friends. . . . Little Maria Dietrich stays on the set all day long while her famous mamma Marlene is at work. . . . Linda Watkins greets her friends by shouting, "Whoopce, Hollywood!" Which is a little crazy-but it gets a laugh. . . . Russell Gleason and Papa Jimmy pass the collection plate at a Beverly Hills church. . . . They vie with each other about who can collect the most money.

WHEN Clark Gable walks into the studio lunchroom all the boys and girls "who knew him when" rush to him, pat him on the

back and say, "Clark, old boy, old boy, we always knew you could do it."

But they didn't. They used to think he was a ham actor.

And Clark knows that the minute he makes a couple of no-good pictures and the dimples don't flourish, his fair weather friends will be colder than dead love.

CLARK used to wear a beret a lot a few weeks ago. Now he wears a felt hat; his valet has the ex-Gable beret.

Reason: too much kidding.

DIRECTOR "Trader Horn" Van Dyke was telling a friend that in Africa wives can be bought for a dollar.

"Well, a good wife is worth a dollar," answered the friend.

JACKIE COOPER'S grandest possession at present is what every boy dreams of—a pocket knife.

But it's not an ordinary knife. Besides a blade, it has a screwdriver, a corkscrew

(imagine, for Jackie!), a tiny saw, an awl, and a few other gadgets in it.

It was a gift from Wally Beery, after he and Jackie had finished "The Champ" together.

SHE was one of those ga-ga simpering little ingénues and she was going to repeat that formula which she had used at every theater opening in spite of supervisors and unrenewed contracts. "Oh, this is a lovely opening," she gushed into the microphone. "I wish my mother were here."

"Then why didn't you bring her?" a newsboy yelled out.

SAYS Florabel Muir in *The Hollywood Herald*:

"Paramount daily routine offers no bigger moment these days than that solemn one which marks the arrival of Josef Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich for luncheon each day. In dignified stride, looking neither to the right nor to the left, recognizing no one, bowing and speaking not in the least, these twain make of the luncheon ritual a sort of unscheduled personal appearance among mortals. Recently there was *lese majeste* committed though doubtless Joe and Marlene haven't heard about it yet.

"Happened that young Robert Coogan was having luncheon with his mother at the time the grand entrance was made. Robert is a serious kid and never says anything he doesn't mean.

"Perceiving Joe stride in leaning on a stick he turned to his mother and said: 'Look, mother, that's Harpo Marx.'"



International

They're back again—the Pickford curls. True, they're not as long as they once were but they're curls just the same. And here's a little secret, but don't tell anybody we told. Mary's given up screen sophistication and is looking for a story in which she can play another kid part. That's the real reason she's letting her hair grow

STRANGEST of all the friendships in Hollywood is that of Marlene Dietrich and Anna May Wong. The two met years ago in Berlin. They're the most striking pair at the studio when they stroll into the restaurant—Marlene, blonde and Prussian, in a sky-blue flowered dressing gown; Anna May, dark and Oriental in a lacquer red Chinese robe.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



This, girls, is one of those informal-formal affairs that you wear from five o'clock on. Jet sequins form a glittering costume for Tallulah Bankhead in her new picture, "The Cheat." Even her jaunty cap gleams, giving the whole outfit the look of medieval chain-mail. The blouse is white satin belted with green and jet beading



Together after ten years. It seemed like old times to both until—

"Tom has done very well," SHE SAID . . . but her hands told a different story

It happened just about the middle of luncheon. Frances, smiling and charming, in lovely Paris clothes, Millie, talking with gay animation.

"And Tom has done awfully well," Millie was saying. "He's manager of the new factory—"

Just then Frances' eyes fell to Millie's hand resting on the white tablecloth. It was just a fleeting glance. But Millie noticed. Her voice died away as she looked at her own hands. How red they were. How rough. How scrubby-looking. *They didn't look like the hands of a successful man's wife.*

THE BUSIEST HANDS *can* stay as smooth and white as hands that never work.

Ivory Soap will wash dishes, clean your woodwork, wash your curtains quickly and well. And Ivory will protect your hands. It will keep the cuticle soft and even. It will keep your skin smooth. It won't spoil your manicure like strong soaps. Just try Ivory for every soap-and-water task for one week — your hands will tell the world a pleasant story.

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KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]



Hey, Ben Lyon, what's this? Another Hollywood scandal? Nope, nothing like that. Director Herbert Brenon was so glad to see Bebe Daniels up and around again after Barbara's birth that he had to give her a great big kiss. Incidentally Bebe has let her hair go back to its real blackness

WHEN Sidney Fox first came to Hollywood they told her she had to impress the village boys and girls, so in her fashionable apartment-hotel, she installed a maid, a secretary, a cook and a chauffeur. All those servants got tangled up in her shoe laces. And, besides, Sid was sick of it. She began doling out notices like a politician doling out platitudes. Today, she has a cook who also acts as personal maid and a chauffeur. She can't drive a car. She takes care of everything else, herself, including her fan mail and the household budget.

"That swank stuff they made me put on is just a lot of bunk," she says.

AND if you don't think it's the box-office that decides the fate of the stars you should be made to stand in the corner for an hour.

Sidney Fox's option was up at midnight. They showed "Strictly Dishonorable" that evening as a preview. The executives sat back and saw how the audience accepted the picture. When Sidney went over big, they rushed to sign her before the zero hour.

IT was sort of funny that nobody but PHOTOPLAY got wise to the fact that Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe were secretly married, for every morning between seven and seven-thirty Hollywood could have seen them playing a strenuous game of handball. And oh, those grand arguments they had about the

game! You remember that Thorpe was Mary's doctor when she collapsed after the death of her husband. And he's still her doctor. The handball games are part of his treatment to see that she keeps fit.

HOLLYWOOD gives three cheers and a rousing tiger for Clara Bow. The redhead has completely changed—there's hardly a spark left in the Brooklyn bonfire. In plain words Clara's gotten some sense in her head.

Listen to this. Feeling herself perfectly fit, she decided she'd go to New York before starting work on her picture, to see some shows. Immediately reporters started asking her questions. "Had she and Rex Bell split?" "Wasn't it true she was going to New York to see Harry Richman?" "Would she make a lot of whoopee in the big city?"

Clara knew that whatever she did would be turned into page one headlines, so she got off the train at Gallup, New Mexico, and returned to the ranch.

Incidentally, she's begun construction on a \$20,000 bungalow on the Bell ranch and she's going to live there between pictures.

WHEN Clara returned to Hollywood for a few days recently, she said, "I don't want to talk to anyone or give out any statements until I actually get back to work.

I want what I do, not what I say, to speak for me."

MOTION PICTURE DAILY spins a good story about Hal Skelly.

While the actor was in London he attended church and there saw a man whose face was most familiar to him. When the services were over Hal went up to him and said, "Don't I know you?"

"No, but I know you. You're Hal Skelly and I've seen you in films."

"And you?" asked Hal.

"Well, I used to be the King of Spain!"

THE guest house being built at Pickfair to house visiting royalty and such will cost \$15,000. . . . The Ontario censors didn't like "Susan Lenox" so the lads and lassies of La Belle Canada won't get to see Garbo and Gable emote. . . . Tom Mix arrived in Hollywood with thirty trunks and eighteen horses. . . . Gertrude Astor and Vivian Duncan met at court in a rumpus about house rent that Gertie said Vivian didn't pay. . . . Jeanette MacDonald returned to Hollywood from Europe with an enormous sheepdog and a tiny kitten. . . . Jack Oakie wears his in-



Here's a great lad, and a girl who is mighty proud of Hollywood's finest toastmaster and after-dinner speaker and the mainspring of all the charitable activities of the picture colony. Mr. and Mrs. (ain't she pretty?) Conrad Nagel, arriving at the Hollywood opening of "The Champ"

evitable sweat shirt under his Tuxedo coat. . . . In London, Jack Gilbert said that after seventeen years in pictures he was ready to quit. . . .

CLIVE BROOK can't read his own handwriting. . . . You'll see Jean Harlow wearing pajamas on the streets of Hollywood . . . Oh, they're the kind to be worn on the street. . . . Nils Asther is teaching Buster Keaton how to talk Swedish. . . . Clark Gable has traded the little Ford for a bigger car. . . . Charlie Chaplin is hiding away in London and writing the story of his life all by his little self. . . . Miriam Hopkins gave a dinner party to a lot of guests . . . All of them were men. . . . Norma Shearer has bought a bull pup for Irving, Jr., and housed the canine companion in a \$100 doghouse. . . . Claudia Dell has gone blonde again. That was just a brunette wig she wore in "Leftover Ladies."

A MAN, who was to play the real Jim Thorpe, world renowned Carlisle Indian star and American Olympic hero of 1912 in "Touch-down," was sent directly to the make-up department.

After an hour's work the make-up man said his job was perfect. The actor asked, "Do you think you need those lines under my eyes?"

"Of course," the studio man answered. "We have to make you look as much like Thorpe as we can."

The actor went to the door, turned and said quietly, "I am Jim Thorpe!" He was.

BILL POWELL is a changed man. And you can praise—or blame—the little woman for it. Bill was once one of those Hollywood recluses. He and Ronnie Colman and Dick Barthelmess made up a closed corporation.

But Carole Lombard is a social person, so she shakes Bill into his dinner coat almost every night and all the big Hollywood functions find him the life of the party. What's more he seems to like it.

IT took fifteen women twenty-one days to complete one gown for Garbo to be worn in "Mata Hari." Tens of thousands of glass beads are sewn on the dress. It's a pretty nifty little frock.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

January Birthdays

January 1—Charles Bickford, William Haines, Pola Negri.

January 3—Marion Davies, Herbert Brenon, Eddie Gribbon

January 6—Tom Mix, Loretta Young

January 7—Leatrice Joy, Adolph Zukor

January 8—Matt Moore

January 9—Anita Louise

January 10—Pauline Starke

January 11—Monte Blue

January 13—Kay Francis

January 14—Douglas MacLean, Bebe Daniels

January 17—Nils Asther, Noah Beery, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers

January 18—Oliver Hardy

January 19—B. P. Schulberg, Virginia Valli

January 23—Sally Starr

January 29—Ernst Lubitsch

Never so prevalent as today "BANKRUPT NERVES"

...How this Simple Food Helps
Build Up Your Nervous System
By Supplying an Element Necessary
to Sound, Steady Nerves and
Restful Sleep

MEN and women, nervous from worry and fear, with exhaustion written large in face and manner! Everywhere you go, you see them. The tension of modern living; the increased pace of life; the struggle for success; insufficient restful sleep . . . these are the conditions that lead to exhausted, depleted "Bankrupt Nerves." Then it is that you eat improperly; you eat inadequate diets. Your body doesn't make full or right use of your food, and the result is malnutrition. Instead of meeting the need for increased quantities of Vitamin B, you probably are getting much less than normal requirements. Permit this vitamin deficiency to continue, and you will certainly have a nervous disorder now known to science as "polyneuritis"—the inflammation of many nerves.

Correct this condition at once, if in the early stages. Don't let it become chronic or serious—and don't use habit-forming drugs or sedatives which only alleviate but cannot cure. Simply eat the pure, wholesome food—YEAST FOAM TABLETS.

Nerves Cannot Function Without It. The yeast in YEAST FOAM TABLETS contains substances known to chemistry as The Vitamin B Complex. In the words of a prominent American scientist, connected with one of our largest universities, "This substance (Vitamin B) is an element necessary for the proper growth, development and nourishment of the master tissue of the body—the Nervous System."

Recent scientific research has proved that the nervous system cannot function properly without the B Vitamin and the longer this Vitamin B deficiency is continued, the more the nerves are affected.

Riches Known Source of "B". The ideal form of yeast, the richest known natural food source of the Vitamin B complex, is YEAST FOAM TABLETS. They prevent and correct polyneuritic nerves. They are also widely and most successfully used for skin and complexion disorders, constipation, indigestion and lack of strength or energy.

Bear these important facts in mind: (1) YEAST FOAM TABLETS are pure yeast and nothing but yeast; (2) they are pleasant tasting, easy to swallow, good to chew; (3) they are pasteurized and hence cannot cause gas or fermentation; (4) this yeast is used in the vitamin research conducted by the United States Government and leading American Universities; (5) YEAST FOAM TABLETS are non-fattening. Your druggist sells YEAST FOAM TABLETS—50 cents for the 10-day bottle. Get acquainted with this nerve-nourishing, health-building food today!

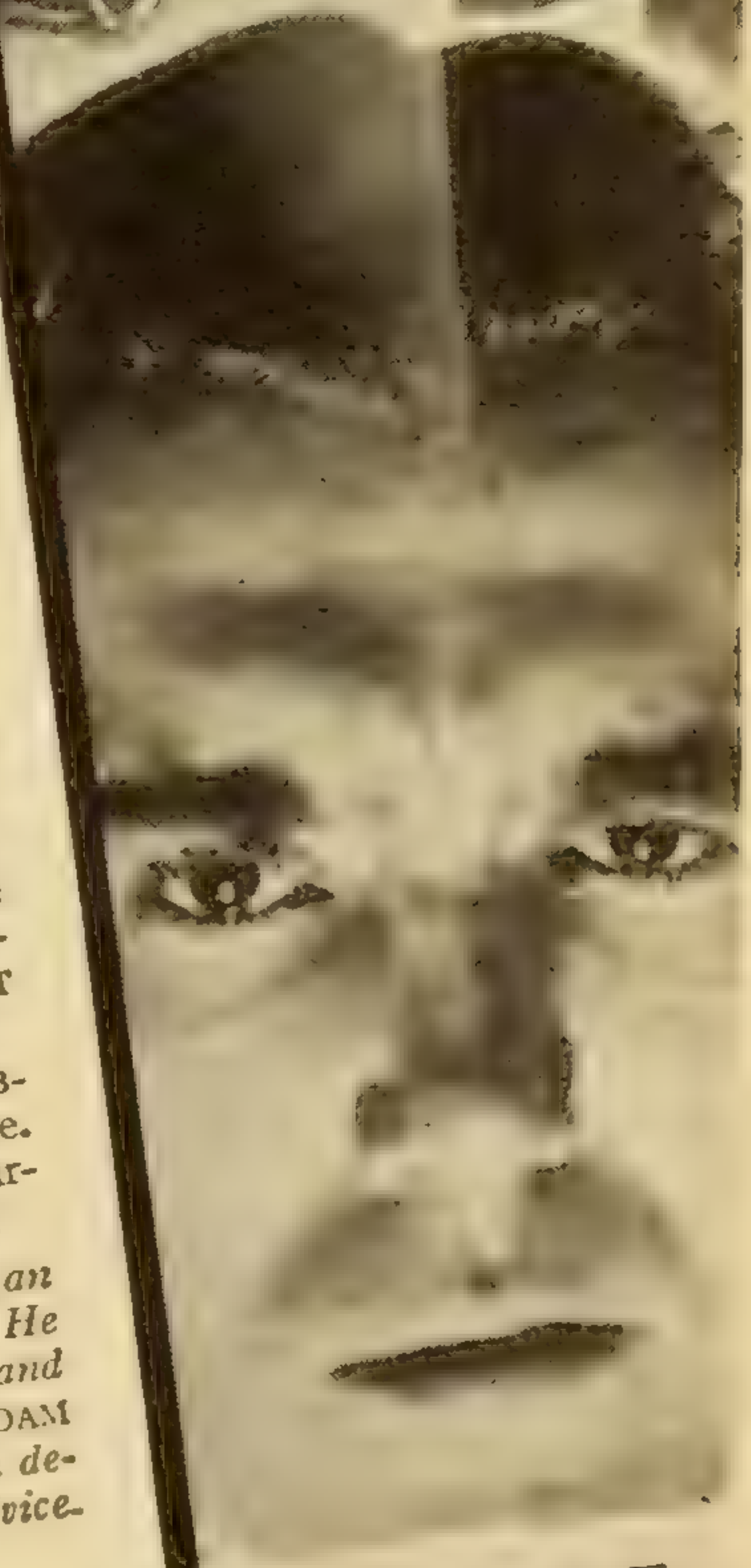
Note: If your nervous trouble is in an advanced stage, see your doctor. He knows the truth of above statements and the benefits of prescribing YEAST FOAM TABLETS for the nervous condition described. But in any case, follow his advice.



ON THE AIR Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

RACING YOUTH—Universal

ALTHOUGH not for the critical, this almost redeems itself from triviality by some tremendously thrilling footage of an automobile road race. June Clyde falls heiress to an auto factory. Frank Albertson, the young test driver, demonstrates his devotion and skill by piloting one of her cars to a victory that means fat foreign contracts and happy days at the plant. Louise Fazenda and Slim Summerville carry the comedy.

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount

GEORGE BANCROFT deserves a nice shiny medal for getting sympathy out of such an unsympathetic rôle. It's all about a shipbuilder, ambitious for his son to carry on the business. Bancroft plays with conviction and Frances Dee, as his daughter, is lovely. David Durand gives a touching performance. Stark drama.

GOOD SPORT—Fox

AN excellent cast, some clever dialogue and interesting camera effects almost overcome the handicap of a poor story. So you will not be entirely disappointed in this picture, even if you do know that old plot by heart. Linda Watkins, as the neglected young wife, decides to sample some of her husband's freedom—you remember the rest. This Watkins girl might be another Connie Bennett—but not with stories like this.

SAFE IN HELL—First National

THE only redeeming thing about this picture is the fine work done by Dorothy Mackaill and Nina Mae McKinney, the colored actress. The story is sordid. Dorothy plays a shady lady, weighted down with a past that costs her her life. Victor Varconi, Wallace Morgan, Ralf Harolde, Donald Cook and other good actors are in the cast.

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.

YOU'LL find a few entertaining twists in this—"it's the woman who pays" story. If for no other reason, it deserves a hand for bringing back that good trouper, Bessie Love. Conway Tearle is the menace this time, while good looking John Holland does right by the gal! Edmund Breese does a grand bit as the father.

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathe

THIS one puts the war on a wit and wise-cracking basis. James Gleason, Robert Armstrong and Bill Boyd are the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the navy. It doesn't live up to its sinister title until near the end, when a decoy mystery boat, to which they are assigned, battles with submarines and a destroyer fleet races to the rescue. Then it is a grand spectacle.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe

ANOTHER fast-moving Western that will delight the kids. At last Tom Keene (erstwhile George Duryea) gets a break. The boy has a nice personality. His leading woman is lovely Barbara Kent. Some beautiful photographic shots, cowboy songs and delightful comedy put the ginger in this one.

THE SPECKLED BAND—First Division

ANOTHER English cast, in another old-fashioned Sherlock Holmes story that is, in spite of everything, an amusing movie which will keep you in your seat until the last "deduction" is made. Although British "thrillies" are not as spectacular as ours, this is entertaining. Holmes and the ubiquitous Watson discover sinister East Indian death methods being used in an English country house.

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama

THE presence of Stepin Fetchit partially saves this film from a complete case of the doldrums. All the old gags are trotted out



And now they're wrapping beauties up in cellophane. But Karen Morley thought this idea up herself. So Karen is carrying a big piece of cellophane with her and when a sudden shower blows up that \$22.50 hat is protected. Smart gal!

along with the horse that wins the race. And it doesn't matter whether we tell or not, you know it's going to happen. Glenn Tryon and Vera Reynolds struggle valiantly with the story, but it's Stepin's picture—if anybody wants it.

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.

THIS is pretty wild and woolly and taxes the credulity worse than a gangster's alibi, but kids won't mind an inconsistency or two when Ken Maynard is the hard-riding cow puncher who proves the villain is a villain and wins the beautiful blonde in the last reel. It's one of those Westerns and if you care for the type, you'll like this.

THE TIP OFF—RKO-Pathe

ASPRIGHTLY, amusing little comedy with that fresh guy Eddie Quillan, who never makes the mistake of being too fresh. As a radio repair man he gets mixed up with gangsters and prize-fighters, but comes up smiling and with the girl. Robert Armstrong plays another of those punch-goofy fighters. Ginger Rogers and Joan Peers are good.

SURRENDER—Fox

WARNER BAXTER deserves much better stories than this. This is about a French officer, taken prisoner by the Germans, and confined in a castle owned by a rich baron and his niece (Leila Hyams). The Armistice just comes in the nick of time. But you can't get excited over it.

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.

THIS one apparently started to be a gangster picture but the producers changed their minds in the midst of things and made the hero a newspaper reporter. It follows the familiar pattern of other gangster-newspaper stories inspired by the Lingle case. But it builds to a terrific climax with Fred Kohler and Wallace Ford, which is its only kick.

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.

THOUGH your German may not be up to par, the English lines flashed on the screen from time to time will make it possible for you to follow this sprightly little tale of Viennese night life. The colorful setting of the masque ball, a clever cast and rollicking dance rhythms all go to make this the charming picture that it is.

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician

BOTH Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan turn in good jobs in this story which tells of the regeneration of a wealthy tenement owner and her thirty days in jail. Clean, entertaining drama with nice comedy touches.

THE SPORTING CHANCE—Peerless Prod.

THIS is story number 472-A, filed in every producer's cabinet and labeled "racetrack pictures." The famous young jockey throws the race and is redeemed in the last reel by the love of the stable-owner's daughter. William Collier, Jr., James Hall and Claudia Dell couldn't do much with this one.

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.

ANOTHER variation of the bashful cowboy-tough gambler-beautiful rancher's daughter theme. Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst, and Merna Kennedy looks her sweetest.

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount

THE story and dialogue in this one didn't "jell." All about two beautiful blondes from the country, who learn about city life from a couple of slickers. It's a good cast—Judith Wood, Dorothy Hall, Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers—but they simply didn't have a chance with the story. Not even a comedy hit by Stuart Erwin saves it.

THE DEADLINE—Columbia

HERE'S Buck Jones in a Western you can easily reconcile with your intelligence because of its unusually good plot. Paroled from an undeserved prison term, the hero comes back to his home town in the hills and makes good with his riding, shooting and detective work. Much better than the average horse opera! And there's a clever youngster in it who troupes like Jackie Cooper.

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every day of your life!

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world's finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll see a new texture to your skin, an unsuspected *natural* loveliness!



The girl above, like every other woman in the world, is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! She has met a new man—his eyes rest upon her! In a tenth of a second his opinion will be formed. How wonderful to have a clean, natural loveliness that draws a sincere tribute from everyone.



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

A light lather of Camay on the cheek—a brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—and a quick rinsing with cold water! ☆ Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so *douce*. ☆ Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. ☆ Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Camay! . . . the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. ☆ You are in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Camay can give you. Don't trust your skin to a lesser soap.

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CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Keystone

"And, mother, you'd never believe it, but in Hollywood nobody drinks tea and they go bathing in their back gardens!" Maybe that's what Elissa Landi is telling her mother, the Countess Zanardi-Landi, as they stroll down the Mall in jolly ole London. Elissa, fresh from studio triumphs, was visiting her home in England. Her mother accompanied her back to Hollywood

TAXI—Warner Bros.

IS everything a racket? Next thing you know you'll discover that those nice old doll-makers in Nuremburg run a cut-throat business. In this film you get the low-down on the taxi cab racket, and how the chain operators drive the little fellows off the street. Jimmy Cagney gives a fine performance, as does Loretta Young. This is an excellent picture—virile, well-done and entertaining.

THE GUILTY GENERATION—Columbia

THERE's no spatter of machine guns in this beer feud drama—but plenty of action. Leo Carrillo, as the big shot whose identity won't cause any guessing, is good. When the *Riccas* and the *Palmeros* carry their war to the sons—things happen. Constance Cummings and Robert Young are much too cultured for even educated gangsters' kids. Emma Dunne and Boris Karloff deserve a hand. Entertaining.

"I'm Not So Sure," Says Clark Gable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

of the Akron Stock Company if his father had not come to Akron, following his wife's death, and requested that his only son join him in the oil fields of Oklahoma. He talked of the money to be earned in oil. I doubt if that tempted Clark but he appreciated his father's loneliness and, inspired by duty, followed his father to Oklahoma.

Clark hated Oklahoma; he hated his work as a tool dresser. He says, "I had learned how to live with myself on the farm and now I learned that I must live *for* myself. It was a terrific struggle. My father couldn't understand. Parents often don't, I have learned since. I was young, impulsive, hotheaded. I told him my feelings—"I do not like this situation so it is not for me." I left immediately."

THIS experience was the turning point in Clark Gable's life. Had he remained in Oklahoma he would have become accustomed to living under conditions which he did not enjoy. He would have accepted them mutinously at first, later with resignation. But when Clark took the train for Kansas City he left resignation behind. He decided to live his own life; he has not swerved from that decision. The words which he told his father *then*, have been his motto since: "I do not like this situation so it is not for me!"

Clark spent the next two years with one of those little road shows. The largest amount he made in any week was ten dollars. If he was fortunate he had three meals a day, but there were times when a cup of coffee and a doughnut served for all.

Clark sincerely wanted to be an actor but ego held him to this little band of troupers. At that time he thought he knew all the Thespian tricks and that only lack of opportunity kept him from being the toast of Broadway and Paris.

I wonder what would have happened to Clark Gable if that company had not gone flat broke in Butte, Montana. His pride took a terrific right to the chin when he found himself in Butte with seven cents and one extra suit of clothes. PHOTOPLAY has already told you how he pawned that suit for seven dollars and rode the rods to Bend, Oregon. When he tells of that ride, which turned out to be a battle with death, he always recalls the beauty of the frozen Snake River glistening in the moonlight.

And his first words of his landing place, Bend, Oregon, are a description of the town nestled at the foot of the three sister mountains. He says the moon was a beacon light of welcome to a lonely wanderer. This is typical of the little known side of Clark Gable.

HE toted lumber for three dollars a day. He says: "That three dollars didn't mean anything; it wouldn't have meant anything if it had been twenty. It merely kept me from starving. The job wasn't what I wanted to do, so the pay was unimportant."

Before he could save money enough to get to Portland, which had become his objective, he joined a wandering stock company that played the lumber communities. He landed in Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. I give you his exact description:

"Danes, Norwegians. Funny little boats; gorgeous, colorful sunsets. Men pulling in their fish from the boats to the sand. Kids waiting on the beach for their daddies. Washings hanging on the line. Tiny huts. Women cooking. The entire panorama a marvel of contentment."

In Portland there were no stock company jobs, so he joined a group of civil engineers and went back into Southern Oregon as a line man. The part of this experience which he

remembers is sleeping under great, warm blankets beneath star-lit skies, and exchanging jokes with a group of Eastern university fellows. Clark, again, stayed only until he had money enough to get back to Portland and make another try at the theater.

But once again he was forced into an undesirable job, to avoid starvation. He piled lumber in Silverton, Oregon. When the big Swede, whose helper he was to be, saw this callow lad he said, "I quit right now." He was as good as his word. This piqued Clark Gable. And he did not leave this job until the same Swede came back and willingly took his place beside him seven months later.

"I found a man has two things from which he can make a living—his brain, his body," said Clark. While he was piling lumber he did not use his brain—only his physical strength. When he quit he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds.

When Clark returned to Portland, he took stock of himself. He decided that there must be something wrong with his acting or he'd be *acting* instead of hunting another job.

The time had come for him to give serious thought to the stage. His next two jobs, one with the advertising department of a newspaper and the other with the telephone company, gave him a good salary and made it possible for him to study. He located a dramatic school. His teacher was the woman who later became the first Mrs. Gable.

Although Clark doesn't wish to discuss this romance (the first Mrs. Gable is now a school teacher in Los Angeles), it is not difficult to picture what happened. He had decided that acting was the only profession that could satisfy him. He had worked hard for more than three years, but he had worked aimlessly. Then, he met a woman who knew dramatic values. She was the first person who said, "I will teach you!" She showed the country boy from Cadiz how he might be released from life's dull monotony.

IT took infinite patience. The conceit built during those two years of association with other self-centered troupers had left its mark upon Gable. She must give him a new viewpoint before she could teach him at all. This woman was several years older than Clark. A younger woman would not have had the understanding to give this boy what he needed and sought.

When she left Portland and went to Los Angeles, Clark soon followed. They were married in the Southern city, and Gable turned his eyes toward Hollywood, but he was shrewd enough to see that extra work got him nowhere. By now Clark wanted something definite. Gone were the pig-in-a-poke days!

He turned to the stage and seized the chance to play an infinitesimal rôle with Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet," and with this company returned to Portland.

Although he had progressed very little, professionally, he had gone a long way as a person. He says of this appearance with Jane Cowl: "I realized how little I amounted to. They could have put anyone in my place at any time and he would have done as well. But I was thrilled because I was with a worthwhile company of fine actors and actresses. I knew that it was the first definite opportunity I had been given on the stage to learn something from watching others. I laughed at myself when I remembered how much I *thought* I had known in that little stock company!"

"I very suddenly found my sublime ego turned into an inferiority complex. I began to believe that I would never make good in

the profession that meant more than anything else in the world to me."

We all have our periods of false prosperity when we optimistically believe that the struggles of life are behind us and Utopia before us. That period came to Clark when he returned to Los Angeles. Jane Cowl handed him a complimentary letter to producer Louis O. Macloon.

He played "What Price Glory?", "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore, "Madame X" with Pauline Frederick, a drunken sailor in "Lullaby" and the comedy lead opposite Nancy Carroll in "Chicago." Between stage engagements he was a movie extra. He made several screen tests. But producers told him that his ears were too big and his personality unsuited to pictures. Now, these same producers are using language so strong that it can't be printed, every time they pick up their newspapers and read about Clark's success.

WITH the closing of "Chicago" he found he could secure no more engagements.

Troubles are like ants; they never come singly. Domestic worries came along with his unemployment.

Refusing to discuss the reasons for the separation from his wife, he merely repeats the slogan he adopted when he left the detested oil fields of Oklahoma. "I do not like this situation, so it is not for me."

Clark joined a stock company in Houston, Texas. For the first twelve weeks he was second man and heavy; but for the remainder of the thirty-seven weeks engagement he was the leading man. Of course, he should have been the matinée idol of that city. But the simple truth is, he wasn't. He doesn't seem to have caused one spectacular heart-throb among the girls of Houston.

Broadway is the common objective of all stage novices. As soon as Clark had saved enough from his two-hundred-dollar-a-week Houston salary he headed for New York. Lady Luck wore her most benign smile the week of his arrival. She gave him the lead immediately in "Machinal," under the direction of Arthur Hopkins.

He says, "I had done nothing to deserve such a rôle but I happened to look the part." When he had completed this, Lady Luck again held out her hand and led him directly into "Conflict."

While he was working in this latter production Mrs. Gable secured a divorce in California.

There were other New York productions. And during one of them the present Mrs. Gable came backstage. She did not come to see Clark; she was with a group of friends who knew other actors. The two met accidentally. Contrary to erroneous reports, she was not an actress, and has no desire to be.

They were married in New York, before the first Mrs. Gable's divorce was final in California. How little either realized then the complications which were to follow! They were legally wed in New York but not in California, where one cannot remarry until a year after a divorce. They figured that was all right since they had no intention of going to California.

BUT fate does not pause to remember America's strange divorce laws. Just when Clark was closing in "Love, Honor and Betray," with Alice Brady and the late Robert Williams, Macloon telegraphed him to come to California for "The Last Mile." Gable took an airplane and paid his own expenses to make certain he would arrive in time to accept the engagement!

Gangsters had become the vogue in pictures.

Clark was stalwart and he was suave; he was handsome, as producers visualized gangsters to be handsome. He made several tests and accepted the rôle of a cowboy heavy in "The Painted Desert," at Pathe. While working on that he signed a contract with Warner Bros. to make "The Finger Points" and "Night Nurse." It has been said that M-G-M loaned him for these parts before they knew the sensation he was to become. This is untrue. He signed for these rôles before he went to M-G-M.

While waiting for these to go into production he played a bit in "The Easiest Way," with Constance Bennett at M-G-M. Then in Joan Crawford's "Dance Fools, Dance."

You know the rest of the story. No one, including Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio, and Clark Gable himself, could see what was to happen. The success of Garbo was an accident—so was that of Valentino. Millions have been spent on making Hollywood stars. But the greatest of them all have been created without forethought and without investment.

Almost overnight, this Gable boy from the little town of Cadiz became the great screen lover. Fame simply leapt up and claimed him.

Fame has its penalties. Right now Clark is trying to beat the sure law of compensation. If fame is to bring tribulations in excess of its rewards—he believes he is ready to sacrifice fame.

He had his first taste of fame's demand when he had been in Hollywood only a short time. A newspaper man told him he was not legally married. He rushed to Santa Ana for a second ceremony as soon as the first Mrs. Gable's divorce became final. M-G-M sent representatives along to see that all the details were according to the California laws governing matrimony.

Then Clark read that he had been married three times; that he had a child in hiding. He discovered ambitious writers were trying to unearth sensations about the new film lover. His wife's age was front page copy. Now, Clark has the old-fashioned idea that the age of his wife is nobody's business.

He wanted to hit somebody in the jaw to show his opinion of people who pried into his private business.

"You can't do this; you can't do that," his studio and his friends told him.

"When I was here before, I could have walked

down Hollywood Boulevard on my hands and nobody would have paid any attention. I wouldn't dare walk down the same boulevard now with my *aunt*. They would say I had fallen in love with another older woman."

Which is the reason he was angry the evening he came to see me. He is in the mood, now, to say, "To hell with it all!" He sincerely believes that he can go back to the stage or a lumber yard or a telephone company and be happy, if the penalties of fame over-balance the compensations.

"If I find I do not like this situation it will not be for me," is still his slogan.

This is a sincere attitude, but not a true one. Clark thinks it is true because he is baffled and totally unprepared for what has happened. I do not mean that he is not prepared for his profession. I mean that he is not personally prepared for this Hollywood.

But I doubt that he will leave Hollywood. When he took his seat in that little Akron theater and saw that stuffy stock company for the first time, a new world opened before him. But he was merely an on-looker. A boy standing on the wrong side of a plate glass window.

Today he is on the right side. And down underneath, even though he does not recognize it, he adores the tinsel and bright bubbles of fame. That is human nature.

The other evening I attended the opening of "Consolation Marriage." Huge crowds thronged the sidewalks to pay homage to the famous. Suddenly, there was a hush. Then an uproar so great that I thought Greta Garbo must be entering. It was Clark Gable.

When the show was completed, Pat O'Brien, Irene Dunne's leading man, came onto the stage and said, "The actor who says he doesn't like this adulation is a sucker. I love it. We all love it. I only hope it happens to me again."

Clark is not a sucker. The very fact that he was there shows he likes it. If anyone had pictured to the little boy in Cadiz that opening the other evening, with the liveried chauffeur, the high opera hat and the cheering thousands, he would have said, "Gosh! Lead me to it." He will become adjusted to the chaos of screen fame. And just as he proved to the big Swede lumber piler that he could do his job, so he will prove to the world that he can learn to accept Hollywood's success and its idiosyncrasies.

—says **Thelma Todd**



"Correct Foundation Garments are an absolute necessity with the present day styles. I have found that Bon Ton Foundation Garments are most satisfactory in obtaining the correct lines so necessary to the mode of the moment."

[MISS TODD'S MEASUREMENTS ARE:
HEIGHT 5' 4 1/2"; WEIGHT 118 POUNDS
BUST 33"; WAIST 27"; HIPS 35"]

In Hollywood

and in every civilized country in the world the most beautiful women select Bon Ton Foundations because Bon Ton not only enhances the beauty of "perfect" figures—Bon Ton gives beautiful lines and absolute control to every figure type. Royal Worcester Corset Co., Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.

Bon Ton

Foundation Garments

Sold Everywhere



About one year ago when Clark Gable played a minor rôle as Anita Page's husband in "The Easiest Way," in which Constance Bennett starred, he was unknown, but folks began to ask questions about him. But few people realized that just a few months later Clark himself would be starring

It's a Long Way to Tipperary!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

fortunes and stupendous debts, for she was not so hot as a business woman, whatever she may have thought.

Henri fluttered about Paris with Connie Bennett—tongues wagged on both sides of the sea. Gloria was seen with several boy friends in Hollywood. Then Connie and Hank reappeared in Hollywood, and the panic was on! All was set for the blow-off, and it came in 1930. Gloria divorced Hank in Los Angeles.

Number Four. In the summer of '31 Gloria landed on our shores. In her train was mentioned a young chappie named Michael Farmer—noted once before in the prints as a possible fiancé of Marilyn Miller. Little was known about the heir-apparent. Papers called him "millionaire Irish playboy"—again, as in Hank's case, researches showed that while the "millionaire" might have been exaggerated, he was rich in charm. Suddenly, in October, staggering news smashed across front pages. Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer had been married at Elmsford, N. Y., in August, by Mayor Murray of that thriving hamlet!

Then the fun *did* begin!

Sensation! Then puzzlement! What to do?

Cool heads and willing hearts all agreed that the thing was illegal, offside and out of order.

First, Gloria's decree from the Marquis would not be final until November, making the new hitching illegal in California.

Second, some ambitious town clerk discovered that the license was issued in one township and the knot tied in another—making it no dice under the laws of the great State of New York.

There was, of course, the trifling matter of ages. On one line of the application Gloria gave it as thirty-one—a date on another line made it thirty-two.

Incidentally, our records state the historic event took place on March 27, 1898, making Gloria thirty-three as we rush to press in a high fever. Michael declared he was twenty-nine and a broker.

Lawyers were hired and wired. Gloria and Mike, in California, denied they had lived together, in order to forestall a possible bigamy action.

It was almost precisely this sort of dizzy tangle, you may remember, that very nearly had the late Valentino tossed into a hoosegow after a trick Mexican divorce from Jean Acker in order to marry Natacha Rambova.

And on November 9, in the little town of Yuma, Gloria Swanson, grass widow, and Michael Farmer, bachelor, of this or that parish of Ireland, were finally and legally made one, for all the world to see.

Then the cuckoos sang merrily—coo-coo! coo-coo!—in the orange trees and weeping willows of Hollywood!

So winds up—and so begins—another chapter in the life of this startling star.

Cecil De Mille made her a silken clothes-model ten years ago, and millions of girls adored her. She's been stony broke time after time, yet she's always lived like a queen and thrown money around like pants-buttons. She sank \$750,000 in the mess that was "Queen Kelly," threw it into the ash-can, and made a great comeback in "Sadie Thompson."

She has always worked like a stevedore. When the talkies came, the world said, "Ta, ta, Gloria, you're through. You were a great kid when you had it." Then she smacked the world in the nose with "The Trespasser," and climbed back to the top over the bodies of the talkie slain.

Nobody knows what she'll do next—least of all herself. Good breaks and bad—great talent and judgment ruled by her heart and emotions, Gloria will always be the colossal question mark of motion pictures.

And is our Gloria through, now that she's thirty-three and married to Number Four?

Hear me! I laugh! Ha ha! She can be busted and rich half a dozen times more.

For there's only one Gloria. Let us be grateful for her! She's one of the few colorful children left in a movie world that grows increasingly businesslike, and efficient, and often dull!

We Should Have Known

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

now firmly convinced that acting was just a business after all, talked of nothing else. The way the hard-boiled critics greeted Hardie left us a little dazed. We were even reconciled to the long hair Hardie grew for the part. So, you see, we were pretty thoroughly reconciled.

And then Eva Le Gallienne wrote Hardie. She had seen him in his Junior class play and insisted that he join her New York company then. Hardie was for it, of course, as a New York offer doesn't hit an undergraduate or even a graduate very often. But no. Mr. and Mrs. Albright and the entire population of Charleroi were against it.

KNOTS of people gathered around in Piper's drugstore to discuss it. I remember.

"No sir," old Mr. Wilkins declared. "If the boy's set on being an actor, by gum, he ought to have a diploma to show for it. How's them fellers in New York going to know Hardie's an actor without a diploma to show for it?"

But Hardie went on to New York just the same.

He did seven plays with Le Gallienne and then signed with the Shuberts.

After "Such Is Life," with the Shuberts, George Arliss borrowed him. He played for weeks with Arliss in "The Merchant of Venice." From Arliss he went with Otis Skinner in "One Hundred Years Old." Between Otis Skinner and young Albright there sprang up a close bond of friendship. Otis Skinner believed in Hardie.

And then one night, at the end of the second act, Hardie missed his cue. He was to enter with a gay salute. Skinner returned the salute with a snap and a pretense of rolling the drums.

Back and forth they would work up, up, up to the climax until they finally marched off to the strains of an imaginary band, a rolling of

drums, a crashing of cymbals and a flying of flags.

Hardie was talking to a friend in the wings when suddenly he was conscious of a disturbing silence on the stage.

He had missed his cue.

On he dashed with his usual salute.

Mr. Skinner just looked at him, and to the utter horror of Hardie and the wild delight of the audience, demanded in loud tones, "Where in the hell have you been?" And then returned the salute.

He scourged him with words and curses in the wings. "To think," he said, "I had every hope in the world for you. Believed in you, and you let me down." He made for his dressing-room, Hardie after him. The door banged in his face. Nevertheless, Hardie opened it. He stood there with his head hung down. Determined to take it and have it over.

Reproaches broke and fell about him, but he never spoke a word, or offered the least excuse.

Finally there was a pause. An arm was placed about his shoulders.

"You're all right, Hardie," Mr. Skinner said. "You can take the gaff."

They are better, closer friends than ever.

After the run of that play, he jumped to "Gang War," and to the attention of New York's finest critics. "This Albright," they wrote, "is an actor." Solid, substantial praise with no flighty adjectives or feverish ravings from men who knew.

Solid words meaning something definite.

From "Gang War" he went on to "Young Sinners," and then to "The Greeks Had a Word for It."

He's a nut, Hardie is. He doesn't do anything the way movie actors are supposed to.

I know as surely as I put my head around

the Albright door and say, "Hello, movie actor," I'd better dodge. And dodge quick. For, you see, he doesn't think he is one. He believes you have to mean something definite to the fans, like Pickford and Chaplin and Garbo, before you're of the movies. He says he's just trying to be. Just trying.

And can you believe it, he doesn't think the stage actor is the answer to the talkies. He, so thoroughly of, by, and for the stage, doesn't think so.

"Some day," he told me, "there will be a distinct type of actor for pictures. The actors of the old silent films aren't the answer. Neither is the stage actor. It's an art requiring a distinct type of actor."

IMAGINE being an actor in Hollywood and not being the answer to everything in God's green earth! I keep telling him he's a nut.

He sits and watches himself on the screen and suffers audibly. Even when the woman behind bursts out with, "Oh, there's that Albright boy we saw in 'Young Sinners.' I think he's grand," why, even that doesn't help. He sits and suffers so thoroughly that one feels like calling an usher and having him thrown to the lions.

And he'll call up the next day and laugh like a horse because the iceman didn't like his picture. "He said he likes Charley Chase comedies better and he's right," Hardie will laugh. You see he won't act Hollywood at all. He's a plain nut.

He walks unheralded into a picture and steals it from under the nose of a beloved old-time star. But he would kill you if you even suggested it. He drives an open Ford that's the despair of everyone. He jumps out over the closed doors, up the steps and yells "Toots," before he opens the door.

He calls his mother "Toots" and adores her openly and shamelessly. He lives with his father and mother in a little bungalow on a side street in Hollywood. He attends few parties and makes little social commotion.

He'll throw his long legs over the arm of a chair and talk for hours of Charleroi. He talks the least of himself, and refuses to take himself seriously but is respectfully aware, and a little awed, of the spark that burns within. He shows it in the gestures of his hands and gleaming eyes.

We have watched him from the time he was a lad in knee-pants. He's an actor. He always has been. He came into it not as a quick way to grab the easy dough or on a detour from some other profession. He's an actor because he can no more help being one than you can help being what you are.

AND as we rummaged through his scrap-book, his mother and I, and came upon letters from George Arliss and one from Otis Skinner (Hardie will kill me) that began, "My boy, my boy. I saw you in 'Skyline' last night. I knew you could do it," I knew that when men like these, who have trod the long unstable road to fame, can look back over the heartbreaking highway to a young man that's just beginning, when they, knowing the roughness of the road behind, can still look back and say with warm, sincere encouragement, "My boy, my boy," one knows that within that boy burns the spark of what it takes.

And long after the blazing sky rockets, the over-night sensations of Hollywood have burned out and fallen, a charred ash, to the earth, Hardie Albright will be going on. Slowly, steadily, but surely. For Hardie's an actor.

And the "Hardie" is for his Grandmother Hardie, in case you wondered.

Auntie Wanted 'Em Bad

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

lady's shrieks of delight. "I want to go in! I want to go in!" she yelled. We had to tie her hands and feet with the tow-rope. While she kicked and bit we drove her to our own home. It was the only thing to do. She wanted more villains; but we knew only too well what we would find if we took her to them.

Victor McLaglen, for instance, would be working in his famous rose garden, or on his aviary. Edmund Lowe would be training his fox terriers. He has dozens, along with his yapping gang of Scotch deerhounds. Terriers were not much nearer to blood-and-thunder than roses and birds.

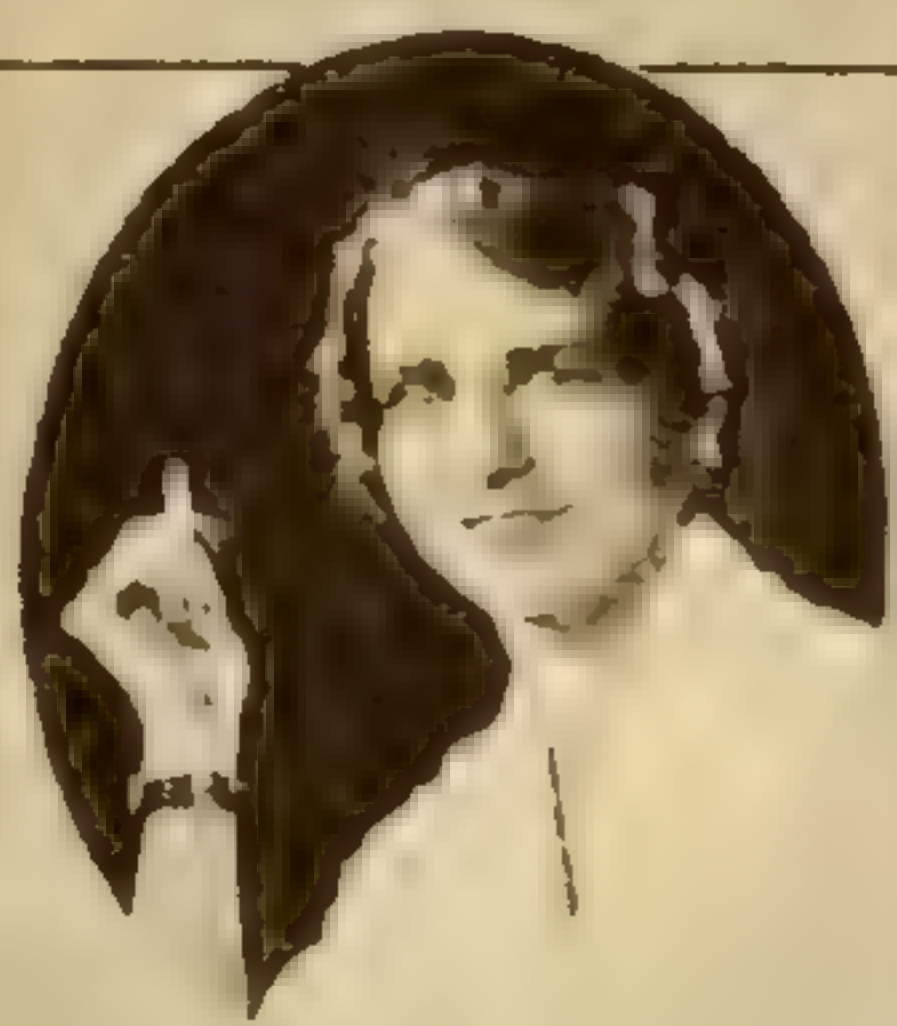
RICARDO Cortez? Ivan Lebedeff? But Ricardo would surely be found somewhere in the midst of a throng of worshipping children. His friends use Ric for a nursemaid. And as for the suave and deadly Russian, Ivan—well, everyone in Hollywood has heard his lectures upon the evils of strong drink and late hours. And that didn't sound very immoral, either!

Dear old Auntie, in our living-room, sat sipping her nineteenth highball. "Nevvy," she mused, "them fellers was sure disappointing. That young Cagney boy shows some promise, but the others—tch, tch."

"Never mind," we soothed her. "Auntie, you've had your fling. Don't you think you're old enough to settle down? Why don't you go back home and marry some nice fellow?"

"I ain't got no sweetie, no more," she sighed. "They hanged Jeff last month for hoss stealing." The old lady wiped away a tear. "Yep, I guess you're right Nevvy. Get me a timetable. I'm going back to Oklahomie. There may be wild men somewhere in the world, but they sure ain't in Hollywood!"

1st Prize



Florence D.
Walden
Hollywood, Cal.

WHY ① CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

(For Other Prize Winners Watch Magazines And Newspapers)

In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

"Yes, but she SPOILS it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

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TURN TO PAGE 13



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Always imperceptible, these artificial eyelashes enhance the facial features and give the eyes an alluring charm. They are a Nestle product—made by the originators of the permanent wave.

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Name _____
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"Charlie MacArthur's Wife"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Hollywood loves to beg for these stage players. Studios figured if she offered her talent she couldn't be so important.

So Helen contented herself with being "Charlie MacArthur's wife" and with going to parties. She and Ruth Chatterton had been friends in the theater. She went to all of Ruth's dinners. She swung her feet over luxurious swimming pools and let the sun embrace her. She went away from Hollywood and the next year she came back.

They had heard a little more of her this time for the "Act of God" baby had been born. You know about that—how a trick phrase became attached to a perfectly lovely child. If you haven't heard the story, write in to PHOTOPLAY and we will tell it again. But this time Helen didn't even try to work in the movies. She just basked in the sun and listened to Charlie's stories about the inside of the studios.

She returned to New York and that was when somebody told somebody that she was great and they began trying to get her. Helen laughed a little, signed the contract, which included the big salary, and arrived in Hollywood to begin work. She was greeted as if she were a queen. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was proud to announce that they'd scooped all the other studios in securing the services of one of Broadway's Big Three actresses. And the other studios were envious and wished some-

body had told somebody to tell them she was good.

And Helen Hayes—oh, she was Helen Hayes now—laughed a little when she thought of the time when she was "Charlie MacArthur's wife" and had had a casting man ask what "the little lady" did.

All was flurry and excitement. A new star. It was announced that she was to make a picture called "Lullaby." Big sets were built. Hairdressers and make-up men fluttered about Helen. People consulted her. A chair with her name across the back was put on the set. A big New York stage star had come to Hollywood. Yes, yes, I know. I realize that it simply doesn't make sense. But it's the way of the movies and the movie-makers.

And, then, something happened that almost threw Helen back into the dark obscurity of stage stardom. "Lullaby" was begun in May. They worked on it all summer. It was at last completed—and previewed. And when she saw the picture Helen Hayes wanted to go out and commit first class hara-kiri. Only there wasn't a convenient doorstep. The picture was awful, a conglomerate mass of unrelated episodes. Helen and Charlie MacArthur begged not to have it released. They even offered to pay for the cost of its production so that it could be tossed into the nearest ash-can. And then Irving Thalberg returned from

Europe or New York or somewhere and took a look at it. He knew it was bad, but he also knew how it could be fixed. Cutters got out their shears. New scenes and episodes were shot and—presto—there soon arrived out of the wreckage a glorious Phoenix—"The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

"Madelon Claudet" now stands as one of the grandest tear-jerkers of the season. The story is, still, pretty artificial, but I defy anybody to sit through it without spilling plentiful tears. And it makes every other "mother love and sacrifice story" look like just so much weak soup. For Helen has transformed the yarn into a thing of sublime beauty. She has brought her fine art to the screen. She has suddenly become not only one of the first ladies of Broadway but of Hollywood as well.

She's great. She's everything and—goody, goody, goody—we'll be seeing more of her. For as soon as she tosses off a stage play this season she'll be back in Hollywood to make more movies. Charlie MacArthur is fast becoming "Helen Hayes' husband."

She is a delightful little person, rather quiet, most unassuming, very gentle. She looks not at all the great actress she is—or rather not at all as Hollywood knows great actresses. Without pose, without mannerisms, she's knocked the colony for a loop.

It's Helen Hayes the movie star, *now!*

Ach! That Pola!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

silence on the set. Even the baby subsided. Four minutes. Five minutes. The door was opened softly. Pola's beautiful face looked in.

"Ah," she smiled sweetly, "good afternoon, Herr Stein."

"It's Pola," exclaimed the delighted Herr Stein as if she were the last person he expected, "little Pola." He advanced to meet her. Everyone smiled. Work commenced. And the scene was shot.

Arm in arm the director walked to the projection room with Pola that evening. The day's work was to be run. Side by side they sat. The room darkened. The picture began.

SUDDENLY in the distance, a storm was heard approaching. In the midst of a scene the wind howled and moaned. Thunder crashed over-head. Strains of wild gypsy music filled the air. Pola looked at Stein. Stein looked at Pola. "What iss?" he gasped.

Suddenly two voices rang out.

"Don't you yell like diss at me," one voice said.

"I will yell all I want to," shrieked another.

It was their quarrel reproduced by sound. The boys had opened the "mike" and doctored up the scene with sound effects.

Pola rocked with laughter the day she told me about it. She pronounced it the best joke on herself she had ever heard. "Oh, I was in such a temper," she smiled. She loved it all. Especially the temper. Quick to laugh at herself, she is just as quick to admit mistakes.

"You were right. I was wrong," she admits. Humbly. And means it. There is something tremendous about this Pola.

Her old servants were waiting to meet her when she returned. "I want them all back," she said. "I want Frank who drives so well and Doris who combs the hair and 'Gumpsy.' My beloved 'Gumpsy!'" And they were all waiting, eager to see her, be with her again. Especially "Gumpsy!"

Mrs. Grundstrom, a kindly, dignified woman who worked in the wardrobe department at Paramount, has probably been closer, nearer to Pola than anyone in Hollywood. The very first day Pola worked on an American set, six years ago it was Mrs. Grundstrom who came down to sew on a shoulder strap.

"No one could understand a thing she said," Mrs. Grundstrom said. "But I seemed to understand everything. We sort of liked each other right off. So she asked that I stay with her on the set to look after her wardrobe and jewels. And I have been with her on every picture she has made in America since."

She talked, that quiet middle-aged woman, of this strange, exotic woman. Her fingers, worn with years of service, traced the pattern of the table cover. Slowly she raised her faded blue eyes, filled with tears. "I love her," she said, "as if she were my own daughter."

Which sends a body wandering out into the sunshine with a mind full of confusion. A whole parade of Polas passes by. A Pola of famous love affairs. A Pola of tantrums. A child-like Pola. Pola, the princess. And through it all echoes the sincere words of a sincere woman, "I love her as I would a daughter."

And suddenly, for no reason at all, one has a sudden-vision of Pola at the conclusion of her first day's work in "A Woman Commands."

Everyone was ready to go home.

Suddenly, Pola let out a scream. "My pig. My pig," she yelled.

The director looked from one to another for explanation. But everyone looked blank.

"My pig, my pig, where is he?" she cried. Storm clouds were gathering. The director stepped forward. "Who," he demanded, looking accusingly at everyone, "has Pola's pig?"

"No, no, no," wept Pola. "It wasn't even here, my little pig."

It was Mrs. Grundstrom who explained.

In the old days, at the beginning of every

picture, a tiny pig was always brought on to Pola's set. It brought good luck, she thought. And now the pig had been forgotten.

But, presently, she was all smiles again. She had enjoyed herself immensely. And, after all, what did a little pig matter?

That Hollywood should be surprised at her delightful singing in her picture is—well, it's beyond her. Hollywood, or any place for that matter, should be surprised at anything Pola *couldn't* do. Her egotism is the frankest, most unadulterated variety ever seen in a town polluted with ego. But Pola is honest in hers. Honest and frank. She knows she's good.

She's been places, this woman. Places people have dreamed of. And not only has she been there she has lived there. In a chateau near Paris. A villa on the Riviera, a war-torn Warsaw. And she's seen people. Famous, charming people. And not only has she seen them, she knows them. Intimately.

SHE'S exotic, alluring, and certainly not understandable. There is too much of Pola for one woman. So she is two or three women. There are two or three Polas.

I would rather have a ticket for a matinée in Pola's dressing-room, to watch her sweep grandly across the room, or to work herself up to a gorgeous emotional outburst, or murmur about past loves, to watch her reduce to a pulp all Hollywood's cultural aspirants with her new talk on foreign intrigue—yes, I would rather have a balcony seat at the performance of Pola Negri, than a box at the finest symphony concert. Nothing I have ever seen equals it.

But I think I like even better, the naïve, half Polish, half gypsy girl, who stands on the side lines, jostled by the crowd of onlookers, to watch a strange and gorgeous woman pass by.

A Pola who frankly nudges her nearest neighbor and asks, her eyes shining with admiration, "Isn't she grand? Isn't she just wonderful?"

Yes, I think I like that Pola even better.

Short Subjects of the Month



These three pretty girls looked like princesses. That's how the trouble (and the fun) began. From "Queenie of Hollywood," an amusing short reviewed below

QUEENIE OF HOLLYWOOD

Educational-Ideal

Queenie, a small bull dog, is the cause of the hilarity in this comedy. *Queenie* herself isn't funny but her name gives three prospective hotel chambermaids a chance to masquerade as royalty. Entertaining.

TRAVEL HOGS

Warner-Vitaphone

Two comics named Hugh Cameron and Dave Chasen burlesque all the travelogue movies ever made in a snappy short that is full of pleasant chuckles and more robust laughter. Good stuff.

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

Fox Movietone

This is what the romances don't tell you about the Foreign Legion. Here, in a fascinating short, you see them building railroads across the desert and doing other tough jobs. Don't miss this.

THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY

Educational-Sennett

"Who threw the pie?" is the burning question in this great mystery thriller, a farce that pokes fun at all current mystery dramas and has all the flavor of old pie-hurling Sennett days.

SKIMPY

Tiffany Prod.

Those funny monkeys—well, chimpanzees, if you prefer—get together for a big burlesque of "Skippy." There have been better ones in this series but you'll get your share of laughs, anyhow.

HAREM SECRETS

Educational-Brown-Nagel

Said to be the only time a camera has ever been admitted to a real harem, this is not as

startling as its title. Some harem ladies and beautiful scenery in color provide the only thrills.

PEARLS AND DEVILFISH

M-G-M

When you see this, you'll be glad you're not a pearl diver. Those boys have their troubles, too. There's some exciting stuff you won't forget, particularly the battles with the devil-fish.

SCRATCH AS CATCH CAN

RKO-Pathe

Clark and McCullough become insurance agents, out to sign up a wealthy but tough customer. The gags were old when the Wright Brothers were new at flying, but there are laughs in the old wheezes yet. Some good, old-fashioned slapstick, too.

BLONDE PRESSURE

Columbia

A good Eddie Buzzell novelty with a collegiate background. Buzzell's voice is the only one heard. He tells the football story as a radio announcer. It's very funny.

PENALTIES

Tiffany Prod.

If every masculine football fan took his best girl to see this there wouldn't be so many dumb questions asked. Coach Howard Jones shows you what is meant by an "off-side" play, why "holding" is illegal and several more good points.

CANINE CAPERS

Educational-Brown-Nagel

A treat for dog lovers. You'll see some of the rare blue-bloods of dogdom—and there is a greyhound race that has it all over a horse race for speed and excitement. You'll not find the actors camera-conscious!

Help Nature to help you fight colds

The "colds" season is now on. Now, more than ever, it is important to keep "regular." The doctor will tell you that keeping the system thoroughly cleansed is most important in the avoidance of colds.

To cure a cold is the doctor's business. No laxative can do that. But a mild, gentle laxative can do much to keep your resistance up by "keeping your system open." In fact, the first question the doctor is apt to ask when you have a cold is whether your bowels are "regular."

The doctor will recommend a laxative such as Ex-Lax. For Ex-Lax is so effective—so gentle and safe—it simply helps Nature.

What doctors demand

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, which might disturb digestion. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines, thus weakening the natural functions. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative.

That's why leading physicians everywhere prescribe Ex-Lax so frequently.

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of the most scientific of all laxatives—phenolphthalein—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Good for grown-ups, too

The next time you need a laxative, eat Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolaty flavor. And next morning, you'll like the easy way that Ex-Lax works.

Its safeness and gentleness make Ex-Lax ideal for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores, 10c, 25c and 50c. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—the safe laxative
that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

P.H 12

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

Hollywood's Cruelties to Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

while he was there. He demanded that Stiller leave. When Stiller did not go, Jack went to the Beverly Hills police and demanded that he be thrown out. We can never know exactly what happened but when the police arrived, Jack was the one taken to the station. It would seem that Greta had decided in favor of her European benefactor. But whether it was her decision or not, her embarrassment and chagrin must have been nearly unbearable.

When Greta Garbo arrived in Hollywood, the \$250 a week must have seemed a fortune. By the time she had finished "Love" with Jack Gilbert, she went on strike for more money, undoubtedly at his suggestion or, at least, as a result of his political tutoring. Jack brought his manager, Harry Edington, a shrewd trader with studios, to her. Under the instructions of these two old hands at Hollywood's political roulette, she went home. For seven long months she remained hidden.

STUDIOS do not make large sums of money on stars who receive thousands weekly; they would have made a fortune great enough to erase the possible deficit of other products for many years if they could have continued to play Greta Garbo for a few hundred dollars weekly. By this time, with the release of "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil," and "Love," she was an international sensation. Harry Edington and Jack Gilbert knew it was time for her to cash in on it; the studio knew it was time for them to do the same. She was torn between the two, but since the studio had laughed while Jack had befriended, and since Mr. Edington was a friend of Jack, she naturally accepted the advice of the latter.

The studio knew, by now, how she detested personal-life publicity. They knew she still had the European idea that what she did on the screen was all that was important to the public. You remember the deluge of stories that appeared telling of her temperament; of such remarks as "I tank I go home"; of her refusal to work in harmony on productions, etc. She read them and tried to understand; she couldn't.

She told me that she packed her trunk more than once and that only the restraining hands of Jack Gilbert and Mr. Edington kept her from returning to Europe.

Now, she had three people to whom she must be loyal. When her manager secured her a new salary at ten times the amount of the original one, her gratitude was as great to him, at that time, as it was to Jack Gilbert. I know this, because Harry Edington secured me the interviews for the life story. The studio did not even know that I had written it. She did not wish to have it printed. But when the man who had won her a new contract and a fortune asked her to see me, she could not refuse. She consented to talk about herself, something she really detested, out of gratitude to a new benefactor.

THERE was another influence in Greta Garbo's life during this period of which no one has spoken.

Lon Chaney!

Lon, too, was shrewd in discerning talent and he was always kind to the harassed. He spent many hours with her while she was making her first pictures. And he gave her his opinions on this weird, unparalleled business. He had built his success upon mystery. He advised her to do the same. "If you let them know too much about you, they will lose interest," he admonished again and again.

His advice was identical with that of Jack Gilbert and later of Harry Edington. She discovered that all three men, Gilbert, Edington and Chaney, agreed. And since their views

coincided exactly with the true desires of her retiring, peasant-like nature, she followed it.

In the meantime, Hollywood had surreptitiously commenced to build its torture rack for her. Whenever a new star flashes, meteor-like, on the Hollywood horizon, she is eyed critically, jealously, even distastefully. That is to be expected.

When Greta's and Jack's glamorous companionship was at its height, she went to many parties. That was to please Jack Gilbert, not Greta Garbo. Jack's appearance at a party was no longer an event for either Hollywood or the newspapers. He had been here too long. But Jack's appearance with Greta Garbo, this glamorous new contender for worship—ah, that was an occasion!

Her native sensitiveness was enhanced a thousandfold by the critical attitude already



Listen here, Garbo, leave well enough alone. You started the Empress Eugenie hat vogue. Aren't you satisfied? Now Greta's wearing this chapeau in "Mata Hari" and it will probably start a new fad. Looks swell on Greta—but what about the rest of the girls? And think of the poor milliners working their fingers to the bone!

evinced toward her. She felt herself the focus of all eyes. She feared her every move would be chronicled in the newspapers. It was!

What gossip she did not actually hear, she suspected. In Europe she had lived in comparative obscurity; here, she was like a huge, newly-erected electric sign—ogled at by a gaping public. She decided to forego all parties and social gatherings exactly as she had discarded interviewers. Even Mary Pickford, the queen dictator of Hollywood society, could not persuade Garbo to come from her seclusion. Necessarily, hostesses did not understand. Neither did guests. They joined the horde helping to erect the scaffold of persecution.

And then came the writers!

No spy in a foreign country, under war conditions, has been more thoroughly shadowed than Garbo has been by Hollywood's writing sleuths. The lengths to which some of them have gone are almost incredible.

One man camped before her gate. He waited patiently. One evening his opportunity came. She was learning to drive her car. She backed

from her driveway crookedly, hesitatingly. The man jumped upon the running board and so startled her that, had another car been coming, there would assuredly have been a wreck. She said one word: "Damn!" jerked forward with such vigor that she threw him from the running board, and drove zigzaggedly down the street. Her maid, Alma, who has attended her at the studio since she became important enough to have a maid, jumped in while the car was rounding the nearby corner. A story called "A One Word Interview" resulted.

THEN, there was the woman writer who had married a Swede. She felt this should establish a bond between herself and Garbo. She had interviewed Greta several times in the earlier days. Miss Garbo is as polite as she is sensitive. Just as she had told me to come back and see her, so she told this writer. When the writer called to see Garbo at Metro, a publicity man went to the set. Miss Garbo was not there. Hoping to avoid a refusal from Greta which might offend the writer, he reported she was not on the lot.

But by a perversity of Fate, Garbo passed in her car, not ten minutes later, going from her dressing-room to the set.

The writer was furious, claiming she had been double-crossed, and insisted that Miss Garbo was coming to her house for dinner the next evening. The publicity man returned to Miss Garbo. Greta's words were to this effect: "What shall I do? She is a writer. If I see her, I must see the others. I cannot show partiality. No, I did not promise to go to her house to dinner. I do not know her well enough. I do not dine with people whom I do not know well, not even my countrymen. But I do not wish to hurt her feelings. Please make some excuse so she will not be offended."

The publicity man tried to be tactful. But the writer, who had brought a third person to introduce to the "great Garbo," was furious. She telephoned Greta at her home. Greta would not talk to her. So this writer joined the belligerent herd as I myself had joined it and for practically the same reason.

Which is the main reason why she has so few friends. She liked Fifi Dorsay. Fifi was young, impulsive, unable to understand upon such a brief acquaintance the reasons for Garbo's reticence. In fact she was incapable, because of the differences between the French and Swedish natures, of comprehending at all the complex motives for Garbo's silence; she gabbled all she knew. Lilyan Tashman also talked during their brief friendship. There were others. So she cut friendship from her life as she had cut interviews and social gatherings.

I wish to give you just one more example of how writers have hounded the woman, because it is illuminating of her nature and has not been told, before, in its entirety.

WHEN Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire, Hollywood took it for granted that Greta Garbo was broken-hearted. One paper carried a headline, *Garbo Collapses As Gilbert Marries*, and immediately beneath, another: *Beauty Tries To End Her Life*. They were two separate stories. But it looked as though Garbo had attempted suicide and, since many failed to read both stories, it was generally taken for granted that this was the case. This thoroughly alarmed Garbo. It was definitely detrimental to her career to be reported near death. As for her being broken-hearted I think that Greta was secretly glad that there was another woman.

We all know there has been a break between Greta Garbo and one of her most successful directors, Clarence Brown. But I think the

original break between the two came from a cause which no one suspects. Dorothy Sebastian played in one of her pictures directed by Brown. The Sebastian-Brown romance was at its height. Just as Antonio Moreno had suspected Stiller was favoring Garbo, she supposed Brown might favor Dorothy. She utilized some of the political technique she had learned by watching it used upon herself.

IT was in the silent days and the orchestra was playing music to help Dorothy in her scenes. Garbo said she could not stand the music. No matter what the orchestra played, she could not stand it! She broke up Dorothy's scenes again and again. The director raved. Garbo paid no attention. For once, she had someone *else* on the defensive and was humanly taking advantage of it.

But this is an unusual case. As a rule, the people working with her ardently adore her. Ramon Novarro is, today, completely captivated. He, together with Clark Gable, Gavin Gordon, Robert Montgomery and others acclaim her as more than generous in her anxiety that they have a fair opportunity in her pictures.

I have never been able to locate one (and I have talked to literally hundreds who have worked with Garbo) who classifies her as temperamental. They all protest that she never raises her voice, never allows herself to become agitated over big or little troubles. True, she fights for her rights, herself, today, as formerly Mauritz Stiller, John Gilbert, Harry Edington

and Lon Chaney fought for her. But she does it quietly, with assured firmness.

Lonely? Certainly! How could a woman of any country, in her isolated position, be anything but lonely?

Unhappy? Happiness is a matter of personal ratio. Greta Garbo is not exuberantly, joyously happy. Few of us are. She is not even contented in the usual sense of that word. But she *has* acquired a certain amount of resignation.

Writers are busy right now getting her out of this country. They prophesy she will return to Europe at the completion of her present contract. And yet, she has just decided to buy a home! She has actually just concluded to remain in California.

Her reason is simple. She is accustomed, now, to the burdens of her adopted location. She has become acclimated to California and could never become acclimated to the Sweden which would confront her today.

HOLLYWOOD has killed the spirit of many talented people but it has been unable to kill the spirit of Greta Garbo. Not even poor stories for her pictures have been able to do it. That, like everything else about her, is unprecedented. "Inspiration" was not a very good picture. It hurt Robert Montgomery. It did not hurt Greta Garbo. Just to watch her, in good pictures or poor, seems to be reward enough for box-office patrons.

We must all pay some penalties for our glories. Garbo has paid, and paid, and paid.



Ah, another picture scandal. Nicholas Schenck, president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company, threatens to sue his Great Neck, Long Island, neighbor, Tommie Meighan, for alienation of affection. Every time Tommie goes to Hollywood to make a picture, little Martha Schenck is broken-hearted until Uncle Tom returns. We would say this picture is *prima facie* evidence

She is
22 with her
Gloves
ON



32 with them
LOFF

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The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

what she wanted from men, give them all a fifty-yard handicap and win in a walk.

Whether she knew her power or not I do not know. But she got what she wanted and all she had to do to secure the biggest salary from an executive, or a new cover for her dressing-table from the prop boy, was to ask for it in her soft, gentle voice.

There was but one man who did not come under her spell. That was Jack Gilbert. He worked with her. Jack played the bounding, lusty *Rudolph* to Lillian's wan *Mimi* in "La Boheme." On the set these two personalities clashed like cymbals in a symphony orchestra.

JACK is emotional. And he trusts his emotions entirely for his art's sake. When he fails to listen to them he's wrong. With rehearsals he had no patience. The first time he did a scene was always best. He chiseled out a character with a heavy mallet, he painted bold strokes upon the canvas of the silver screen. This is, of course, one of the reasons for his first failure in the talkies.

But Lillian is an artist, a craftsman. Her performance is like a fine Italian mosaic, each tiny piece of her art laid carefully by another tiny piece. She never trusts her emotions. Instead it is her intellect that guides her. In fact, even in those silent days when everybody employed music on the sets to "get in the mood," Lillian refused the wail of an orchestra because it played upon her emotions and confused her so that she did not know when she was really giving to the camera or merely reacting, inside, to the music.

She loved to rehearse, and the thirty-sixth time she played a scene was thirty-six times better than the first—so craftily did she build her characters. So it is easy to see what an unhappy cinema union was Jack's and Lillian's. Jack was worn and cross by the fifth rehearsal, just as Lillian was beginning to get it. He would come off the set exhausted and throw himself prone upon his dressing-room couch.

The picture was finished at last. It was previewed and, although it was a passionate love story, there was not a single kiss in it. This was Lillian's wish. But a friend of hers, in whom she put much confidence, told her it was impossible to have an ethereal love between *Rudolph* and *Mimi*. There simply must be kisses!

Grim and determined, Lillian walked on the set for retakes the next day. Grim and determined, she kissed the then great lover of the films. She kissed him again and again for the camera and left the set, still grim and determined, saying, "Ugh, I feel degraded."

But I do not want you to get the impression that Lillian Gish was not human. In fact, that is one of the many misconceptions about her.

Neither her sweetness nor the demure attitude she assumes is a pose. She is really that sort of person, a gentle, calm, ladylike creature, but withal a real person. It's the look of her that sends people off into moronic ravings and makes those who come before her presence talk in platitudes.

I REMEMBER that she used to ask me about the other players on the lot, from whom she was shut off, not by herself but by their attitude toward her. I decided that if Miss Lillian and I were to be friends my only course was to act myself. She liked to hear the gossip of the studio—not the vicious scandal, perhaps, but certainly the chatty day's news. And she always wanted to be like other people, which she really was when anybody gave her the chance.

She told me once that she was going on a trip to New York and in Chicago she would see a lot of newspaper people. Quite seriously she

asked, "Do you think I should serve them cocktails?" Although she, herself, did not drink she was perfectly willing to serve liquor if it were expected of her.

She had no desire to shut herself off from the world. She simply got shut off because of her angelic face and dignified manner. Certainly she was not a "jazz baby" nor did she fit into the lusty Hollywood scene. But, by the same token, she was not "what men think women are before they know they have bodies."

Some years after she left M-G-M, she came back to Hollywood on a visit and looked me up. She was stopping with her great friend, Mary Pickford, and she came for me in Mary's Ford. It was the first of the new ones—remember when they came out? We drove to a little

restaurant for tea and Lillian parked the car in front. When we came out a crowd had gathered around it, for it was the first one in town. So interested were the people in the Ford that they did not notice the obscure little person who climbed into the driver's seat. Because of her un-actress-like appearance Lillian is seldom recognized.

SHE had trouble starting. The thing choked and wouldn't budge. The people laughed and so did she. At last a man gave us a push and we started with a violent chug. Lillian waved and smiled and, in a cloud of dust, we drove away.

The duty of the publicity department was to get pictures and copy about actors and actresses into the papers and keep the scandal out. Pictures were considered the more valuable publicity and we did anything for "leg art," as it was called. The newer girls were better for this, since they had more time and would do more things.

Once I doped out the idea of saying that a silk stocking had been treated with some acid and been so highly sensitized that a photograph could be printed upon it. Of course, we didn't really do it. It would have been too costly an experiment. We simply cut out a boy's photograph, pasted it on Estelle Clark's shinbone and pulled a silk stocking over it. It gave the same effect in the photograph. Estelle smiled into the camera and the "still" was used in hundreds of newspapers.

Gwen Lee was one of the best girls for publicity posing. Only once did she rebel. I'd seen a news dispatch from Paris saying that women were wearing rings in their noses. I suggested that Gwen have a picture taken with a ring in her nose to show what it would look like.

She fixed me with a steely gaze, arms akimbo, and said, "Now see here, Katherine, I've done everything you've asked me to do. I've had my sweetheart's picture on my shoe buckles, my left shoulder and my handkerchief. I've dangled pearls and purses and powder puffs from my garters. I've painted my fingernails bright green and worn gold parrots in the hoops of my earrings. I've kept a powder compact in the heel of my shoe and had a butterfly painted on my back. I've done everything you wanted me to do for that publicity camera. But I'll quit before I'll wear a ring in my nose!"

THE greatest *poscuse* on the lot was that authority on the *grande passion exquisite*—Elinor Glyn. She was, at the time, supervising her own stories and wearing green turbans and yellow scarfs. She vibrated to yellow, she said. Always accompanied by a very young and very attractive Englishman, her manager, she used to appear on the sets and squint with delight at the love scenes she saw enacted.

"Three Weeks" was one of her epics. She chose Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel as the leads. Nagel, of course, played *Paul*. You can imagine that the personalities of the mystic Glyn and the practical Conrad were at constant war. Glyn said Conrad had "It," dressed him up in tight uniforms and had him grow a mustache. Not satisfied with these indignities, she looked at him one day and said, "Mr. Nagel, your ears stand out."

"So they do," said Conrad, "should they be ingrown?"

"But *Paul's* ears mustn't stand out." Her ingenious brain began to function. She called for adhesive tape and, with her own pale hands, pasted Conrad's ears tight to his head.

Quite annoyed, but still trying to play the game, Conrad, in tight uniform and ears laid back, stepped before the camera. He looked swell. The ears were elegant. But the lights



Meet Miss Patricia Kirkland, aged six years. Nancy Carroll is her mother and Jack Kirkland—Nancy's ex-husband—her daddy

were hot and the glue on the adhesive tape did not adhere. In the middle of the most impassioned love scene the stuff melted and Conrad's ears flopped forward suddenly!

After innumerable but distressing attempts, Glyn gave up the idea of *Paul* with flat ears.

She believed strongly in the power of mind over matter and was expounding this theory to me one day. "Whenever I think something about an actress and she is before the camera she becomes as I think her on the screen. For example, look at these stills of Pauline Starke in my picture. Her cheeks, as you know, are prone to be hollow. On this day I was sitting behind the camera visualizing her with a round face, and here you see the proof of it. But, here, you'll notice that her cheeks are hollow. I was annoyed with her that day and I wouldn't think right."

IT was, of course, simply a case of camera angles. In one picture Pauline was turned so that the hollows did not show. In the other there was a shadow and they were apparent. But Glyn continued, "Now I could put you in front of a camera and think of you as a blonde with blue eyes and when you see the film upon the screen your hair would be as light as Claire Windsor's and your eyes as blue as heaven."

I am a decided brunette with black hair and eyes. I said, "That's swell, Mrs. Glyn, and it would make a great publicity story. I'll get a requisition for a camera and some lights and we'll do it. I'll work before the camera. You'll think I'm a blonde. Then we'll run the film before all the newspaper people and have a grand story when they see me on the screen as a blonde."

But Madame Glyn was busy just then and couldn't take time to transform me. I made her life a burden. Every day I called her and told her I had a cameraman on the test set and would be glad to work out her experiment. But every day she was busy and finally she wouldn't come to the 'phone when I called.

One of the people whom we feared most was Mae Murray. Mae was given the run of the lot because of the gratitude of the greatest and kindest figure in motion picture history—the late Marcus Loew. Mae had, by making good pictures cheaply, pulled him out of a financial hole at the old Metro, years before. So when Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer merged and he became head of the entire organization, he sent out word that Mae was to have everything she wanted. Not being on the lot himself, the sweet soul did not know what he was doing to us. When Mae called the publicity department

we all went scurrying to her—usually to hear a tale of woe couched—oh, yes, always—in the most saccharine of words. She was Lady Goodness and Light herself, with a forgiving smile—that didn't forgive.

Because her eyes photographed so light she was always surrounded by black flats for close-ups and the workers on her sets were instructed to cover their white shirts with black smocks. It gave a funereal air to the set which was quickly dispelled when Mae bounded on, leaving a wake of French scent behind her as a ship leaves ripples of water upon the sea.

Mae is not young, but I've never seen anyone with so much *joie de vie*, which she turns on and off like an electric light. Everything was "just too sweet" until someone did something she didn't like. She usually hummed a sprightly tune and *Just Loved Everybody*. That is, she loved everybody but a certain retoucher who worked for the portrait photographer.

MAE, unlike any of the others, had the right to okay all the proofs of her photographs. One day she sat for the portrait artist and a few days later looked at the proofs. She paused over one picture that showed her face cuddled into her right shoulder. There is a dimple on Mae's right shoulder.

Mae stopped with a sniff. "That," she said, pointing to the offending indentation, "is not my dimple." The portrait artist assured her that there wasn't anybody who was willing to double for a dimple. And further added that the proof had not been retouched.

"Call the retoucher," said Mae.

The poor lad was called and he knew—having seen many leave the lot—what it meant to incur Mae's displeasure. "You've done things to my dimple," she accused. "Why, my dimple is round and smooth and this thing here on my shoulder looks like a scar. You—you've retouched my dimple and spoiled it."

The proof was torn to bits and the retoucher went back to his office muttering something about its being a wise star who knows her own dimple. But Mae Murray's figure remains, even after the birth of her baby, and to this day is one of the loveliest in Hollywood.

"When Miss Garbo calls tell her I'm out!" that's what Jack Gilbert used to say to his secretary. Why? Next month I'll tell you. And I've plenty more to tell about Jack and Greta as well as Lon Chaney, Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.



Just as soon as Una Merkel finishes learning her lines Mama Merkel is going right in the house and cook some nice fried chicken and corn pone. And Una's mother knows how. She wasn't raised in Kentucky for nothing. When these two Southerners get together bets are even as to which one has the broadest accent. Yes suh, honey chile!



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Winners Of \$5,000 Contest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

paper from old copies of PHOTOPLAY, and where in actual life a brilliant spot of color would appear we find instead the properly assembled head of a picture star.

Mr. Frank L. Greseke, of Lake Worth, Fla., who won for this entry the fourth prize, \$300, writes:

"I have been married three years and since that time we have been working together and saving for a home we can call our own. If I am fortunate enough to win a capital prize we shall use the money for that end."

"A Chest of Miniatures" was awarded the fifth and last of the larger prizes, \$200. This entry was submitted by Mrs. Lina R. Garst, of Auburn, R. I. On a series of trays—four in all—are exhibited the beautifully framed por-

traits of the stars—all contained within one chest. The portraits themselves are photographed miniatures. In addition, Mrs. Garst also submitted the strips of faces, as cut from PHOTOPLAY, neatly mounted. She also is a home lover, for she states:

"My husband and I are patiently striving and looking forward to the day we will have our own little house which we have been planning ever since our marriage.

"I have submitted entries in Cut Picture Puzzle Contests on several occasions. I suppose I shall continue trying it every year."

We wish again to emphasize the fact that in awarding these five major, as well as the sixty-five other prizes of \$25 and \$50, respectively, the prime factors of accuracy, neatness, and

ingenuity were given first consideration by the judges. There were, of course, many hundreds of correct solutions—many hundreds more that were ingenious, many that were neat, but the number that could claim serious consideration for all three requirements was limited.

The checks totalling the sum of \$5,000 will be in the hands of the seventy lucky winners a few days before Christmas. PHOTOPLAY takes this opportunity to offer them its heartiest congratulations.

PHOTOPLAY also wishes to remind those who failed to take a prize in this eighth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest: Though you didn't win this time, there is another chance coming. Some of you who failed now won't fail next time. Your luck must take an upward turn.

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Around the World with the Stars

MAGDALIN WARD
6320 Kenmore Ave., Apt. No. 306, Chicago, Ill.

Pillow

MISS MARGARET MORALES
303 N. Albany, Tampa, Fla.

Joe Brown Caricature

MARGARET T. HOWELL
112 S. Milton Ave., Clarendon, Va.

Flower of the Screen

MABEL GARDNER
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Modernistic Display

MARION P. BOTTSFORD
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MRS. HENRY G. MUECKE
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Photoplay's Stars of the World

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Telescope

GLADYS KRAFFT
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MR. AND MRS. A. STANLEY DEMBAY
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Solutions that won for sixty-five contestants the \$50 and \$25 prizes are grouped here in one corner of the enormous room where the judges reviewed the thousands of Contest entries

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NORMAN E. GOLDBERG
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LAURABELLE CRAFTS
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Book
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MR. WM. G. TRIMBLE
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Album
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3145 Willowcrest Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

Leather Book

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Goya 75, Madrid, Spain
Album
MISS MARCELLE VANIER
1007 Ontario St., East, Montreal, Canada
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MORRIS HORWITZ
5746 Cedar Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.
Scrap Book
AGNES HIPPEN
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Pillow
MRS. REEDER NICHOLS
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"When Alice White was playing in Detroit, she went to a sanitarium for the tubercular to visit a girl, a fan with whom she has been corresponding for four years."

Not long after the magazine was out, this letter arrived for Cal.

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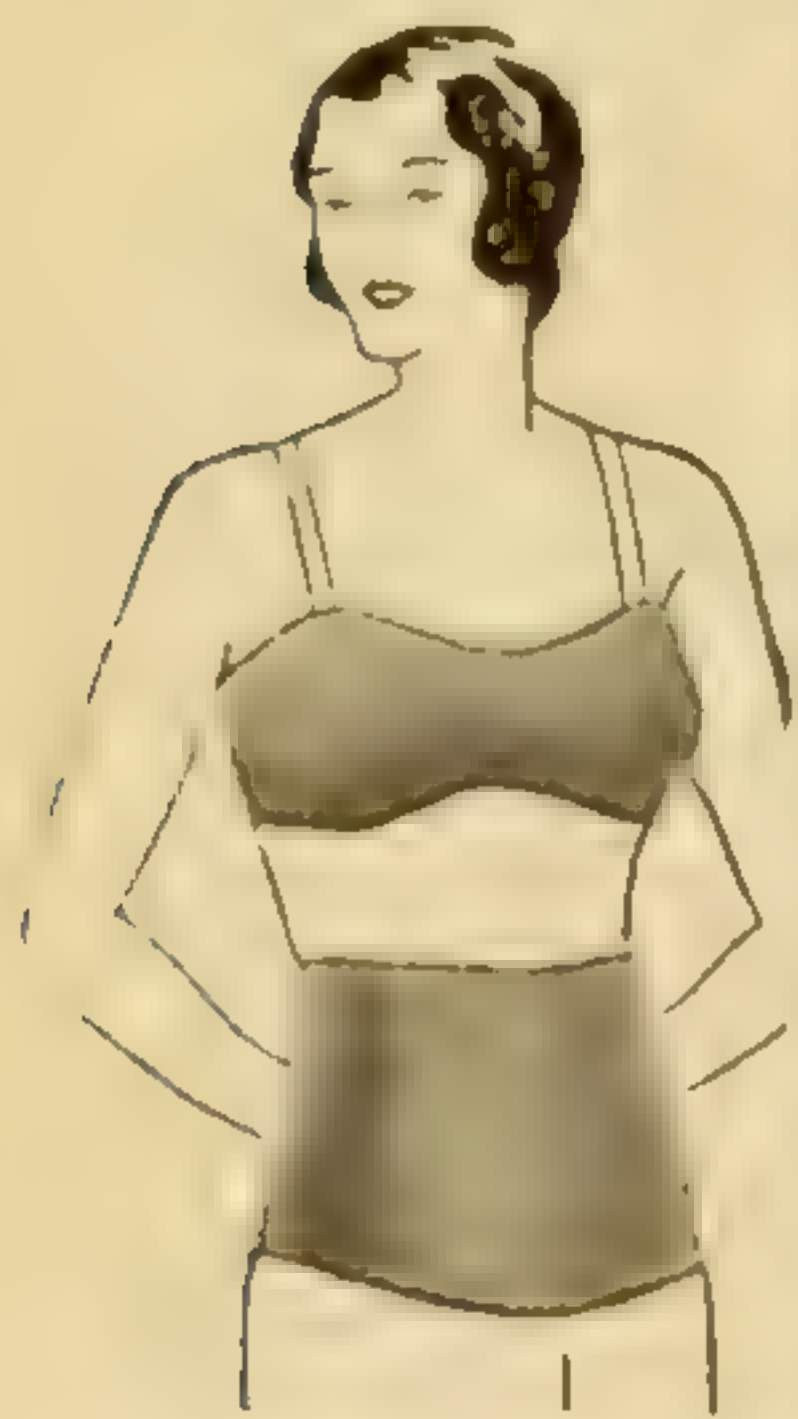
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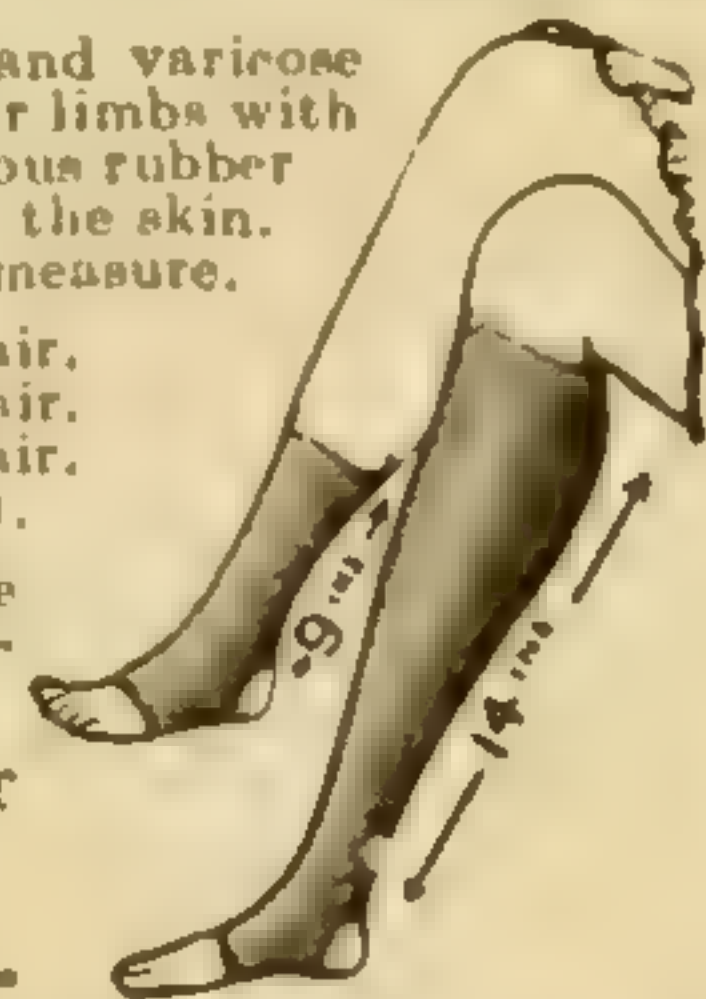
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Opening the Hollywood Social Season

If you didn't recognize them on pages 42 and 43, here they are

1 You couldn't have missed Robert Montgomery or Bill Powell. But there's Mrs. Montgomery right between them and beyond Bill is his bride, Carole Lombard. Is everybody happy? Well, it doesn't look like a funeral. Wonder if that's ginger ale Bill has in the glass that he's raising in a toast to Evelyn Brent, who is sitting across the table, just out of the camera line.

2 Now don't tell us that you missed *Diane* and *Chico* of "7th Heaven." They look as though they are still in it. None other than Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. When this picture was taken, they were really laughing at Virginia Valli and Lydell Peck, who were dancing just a few feet away. And everybody's happy.

3 Don't tell us you missed Billie Dove and that you didn't notice that lovely new arrangement of pearls around the neck and over the shoulder.

4 Laura La Plante in the foreground. Buddy Rogers, just behind with his fair companion, Dorothy Hall.

5 What, you missed Grace Moore and her handsome Spanish husband? Everybody in Hollywood likes him.

6 Here are two couples who are still on their honeymoon—Richard Dix and Winifred, whom you can read about on another page of PHOTOPLAY this month, and Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, whose marriage PHOTOPLAY told the world about exclusively a few months ago. There is no gloom at this table. And, by the way, Dr. Thorpe, who is one of Los Angeles' best surgeons, is a swell guy.

7 Who is that Barbara Stanwyck is snuggling up to so contentedly? None other than Frank Fay. If you called that boy Barbara Stanwyck's husband, he'd shoot from both hips. So we will just say it's Frank Fay. Quite a boy in his own right.

8 Now if you missed these two young fellows, you've all got to stay after school and write the names of Lionel Barrymore and Adolphe Menjou one hundred times. One of PHOTOPLAY's staff writers was seated right

behind Lionel, out of the camera lines, when this picture was snapped, and here's what she heard:

Adolphe—"Lionel, they tell me that I was pretty close to you on that prize that the Academy gave you for the best man's performance of the year in 'A Free Soul.'"

Lionel—"On the level, Adolphe, I think I was pretty good, but I think you were just as good in 'Front Page,' but, nevertheless, I'm going to keep the prize."

Adolphe—"Lionel, you played that drunk scene so well that I wondered if you did have a little nip."

Lionel—"I refuse to answer on advice of counsel."

9 Herr Ernst (never flops) Lubitsch and his charming little stage actress fiancée, Ona Munson. Why don't you smile, Ernst? Have you camera fright?

10 Connie Bennett is camera shy these days, except in the studio, but she couldn't fool the old news cameraman. And did Connie turn round and bawl him out. Oh boy!

11 Well, here's where a lot of you children get low marks. The two lads on the right conspired to make Red Book famous in the old days and they plotted many a serial and novel together. None other than Rupert (with the spectacles) Hughes and Ray Long, who has just resigned as Editor of Cosmopolitan, to publish books by famous authors. Speaking to him is his gracious and beautiful wife, Lucy Virginia. Caught unawares, looking out of the picture, is Mrs. Rupert Hughes, whom all the producers are trying to get into pictures and who is well-known as a writer herself.

12 Pola Negri initiated a new floral custom by wearing a wreath of orchids as a bracelet on her left arm instead of a corsage on her left shoulder. And did the other stars give the new idea the once over! She's dancing with Charles R. Rogers, production chief of the Pathe studios where Pola is making her pictures. If you don't think Pola gets along with her producers, just look at that grin on Mr. Rogers' face as he two-steps his star around.

— Jack Gilbert's pet name for Garbo
— Why Lew Cody was afraid of interviewers
— How Lon Chaney became a mystery man
— And plenty more inside stuff

You can read it all in the February
PHOTOPLAY Out January 15

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Brendon
Chas. D. Brown
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes

Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allen Vincent
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Jeanette MacDonald
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna

Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lord
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lawrence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Myrna Loy
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

RKO-Pathé Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy

Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees
Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde

Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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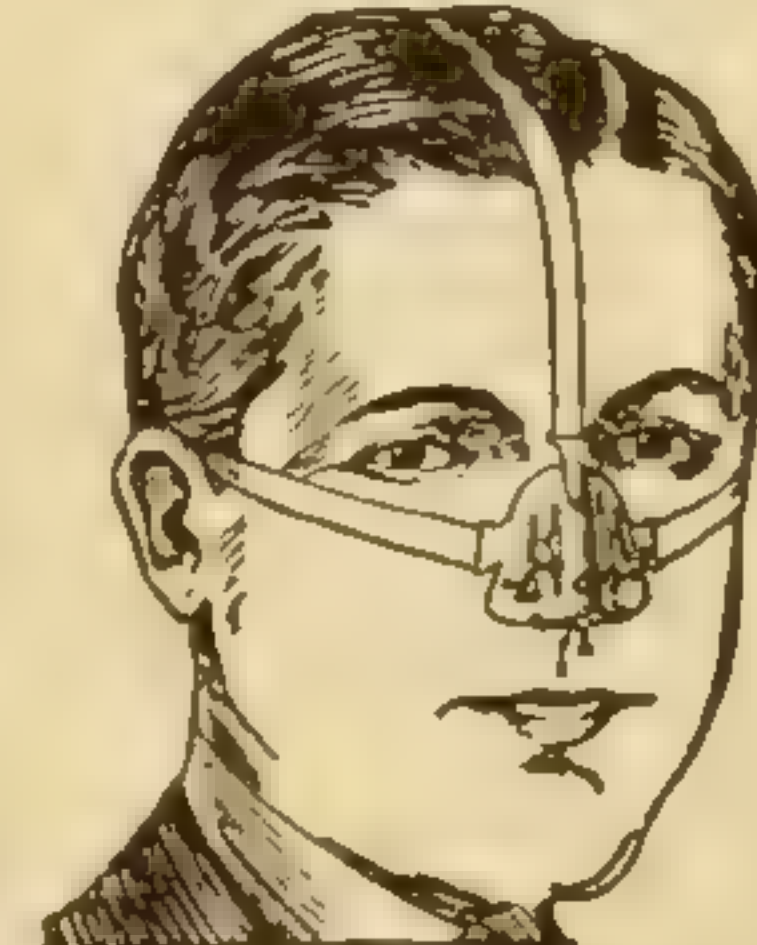
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Going Hollywood in FASHION by Seymour

HOLLYWOOD and Paris are getting on the chummiest terms of late. I don't know whether it is the influence of Chanel or not. There was a day, you know, not so far back when a powerful amount of sniffing was done in the two fashion camps. The screen *grande couture* would have no taint of Paris sully its creations—and Paris was oft quoted as cringing at the mere mention of Hollywood.

Not so now. The screen stars spend their precious vacations running over to Paris to bring back a load of new clothes. And it was openly admitted at the Fall showings that Hollywood deserves more than a little credit as inspiration for many French models.

Chanel has supervised the selection of costumes and mannequins for a special fashion showing over here of the things she has designed for "The Greeks Had a Word for It" and "Tonight or Never." Perhaps you may have the thrill of seeing these costumes modeled because Samuel Goldwyn has planned to send the exhibition to other cities after its initial presentation in New York.

Gloria Swanson's beautiful "Tosca" gown, which is elaborately brocaded with tiny jewels, can thus be appreciated at close range. And Ina Claire's much discussed wedding gown, which she wears in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," will also be on display. It should prove a rare treat for everyone and may start an entirely new trend for fashion showings of the many unusual gowns that heretofore have only been seen on the screen.

I WONDER if Connie Bennett had any motive other than a great love for a large Paris-designed wardrobe when she brought so many trunk loads back from her trip abroad? You don't suppose she was trying to beat Gloria's Chancels to the screen, do you?

If you have been going hatless since the Eugenie *debacle* just because you won't be caught napping with another fashion flyer, you can safely try the Florentine trend now. The Florentine tam is the newest up-over-the-left-ear, one-eyed Connelly hat. And it seems to be the current wow with both the gay young things and the years of discretion group. It is a tam in every sense of the word. It sweeps up to reveal the left profile and sweeps low to the right. Usually a feather is perched on the full side. It certainly points toward the classic simplicity which promises to be the big note in Spring clothes.

Fashion gags appear in Hollywood that never go any farther. To the outsider they may seem a trifle startling or bizarre, but to anyone who has lingered about the town long, it is chalked off as just another eccentricity. There's the fad for wearing dark glasses, for instance. The glasses were first worn, it was supposed, to fend off the terrific glare of California sunshine—but the sun doesn't shine at night, too! So it would seem that the beauteous ones are just trying to make it all more mysterious by wearing them both night and day. Perhaps it's the glare of publicity at night.

And if you are Winter resorting on the West Coast, you won't have to save much

room in the trunk for bathing suits. My no! Out there bathing apparel is getting sketchier and sketchier. Just trunks for the masculine set and deep décolletage for the feminine contingent. Most of the actresses are wearing one-piece arrangements that give the back the air.

THE gorgeous gowns Greta Garbo wears in "Mata Hari" have a romantic history. Adrian, the designer, claims to have gathered the materials from all over the world. Beads from Czecho-Slovakia, more beads from Japan, fragile silver threads from Germany and rich fabrics from Paris. Her boots were hand-made in Russia. Although national costumes from various countries were used as inspiration for these new Garbo clothes, a decided Javanese influence is seen in most of them. This is due to the fact that *Mata Hari* was supposed to have been of Javanese extraction. I don't know how Javanese Greta will look, but certainly her costumes will be knockouts.

Ona Munson believes in carrying coals to Newcastle, especially if they are smart ones like the wardrobe she carted from Hollywood to New York not so long ago. Not having any shopping to do gave her plenty of time to be seen about town in her good-looking Hollywood outfits. She leans toward suits. One unusually striking one was made in a rough surfaced woolen, the color of burgundy which borders on ox-blood. The sleeves were trimmed with silver fox and a silver fox scarf was worn as collar.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is wearing a non-removable slave bracelet.

Tatting up afghans is one of the wild pastimes of the feminine screen set now in vogue. Joan Crawford must have stimulated home industry with her rugs.

Helen Hayes revives the 1908 fashion era in part of her wardrobe for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Having one hairdress to her credit that was seen around the world, it now looks as if Greta Garbo started something with her bangs in "Susan Lenox." Any number of prominent hair authorities are advocating bangs and already several smart women are following Garbo's lead. Watch for an increase in this new style.

The "best dressed" feud among the smart stars has a new recruit! Marlene Dietrich has been creating a perfect furor of late with the stunning clothes she has been wearing. At a recent big Hollywood social gathering she eclipsed everyone present by wearing a very distinctive black velvet ensemble. She was the only one present in long sleeves. And her gown was very long and had a high neckline as another unusual detail. A matching short cape was banded in silver fox.

Mary Pickford "did" Seventh Avenue before she left New York for her return trip West. If a trip through the wholesale section was an economy gesture no one will ever guess because the clothes look like a million. She chose several coats for Spring trimmed with silver fox.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Anna Q. Nilsson

THE most beautiful photograph of the month was one of Anna Q. Nilsson in a stunning riding habit. We told proudly of Anna's remarkable horsemanship, little knowing that some years later a fall from a horse was to cause her months of untold suffering. But

Anna has won her battle, is back in Hollywood and will be before the cameras soon again.

Pauline Frederick was caught by our photographer in a hunting costume. We had to look twice at that picture, the resemblance to Joan Crawford is so startling. Who was to know that one day the great dramatic actress would be playing a mother rôle for Joan (in "This Modern Age") who, at that time, was a little Kansas City kid spending all her nickels to see the divine Frederick at the local movie?

Here's a story that tugs at your heart-strings. It's a jolly little yarn that tells the stars' Christmas plans. Mabel Normand and Fanny

Ward gave a party together. Roscoe Arbuckle was a volunteer Santa Claus for the children at the Orphans' Home (there can't be so much harm in a guy like that), and William S. Hart, still in his heyday, had all the Ince cowboys at his ranch. Of all those mentioned, only one person is doing this Christmas exactly what she did fifteen Christmases ago. That's Louise Fazenda, doling out gifts to the studio workers.

Naomi Childers was the girl on the cover, and the gallery section included Rhea Mitchell, Conway Tearle, Jeanne Eagels, Hobart Henley, Fay Tincher, James Morrison, Violet Mersereau and Louise Huff.

We reviewed the two versions of "Romeo and Juliet," one with Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard and the other with Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman; "Faith" with Mary Miles Minter; "Miss George Washington" with Marguerite Clarke; and "The Storm" with Blanche Sweet.

Cal York items: Mae Murray's press-agent says she has adopted an ostrich and is teaching it to dance. . . . Billie Burke's retirement from the screen is because of a baby girl.

10 Years Ago



Lila Lee

SOMETHING new was being written into the stars' contracts. It was called the "morality clause" and Maryon Aye (you've probably forgotten her) was the first to sign. The clause stated that the party of the second part (the artist) must conduct himself in public

in a manner not to elicit criticism. The morality clause is still a prominent part of all players' contracts—but Will Hays keeps busy!

"A Game Girl" is the title of a story about a kid named Lila Lee who was starred too soon, with too much publicity ballyhoo, and had to begin over again playing small parts and bits at the studio where she'd been a headliner. Our interviewer said that took courage. It did, but it took more courage when Lila, many years later, gave up the great career she had made for herself and had to fight for her life in an Arizona sanitarium. It was a good fight and Lila's back.

"Colleen Moore and John McCormick are seen constantly in each other's company and the sound of wedding bells may be heard tinkling in the distance." What fateful years were in store for those two, between the time of our simple announcement and the present day! Marriage, happiness and then divorce. John's second marriage and divorce. Their joint rise to picture heights. And now, what?

Corinne Griffith was the cover girl. Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge, Olga Petrova, Pauline Frederick, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Miles Minter, Betty Compson in the gallery.

The six best pictures of the month were "Theodora" (imported from Italy); "The Sin Flood" with James Kirkwood, Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix; "Dangerous Curves Ahead"; "Woman's Place," with Connie Talmadge; "Jane Eyre" with Mabel Ballin; and "The Sheik" with Rudolph Valentino. Five of these have been forgotten. "The Sheik" is still discussed.

Cal York items: Constance Talmadge and husband John Pialoglou are separated. . . . Barbara La Marr is happily married. . . .

5 Years Ago



Jack Gilbert

IT had begun—the famous Gilbert-Garbo affair and we reported, "Jack Gilbert is in love. And you've never seen a man in love until you've seen Jack in the throes of the delicate passion. It is a tonic, a magic potion. And all because of the lissom Lorelei from Scan-

dinavia, Greta Garbo." For months to come we were to record the minute by minute play of that ill-fated romance.

And since then, how many of Jack's "hearts" have we mentioned! Lupe Velez is the latest. Five years ago we wrote "Jack Gilbert is in love." The printers can set that line with their eyes shut. Jack is always in love—but not with the same girl.

An eminent astrologer made some predictions. Here's what he said about Clara Bow. "Don't blame Clara for her flapper ways—blame Leo, the sign under which she was born. She is highly emotional but she is destined to

lead a sunny, happy life and will shake off her troubles." Oh, professor, how wrong you were. Poor Clara! A sunny, happy life indeed!

"Can a Genius Be a Husband?" we asked, for rumors of the separation of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey were already rife. And we said Janet Gaynor was getting all the breaks in Hollywood. She had just done "7th Heaven."

Olive Borden—now retired from films and married—was the girl on the cover. Gallery pictures included Clara Bow, Jocelyn Lee, Norma Shearer, Jack Gilbert, Richard Dix and Flobelle Fairbanks.

The best pictures were "Faust," a German film; "Hotel Imperial" with Pola Negri; Norma Shearer's "Upstage"; a Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton comedy "We're in the Navy Now"; "Everybody's Acting" and "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Cal York items: It is rumored that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will make a picture together. . . . The engagement between Bebe Daniels and Charlie Paddock is off. . . . May Allison and James R. Quirk were married in Santa Barbara.



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Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

OLIVE M.:

It is a very usual occurrence for blonde hair to darken as you grow older, it is a perfectly natural condition. There are various excellent products on the market which will lighten your hair without actually bleaching it. Any of those advertised in PHOTOPLAY are most reliable. You did not state your exact age so I can not tell you your weight. If you will write again, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to give you the information.

BETTY:

You should weigh between 130 and 136 pounds. However, if you are just a little overweight, I would not advise reducing because of your height.

A brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a medium skin tone will find the following colors most flattering: Most shades of red, blue-greens and the brighter greens that are so smart this year, rose gray, light or very deep blues, golden, buff or nut browns, black, cream and ivory white. Yellow and rose tones can be worn by this type for summer or evening clothes. You will find the depilatory you mention advertised in PHOTOPLAY. It is very reliable and satisfactory.

EVELYN E.:

I think you will find that the amount of sun tan still remaining on your skin will greatly govern the shade of make-up you use. Use a creamier tone of powder. And I think that the new coral shade of rouge and lipstick will be especially good for your brown-haired, blue-eyed type. With this make-up you really ought to achieve quite a "fragile," charming effect!

I would suggest that you use warm water and a bland soap applied with a complexion brush for the pimples on your arms. Don't be afraid to brush rather briskly and follow this with a good skin cream rubbed in well.

PHOTOPLAY FAN:

You forgot to enclose an addressed envelope

with your letter so I can not send you the leaflet you requested. Write again and I shall be glad to do so.

Two tablespoons of peroxide and a few drops of ammonia mixed together and applied to the upper lip will bleach the hair. This mixture should be patted on several times a day. The peroxide will bleach the hairs and the ammonia gradually destroy the roots. The depilatory you mention is quite safe and acts more quickly than this bleach.

You are nearly ten pounds underweight. However, you have no need for worry because you will increase in weight as you grow older. Try to fatten up a little anyway.

The colors I suggested for Betty, above, will be becoming to you also.

HELEN B.:

Your comments on "brown types" were very interesting but I can't agree with you that girls of your coloring have been so woefully neglected by beauty authorities.

Only recently I wrote an article on make-up which was aimed directly at your type of person. If you recall it, you will remember that I gave several make-up formulas based on the costume shades that the average person wears. Chestnut hair and dark eyes with a fair skin, such as you describe for yourself, require emphasis through costume colors as well as through make-up. A natural make-up offset by the right colors can dramatize you as much as you desire. The finishing touch to individuality lies with you. We can only give you the ingredients!

MARILYN:

There are times when silence is indeed golden. You are quite right not to enter into the catty conversations of your friends. I have never known it to fail that unkind things said before a group of girls usually get back to the person involved and make you look like a very insincere friend.

It is easier not to be a party to such conversations, and I think you will find that you are the one who really wins out in the end.

Answers to Beauty Questionnaire on Page 71

1. A larger-eyed effect may be achieved by using a little eye shadow toward the nose and spreading it out a bit more heavily, nearly to the temple.

2. Lacquered wigs are the newest fad in Paris. Antoine, famous hair authority, is now urging women of this country to wear those elaborately coiffed and lacquered wigs for formal wear. They are being made in various colors from lavender to gold. Intricate curls and ringlets adorn most of them.

3. No lunch is Mary Pickford's recipe for keeping a youthful figure. If Miss Pickford lunches with friends, then she omits dinner at night. Quite a simple formula, don't you think?

4. An eminent beauty authority, in describing her new nail polishes, suggests colors that suit the skin tones of the hand. For instance, she suggests a light rose polish which is suited to blonde skins with a little yellow in them. And a dark rose for medium

skins without yellow. Decidedly rachel skins with yellow tones should use a coral color nail polish.

5. Soaking the nails in warm oil every night is the best preventive for nail brittleness. The oil can be reheated and used over and over again.

6. A famous beauty specialist says that coral rouge and lipstick can be used by nearly every type of woman. Dark skinned people should apply it merely with greater intensity.

7. The use of the word henna in the bleach called "white henna" is a misnomer. There is no henna contained in it as it is composed of chalk of magnesia. A specific quantity of ammonia and peroxide is added to the chalk of magnesia to form a thick, smooth paste.

8. If you are in the habit of moistening your lips before applying lipstick, change it! It only encourages the rouge to smudge.



This, dears, is the famed Florentine tam that Seymour says is the latest hat fashion. If it looks as well on the rest of us as it does on Dorothy Mackaill, there will be a run on the millinery departments! That feather is placed in different ways but always appears on the tam. Dorothy's coat is new, too. Three-quarter length in dark blue with large white buttons

Queen Marie of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

advantages, to know the right people. She managed to provide one dress dainty enough to be worn by the little girl to Sunday School. Each Sabbath morning she dressed the child carefully and sent her to the most aristocratic church in whatever town they happened to be.

"Watch the other children," she would advise. "They come from nice people."

Marie went on the stage when she was a young girl to keep her mother and herself from starving. She at last got a chance to play a comedy part in an old Weber and Fields show. Her success was made by the heavy rear end stage falls she took. Her slapstick comedy provoked the audiences to hysterics.

At the time, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was the dictator of New York's social élite. She was to New York society what Mussolini now is to Italy. When she frowned upon a member of the four hundred, the cold brown fronts of Fifth Avenue were immediately closed to the offender. When she smiled, they were automatically opened.

Mrs. Fish often asked theatrical people to entertain at her social gatherings, at which were assembled the great of Europe and

America. Once she asked a prima donna to sing and later to mingle with the guests. The diva refused, saying she was hired to sing and not to join the group where she would not be accepted as an equal. Mrs. Fish dismissed her at once.

The following week Marie Dressler received the royal command. She went, she entertained and she was asked to remain throughout the evening. She accepted with alacrity and was so witty and poised that she was an instant social success. Mrs. Fish made her her protégé, and that's how Marie's entrance into society was made.

Later she was entertained by European royalty, and asked to come again.

She was successful on the stage, she had many glories, but eventually she was forgotten professionally. Then she came to pictures. They accepted her casually. Just another comic. And it has been only in the last few years that she has reached that high peak upon which she now stands.

Marie Dressler has upset all the traditions. PHOTOPLAY and its readers make this sweet woman a low court bow!

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see page 13

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TURN TO PAGE 89

Man About Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

"This afternoon," he remarked casually, "I got to go to town to buy a present for Mr. Mayer. He's got a birthday coming. What do you think I ought to give him? A golf club?"

"Jackie always likes to pick out the presents he gives, himself," his mother explained.

"Yeah," said Jackie and turned to me. "I gave her a pocketbook the other day and she won't use it. She thinks I spent about a dime on it and it set me back two bucks."

"But, darling," protested his mother, "I haven't got a black and white dress it would go with."

"I'll get you one," he offered promptly. His roving eye lit on a picture of Richard Dix. "I used to think Rich was a great guy but I'm sorta off him now. I've written him three letters and he hasn't answered a one of them. Can you beat it?"

Mr. Dix, please note.

THERE was a lull in the conversation while Jackie, after dutifully excusing himself, whispered something in his mother's ear. "You ask him," his mother said.

Jackie went over to the piano and returned with a sheet of music. "'Sposin' this was a magazine," he began.

Again I yessed him.

"Well, do you think I'm big enough to have my picture on the cover?"

I explained that for some reason magazines with actors' pictures on the cover do not sell as well as those with likenesses of actresses.

"Gosh," said Jackie wistfully, "I'd sure like to have my picture on one."

"But I'll be darned if I become a female impersonator to get it."

Well, That's Settled

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

before. She spent two years at the University of California.

She sits a horse as well and almost as frequently as a cowboy; plays a bang-up game of tennis and a fair one of golf. When Richard came down from his ranch where they had been honeymooning, he said:

"I've never known real companionship before. It's marvelous. We rode every morning; we played tennis; we walked. If marriage is like this, I don't see why we didn't do it before."

Mrs. Dix is no "fraidy-cat." When they were airplaning from their quickie-wedding at Yuma, Arizona, a fog blew in.

The pilot radioed the home station and received orders to land his precious burdens at Palm Springs.

The company was taking no chances.

A small landing field. One light. Air pockets. Real danger.

Director Walter Rubin, best man, was still shaking the next day. But there wasn't a peep out of Winifred Coe.

THAT'S the answer. A girl, whose father had ten millions, spent a year in Hollywood trying to interest Dix, with whom she had fallen in love on the screen. She was from Texas.

Her heart sustained a deep crack when Richard went silently and indifferently on his bachelor way.

There was also the girl who tried suicide, and there was the red-headed society girl from Pasadena.

Richard has been a fussy guy. Winifred must be a great girl.

"I'll Have Vanilla"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

and she had to start over again. When she went into her dance, she tripped and fell—keeping time, picked herself up and went back into routine. But luck was against her, she was sure—a poor music start, a bad fall in the dance . . .

But she was the girl the producer picked. "Because," he told her afterward, "you showed you had what it took when you surmounted those bad breaks and still gave a good act."

And so, at last, Mae Clarke had achieved professionalism. Many a girl might have thought the goal had been pretty well won and rested then and there, but not Mae. She worked harder than ever. Just being a hooper wasn't her idea.

So she worked hard. She did her chorus line routines hard and well—just as earnestly as though she were doing a solo number in a spotlight instead of being just one girl in a line of twenty-four.

She did a dinner turn in a night club—and with fifteen minutes between the close of her routine there, and the curtain of a musical show she was in, managed to make her way in very abbreviated costume from the floor show, eight blocks to the theater, change costume and be on the stage when the curtain rose.

Now, no girl with ambitions can live that sort of life without learning lots of things. She kept her eyes open. One day, an agent asked her why she didn't make a test for a short film that

was to be made. "They tried to get Barbara Stanwyck," he told her, "but she's working. Maybe you've got a chance."

The short film called for a girl who could sing, dance and act a dramatic sequence as well. Singing and dancing were up Mae's alley, but this was her first chance at dramatic stuff. She thought back to her "pirate" days, and lived the part. The test gave her a job in films—and that's how she came to Hollywood.

Even then, sailing wasn't smooth. Mae had no beauty. She had no great stage reputation. She wasn't mysterious. She was just a li'l hooper from the East.

She made a test for the ingénue rôle in "The Front Page," after working hard for the chance to make it. But she flopped. They wanted a Mary Brian type; Mae Clarke didn't fit in.

"Well, why don't you give me a chance at the other rôle—the little tough girl?" she demanded of Director Milestone. Amused at her nerve, Milestone let her try it. Mae Clarke lived the part again—and that's why you remember her outstanding work in that newspaper film.

Well, after that, things began to come easier for Mae. She had proved her ability. She had proved her versatility. Casting directors, producers began to believe in her. So far, she hasn't let them down her rôles are getting bigger and bigger and her work is getting better and better.



"Gee, I wish I had a lollypop. Gee, I wish I had an ice cream cone." These are not Robert Coogan's real suppressed desires. The most precocious youngster of them all would much prefer a Rolls Royce. He's simply rehearsing his lines in "Sooky" while Jack Oakie "cues" him. Bobby can't read. He memorizes by having the script read to him



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Dialogue by Douglas Fairbanks and Bob Sherwood. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"ARROWSMITH"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Dr. Arrowsmith*, Ronald Colman; *Gottlieb*, A. E. Anson; *Leora*, Helen Hayes; *Mrs. Tozer*, Beulah Bondi; *Mr. Tozer*, Bert Roach; *Mrs. Novak*, Adele Watson; *Henry Novak*, John M. Qualen; *Sondelius*, Richard Bennett; *City Clerk*, Walter Downing; *Joyce Lanyon*, Myrna Loy; *Dr. Tubbs*, Claude King; *Dr. Terry Wickett*, Russell Hopton.

"CHEAT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Hector Turnbull. Adapted by Harry Hervey. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Elsa Carlyle*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Jeffrey Carlyle*, Harvey Stephens; *Hardy Livingston*, Irving Pichel; *Terrell*, Jay Fasset; *Mrs. Albright*, Ann Andrews; *Croupier*, William Ingersoll; *Japanese Servant*, Hanaki Yoshiwara; *Butler*, Henry Warwick; *Judge*, Willard Dahsiell; *Defense Attorney*, Arthur Hohl; *District Attorney*, Robert Strange.

"CORSAIR"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Walton Green. Adapted by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Roland West. The cast: *John Hawks*, Chester Morris; *Alison Corning*, Alison Lloyd; *Richard Bentinck*, William Austin; *"Chub" Hopping*, Frank McHugh; *Stephen Corning*, Emmett Corrigan; *"Big John"*, Fred Kohler; *"Fish Face"*, Frank Rice; *"Slim"*, Ned Sparks; *"Sophy"*, Mayo Methot; *Susie Grenoble*, Gay Seabrook; *Jean Phillips*, Addie McPhail.

"DEADLINE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Buck*, Buck Jones; *Helen*, Loretta Sayers; *Coleman*, Robert Ellis; *Grady*, G. Raymond Nye; *Lesty*, Edwin J. Brady; *Otto*, Knute Erickson; *Jimmy*, George Ernest; *Chloride*, Harry Todd; *Shores*, Jack Curtis.

"FALSE MADONNA, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Heart Is Young" by May Edington. Adapted by Arthur Kober and Ray Harris. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Tina*, Kay Francis; *Marcy*, William Boyd; *Grant Arnold*, Conway Tearle; *Phillip*, John Breeden; *Rose*, Marjorie Gateson; *Peter*, Charles D. Brown; *Mrs. Swanson*, Julia Swayne Gordon.

"FLYING HIGH"—M-G-M.—From the musical comedy by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson and John McGowan. Screen play by A. P. Younger. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Rusty*, Bert Lahr; *Pansy*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Sport*, Pat O'Brien; *Eileen*, Kathryn Crawford; *Doctor Brown*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Smith*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Smith*, Guy Kibbee; *Gordon*, Herbert Braggotti; *Gus Arnheim* and his orchestra.

"FRANKENSTEIN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Mary Wollstonecroft Shelley. Screen play by Garrett Fort and Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Frankenstein*, Colin Clive; *Elizabeth*, Mae Clarke; *Victor*, John Boles; *The Monster*, Boris Karloff; *Dr. Waldman*, Edward Van Sloan; *The Dwarf*, Dwight Frye; *The Baron*, Frederick Kerr.

"FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Adele Buffington. Directed by Fred Allen. The cast: *Steve*, Tom Keene; *Ruth*, Barbara Kent; *Rough*, Frank Rice; *Ready*, Billy Franey; *Carter*, Mitchell Harris; *Mercer*, Wm. Welsh; *Macey*, Frederick Burton; *Toller*, Slim Whittaker; *Heavy*, Tom Bay; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns.

"GAY BUCKAROO"—ALLIED PROD.—From the story by Lete R. Brown. Adapted by Phillip Graham White. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Clint Hale*, Hoot Gibson; *Mildred Field*, Merna Kennedy; *Dave Bumont*, Roy D'Arcy; *Hilow Jack*, Edward Peil; *Farro Parker*, Charles King; *Sporty Bill*, Lafe McKee; *Uncle Abner*, Sidney DeGray; *Skeel*, Bill Robbins.

"GOOD SPORT"—FOX.—From the screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Marilyn Parker*, Linda Watkins; *Boyce Cameron*, John Boles; *Rex Parker*, Allan Dinehart; *Peggy Burns*, Greta Nissen; *Mrs. Atherton*, Hedda Hopper; *Ginnie*, Minna Gombell; *Queenie*, Claire Maynard; *September*, Louise Beavers; *Marge*, Sally Blane; *Laura*, Betty Francisco; *Loretta*, Ethel Kenyon; *Nita*, Inez Norton; *Violet*, Joan Carr; *Fay*, Betty Allen.

"HELL DIVERS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lt. Comdr. Frank Wead. Scenario by Harvey Gates and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Windy*, Wallace Beery; *Steve*, Clark Gable; *Duke*, Conrad Nagel; *Ann*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mame Kelsey*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Lulu*, Marie Prevost; *Baldy*, Cliff Edwards; *Griffin*, John Miljan; *Admiral*, Landers Stevens; *Lieutenant Fisher*, Reed Howes; *Captain*, *Admiral's Staff*, Alan Roscoe.

"HER MAJESTY, LOVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by R. Bernauer and R. Oestreich. Scenario by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Lia Toerrek*, Marilyn

Miller; *Fred von Wellingen*, Ben Lyon; *Lia's Father*, W. C. Fields; *Otmar*, Ford Sterling; *Baron von Schwarzdorf*, Leon Errol; *Emil*, Chester Conklin; *Hanneman*, Harry Stubbs; *Aunt Harriette*, Maude Eburne; *Reisenfeld*, Harry Holman; *Factory Secretary*, Ruth Hall; *The "Third" Man*, Wm. Irving; *Fred's Sister*, Elli, Mae Madison.

"HIS WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "The Sentimentalist" by Dale Collins. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron and Melville Baker. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Sally Clark*, Claudette Colbert; *Capt. Sam Whalen*, Gary Cooper; *Gatson*, Averill Harris; *Alisandroe*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Maria Estella*, Raquel Davida; *Aloysius*, Hamtree Harrington; *Mark*, Sidney Easton; *Baby*, Richard Spiro; *Agent*, Joe Spurin Calleia; *Capt. of Schooner*, Lon Hascall; *Mr. Morrissey*, Herschel Mayall; *Chief Customs Inspector*, Harry Davenport; *Gertrude*, Betty Garde; *Flo*, Charlotte Wynters; *Doctor*, John T. Doyle; *Boatswain*, Edward Keane.

"HOUSE DIVIDED, A"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Olive Edens. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Seth Law*, Walter Huston; *Matt Law*, Kent Douglass; *Ruth Evans*, Helen Chandler; *Bess*, Vivien Oakland; *Mann*, Frank Hagney.



Here's a new way to go platinum, girls! Antoine, famous hairdresser of Paris, gives Catherine Dale Owen a lacquered wig to wear over her own hair. Note those stiff little curls and ostrich bang. Very coquettish, what?

"MEN IN HER LIFE"—COLUMBIA.—From the novel by Warner Fabian. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Julia*, Lois Moran; *Flashy*, Charles Bickford; *Count Ivan*, Victor Varconi; *Dick*, Donald Dillaway; *Anton*, Luis Alberni; *Maria*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt.

"MORALS FOR WOMEN"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Frances Hyland. Directed by Mort Blumenstock. The cast: *Helen Hutson*, Bessie Love; *Van Dyne*, Conway Tearle; *Paul Cooper*, John Holland; *Flora*, Natalie Moorhead; *Mrs. Hutson*, Emma Dunn; *Lorraine Hutson*, June Clyde; *Mr. Hutson*, Edmund Breese; *Bill Hutson*, David Rollins; *Claudia*, Lina Basquette; *Maybelle*, Virginia Lee Corbin.

"NECK AND NECK"—THRILL-O-DRAMA.—From the story by Betty Burbridge. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Bill Grant*, Glenn Tryon; *Norma Rickson*, Vera Reynolds; *Hector*, Walter Brennan; *Col. Rickson*, Lafe McKee; *Frank Douglas*, Carroll Nye; *The Hustler*, Stephen Fetchit; *Bookie*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Aunt Susan*, Fern Emmett; *Crystal*, Rosita Butler.

"OPERA BALL"—GREENBAUM-EMELKA PROD.—Directed by Max Neufeld. The cast: *Dr. Peter V. Bodo*, Ivan Petrovich; *Helga*, Liane Haid; *Georg*, Georg Alexander; *V. Arnolds*, Otto Wallburg; *Vicky*, Betty Bird; *Ilona Antalffy*, Irene Ambrus.

"OVER THE HILL"—FOX.—From the poem by Will Carleton. Screen play by Tom Barry and Jules Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Johnny*, James Dunn; *Isabel*, Sally Eilers; *Ma*, Marjorie Marsh; *Pa*, James Kirkwood; *Tommy*, Edward Crane; *Phyllis*, Claire Maynard; *Isaac*, Olin Howland; *Minnie*, Eula Guy; *Susan*, Joan Peers; *Ben*, William Pawley; *Lech*, George Reed; *Stephen*, Douglas Walton; *Bill Collector*, David Hartford; *Johnny (as child)*, Tommy Conlon; *Isabel (as child)*, Nancy Irish; *Tommy (as child)*, Julius Molnar; *Isaac (as child)*, Joe Hachey; *Susan (as child)*, Marilyn Harris.

"PEACH O'RENO"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Tim Whelan. Adapted by Ralph Spencer. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Wattles*, Bert Wheeler; *Swift*, Robert Woolsey; *Prudence*, Dorothy Lee; *Joe Bruno*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Aggie Bruno*, Cora Witherspoon; *Pansy*, Zelma O'Neal; *Judge Jackson*, Sam Hardy; *Crosby*, Mitchell Harris; *The Secretary*, Arthur Hoyt.

"POSSESSED"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Mirage" by Edgar Selwyn. Adapted by Lenore Coffee. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Marian*, Joan Crawford; *Mark Whitney*, Clark Gable; *Al Manning*, Wallace Ford; *Wally*, Skeets Gallagher; *Travers*, Frank Conroy; *Vernice*, Marjorie White; *John Driscoll*, John Miljan; *Mother*, Clara Blandick.

"RACING YOUTH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Earl Snell. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Teddy Blue*, Frank Albertson; *Amelia Cruickshank*, June Clyde; *Daisy Joy*, Louise Fazenda; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Brown*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Sanford*, Forrest Stanley; *Van*, Eddie Phillips; *Dave*, Otis Harlan.

"RANGE LAW"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Hap Conners*, Ken Maynard; *Ruth Warren*, Frances Dade; *Blond*, Frank Mayo; *The Sheriff*, Jack Rockwell; *Frisco*, Lafe McKee; *Legal*, Charles King.

"RICH MAN'S FOLLY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Dombey and Son" by Charles Dickens. Adapted by Grover Jones and Edward Paramore, Jr. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Brock Trumbull*, George Bancroft; *Anne Trumbull*, Frances Dee; *Joe Warren*, Robert Ames; *Paula Norcross*, Juliette Compton; *Brock Trumbull, Jr.*, David Durand; *Katherine Trumbull*, Dorothy Peterson; *McWyle*, Harry Allen; *Kincaid*, Gilbert Emery; *Dayton*, Gus Oliver; *Anne (aged 8)*, Dawn O'Day; *Marston*, George McFarlane; *Johnson*, William Arnold.

"SAFE IN HELL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted by Joseph Jackson and Maude Fulton. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Gilda Carlson*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Carl Bergen*, Donald Cook; *Pia Van Saal*, Ralf Harold; *Bruno*, Morgan Wallace; *Gomez*, Victor Varconi; *Egan*, John Wray; *John*, Chas. Middleton; *Larsen*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Leonie*, Nina Mae McKinney; *Angie*, Cecil Cunningham; *Old Tar*, George Marion, Sr.; *Bobo*, Noble Johnson.

"SPECKLED BAND, THE"—FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Adapted by W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Dr. Rylott*, Lyn Harding; *Sherlock Holmes*, Raymond Massey; *Helen Stonor*, Angela Baddeley; *Dr. Watson*, Athole Stewart; *Mrs. Staunton*, Nancy Price.

"SPORTING CHANCE, THE"—PEERLESS PROD.—From the story by King Baggot. Continuity by Rex Taylor. Directed by Albert Herman. The cast: *Terry Nolan*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mary Bascom*, Claudia Dell; *Phillip Lawrence, Jr.*, James Hall; *Phillip Lawrence, Sr.*, Joseph Levering; *"Horse-shoes"*, Eugene Jackson; *Aunt Hetty*, Hedwig Reichert; *Master of Lawrence's Stable*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Blake Crooked Jockey*, Lewis Sargent; *Mullins*, Henry Roquemore.

"SUICIDE FLEET"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Commander Herbert A. Jones. Scenario by Lew Lipton. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Baltimore*, Bill Boyd; *Dutch*, Robert Armstrong; *Skeels*, James Gleason; *Sally*, Ginger Rogers; *Commander*, Harry Bannister; *Holtzmann*, Frank Reicher; *Kid*, Ben Alexander; *Capt. Von Stuben*, Henry Victor; *Schwartz*, Hans Joby.

"SURRENDER"—FOX.—From the story "Axelle" by Pierre Benoit. Adapted by Sonya Levien and S. N. Behrman. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Dumaine*, Warner Baxter; *Axelle*, Leila Hyams; *Count Reichendorf*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Dietrich*, Alexander Kirkland; *Captain Elbing*, Ralph Bellamy; *Goulot*, William Pawley; *Claverie*, Howard Phillips; *Vandaele*, Bert Hanlon; *Gottlieb*, Tom Ricketts; *Dominica*, Bodil Rosing; *Fichel*, George Andre Beranger; *Hugo*, Frank Swales; *Muller*, Joseph Sauers; *Audemard*, Albert Burke; *Sylvestre*, Jack Conrad.

"TAXI"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Kenyon Nicholson. Adapted by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Mall*, James Cagney; *Sue*, Loretta Young; *Marie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Skeels*, George E. Stone; *Pop Riley*, Guy Kibbee; *Ruby*, Lila Bennett; *Pepi*, David

Landan; *Danny*, Ray Cooke; *Priest*, George McFarland; *Slats*, Eddie Nugent; *Joe Silver*, Matt McHugh; *Goldfarb*, Otto Lederer; *Danny's Girl*, Polly Walters; *Detective Lieutenant*, Charles Middleton; *Judge*, Burton Churchill; *Truck Driver*, Nat Pendleton; *Marriage License Clerk*, Russ Powell.

"THIRTY DAYS"—PATRICIAN.—From the story by Hal Conklin. Adapted by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joyce Moore*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Kate Flynn*, Betty Compson; *Larry Clark*, John Warburton; *Michael Moore*, Montagu Love; *Jerry Green*, Cornelius Keefe; *Tom Douglas*, John Holland; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Grace Valentine; *Bobby O'Brien*, Wally Albright; *Dancer*, Doris Lee; *Mary Doran*; *Malron*, Martha Mattox; *Malron*, Jayne Kerr.

"TIP OFF, THE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by George Kibbe Turner. Scenario by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Tommy*, Eddie Quillan; *Kayo McClure*, Robert Armstrong; *Baby Face*, Ginger Rogers; *Edna*, Joan Peers; *Nick Valtelli*, Ralf Harolde; *Pop Jackson*, Charles Sellon; *Swanky*, Mike Donlin; *Slug*, Ernie Adams; *Joe*, Jack Herrick; *Miss Waddums*, Cupid Ainsworth.

"TONIGHT OR NEVER"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Lili Hatvany. Scenario by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Nella Vago*, Gloria Swanson; *Rudig*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *The Butler*, Robert Grieg; *The Maid*, Greta Mayer; *Count von Gronac*, Warburton Gamble; *The Unknown Gentleman*, Melvyn Douglas; *The Marchesa*, Alison Skipworth; *The Waiter*, Boris Karloff.

"TOUCHDOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Stadium" by Francis Wallace. Scenario by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Dan Curtis*, Richard

Arlen; *Mary Gehring*, Peggy Shannon; *Babe Barton*, Jack Oakie; *Paul Gehring*, Charles Starrett; *Tom Hussey*, Regis Toomey; *Gehring*, George Barbier.

"WORKING GIRLS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Blind Mice" by Vera Caspary and Winifred Lenihan. Adapted by Zoe Akins. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Ferguson*, Paul Lukas; *June Thorpe*, Judith Wood; *Boyd Wheeler*, Charles Rogers; *Mac Thorpe*, Dorothy Hall; *Kelly*, Stuart Erwin; *Mrs. Johnstone*, Mary Forbes; *Louise Adams*, Frances Dee; *Lorella*, Dorothy Stickney; *Lou*, Frances Moffett; *Jane*, Claire Dodd; *Verne*, Edith Arnold; *Ellen*, Marion Byron; *Baby*, Yvonne Howell; *Winnie*, Gay Sheridan; *Maude*, Stella Moore; *Mazie*, Geneva Mitchell; *Carrie*, Shiela Mannors; *Freda*, Ruth Canning; *Fannie*, Jane Mercer; *Alice*, Sue Gomes; *Elsie*, Lisa Gora; *Violet*, Alberta Vaughn; *Mrs. Adams*, Virginia Hammond; *Modiste*, Marjorie Gateson; *Miss Gray*, Greta Gould; *Elsie's Boy Friend*, Mischa Auer.

"X MARKS THE SPOT"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Warren B. Buff and Gordon Kann. Continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *George Howe*, Lew Cody; *Sue*, Sally Blane; *Ted Lloyd*, Wallace Ford; *Vivyan Parker*, Mary Nolan; *Riggs*, Fred Kohler; *Inspector Brannigan*, Charles Middleton; *Hortense*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Gloria*, as child, Helen Parrish; *Gloria*, 7 years later, Joyce Coad; *Eustace*, Clarence Muse; *Ginsberg*, Murray Smith; *District Attorney*, Richard Tucker.

"YELLOW TICKET, THE"—FOX.—From the stage play by Michael Morton. Scenario by Jules Furthman. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Marya Varenka*, Elissa Landi; *Baron Stephen Andrey*, Lionel Barrymore; *Julian Rolph*, Laurence Olivier; *Count Nikolai*, Walter Byron; *Mother Varenka*, Sarah Padden; *Grandfather Varenka*, Arnold Korff; *Melchior*, Mischa Auer; *Orderly*, Boris Karloff.

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This pooch hasn't a pedigree, but he claims to be the biggest dog in the world and was one of the chief attractions at a Hollywood "mutt" show, where blue bloods weren't allowed. Dickie Moore and Georgie Ernest, two First National child actors, weigh less together than Elak does

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

CLARK GABLE'S wife is an attractive little woman who comes not quite to Clark's shoulder. She dresses in quiet clothes and never raises her voice, but she looks up at Clark with that mixture of pride and admiration you'd expect her to show. She is happy to take care of him and his home and she laughs to herself when all the women gush over him.

HAROLD LLOYD is looking for a leading woman again. He wants her for his next picture.

But she needn't expect the break he gave his former leading woman. He married her—Mildred Davis.

THE real story behind the announcement of Marjorie Rambeau's marriage to Francis A. Gudger, retired millionaire, is one of the sweetest ever told. They hurried to Arizona where no one would make objections, for always some one had interfered with what should have been a great love match years ago, for when Marjorie first loved Francis he was a poor boy and she a little girl with stage ambitions.

Her family believed in her ability and persuaded her to stay single. Later she made a name for herself and married Willard Mack, whom she divorced in 1917. Two years later she married Hugh Dillman. Then she divorced him.

Gudger also married. His wife died and months afterwards he came to California to try to win the woman he'd always loved. In the meantime he'd sold his mica mine for twenty-six millions.

They knew, meeting all those years later, that they were still desperately in love but Marjorie felt, at first, that she couldn't leave her sister, Thelma, who depended upon her for affection. However, Gudger won and

Marjorie, the list of whose trials are longer than the congressional report, is happy at last.

She says she's through with the stage and screen. She and her husband are going to travel and be very gay and carefree.

JUST before her marriage and her renunciation of pictures a studio executive sent for Marjorie Rambeau to tell her the story of a picture he was going to produce in which he thought there would be a rôle for her.

Marjorie listened patiently. She knew the story. She'd played it on the stage dozens and dozens of times. But she didn't interrupt. When the executive had finished he said, "Now I, personally, think you can do the part, but we'd like someone with stage experience. Have you ever had any stage experience?"

And the exec is still a little bewildered by Marjorie's laugh.

ROBERT COOGAN was carving a stick on the set.

"What are you making?" asked a passerby.

"An airplane," answered five-year-old Robert.

"But where's the propeller? You never saw an airplane without a propeller."

"All right," said Robert, "it's a glider."

IF you ask Eddie Robinson to tell you honestly and truthfully who is the best actor in Hollywood, he'll say without a single blush, "I am." He has less of an inferiority complex than any other player. And "That guy," he'll say (naming another actor), "is a ham."

It is Robinson's supreme confidence in himself and his ability which make him the fine

and versatile actor he is. He hesitates at nothing. He always says when asked if he feels he can play a certain part, "Sure I can do that."

And when the test is made he always proves that he can.

He doesn't think he's handsome. But he knows he's a good actor and he's honest enough to admit it.

THERE are two Roumanians in the Hollywood colony. Both are artists. Garbo, speaking of one of them said: "To be a Roumanian in Hollywood is not a nationality; it's a profession."

GRETA GARBO walked up and down the long gallery in front of the women's dressing rooms for an hour the other day. She thought she was alone, but all the other stars were peeping at her from their own rooms. Hedda Hopper said, "She was like a caged lion raging up and down. She was superb, as superb as all her Viking forefathers." Hedda's never met her.

RESEMBLING Greta Garbo is one of the most lucrative businesses these days. All you need is a pair of sloe eyes, a long bob and a slithery walk and—presto!—you're a success. Or at least you're assured a job.

A girl named Bobbie Holmes was modeling cloaks and suits in the wholesale district of New York. Somebody from the very smart Bruck-Weiss shop saw her and exclaimed, "She looks like Garbo." The girl was immediately hired to model in the exclusive store at double her salary. Photographically, she is not as much like the Garbo as she is in person. She rather creates the illusion of Garbo. She's five feet nine, wears a size 7½ shoe and a size 14 frock.

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Here's what the mailman left in Jane E. Considine's letter box. And we bet there was a big celebration. Jane is the lucky and clever girl whose original story "Beauty and the Boss" won the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. story contest. The \$2,000 will go toward her education. She's a junior at a university in Switzerland now. Remember the name. You'll be hearing more of her

BELLE BENNETT—remember her in "Stella Dallas," don't you?—hasn't worked in pictures for quite a while. But now she's going on a circuit in a one-act stage production. There's a reason for this—a big reason. Belle is the adopted mother of sixteen children—count 'em, or you count 'em, Belle. They're all her first cousins and she supports them and their mothers.

That's quite a few mouths to feed.

JUST say "dressing room bungalow" to any producer and he'll say— (no, no, printer, you mustn't print that). At Warners there are two of the elaborate edifices. Originally built for Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith they've both been vacant for some time with all the First National stars bickering for them. Now Ruth Chatterton grabs off the Colleen Moore one. Who'll get the other? Will it be Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis, Marilyn Miller or Dorothy Mackaill? Or will it be Connie Bennett when she comes to the studio to do another picture? My personal—and not very private—bet is that Connie will settle down on the old Griffith homestead. In the meantime, the fight flourishes.

VARIETY would have you believe that when Estelle Taylor was in Boston she was asked to sign a guest book at City Hall when she noted that the last name signed was that of Benny Leonard.

She paused, pen in hand and said, "After all the years I've been with a heavyweight you expect me to sign with a lightweight!"

MARIE DRESSLER is going fashionable on the home folks. She has sixteen changes of elaborate costumes in "Emma" . . . And she loves it. . . . The three minutes darkness, a tribute to Thomas A. Edison, cost the studios thousands of dollars. But nobody complained. Without Edison there would have been no movies. . . . The last thing Arlene Judge did before she married Wesley Ruggles was to talk long distance to her mother who couldn't be at the wedding . . . And the two sobbed together across those three thousand miles. . . . Noah Beery is one player who wants his son to be an actor . . . The kid's already played a number of bits and will be featured in a series of Westerns soon. . . . Janet Gaynor is recovering from a nervous breakdown.

A GROUP of Hollywood's holier-than-thou's were talking about the bad, bad actors.

"They're what gives Hollywood a bad name, with their evil doings," they agreed.

An actor overheard. Angry-faced he strode up to the group of knockers.

"Let me tell you," he said plenty loud, "that you don't know what you're talking about. Why, I myself know of an actor who disproves everything you say—he was tried twice for alienation of affections, once for driving while drunk, and once for bigamy.

"And he was acquitted every time!"

RICARDO CORTEZ loves polo but three months ago he said he was not going to buy any ponies because he couldn't afford them. He has a new contract with Radio—and three new polo ponies!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

Is it a good picture?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

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Christmas Gift Offer on Page 13

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119]

DOROTHY MACKAILL is not going to have husband Neil Miller known as "Mr. Mackaill." No, ma-ma! The two have taken a simple apartment of two rooms at the Chateau Elysee and Neil pays the bills from his modest salary as chief crooner at the Embassy Club.

Dorothy has turned her Santa Monica beach house, which was once the scene of many whoopee parties, over to her mother. Incidentally, before the marriage Ma Mackaill wasn't so fond of young Miller and used to refer to him as "the Shreik." But now she's reconciled and all is forgiven.

A FRIEND met Nils Asther for the first time in months. "You have certainly improved your English, Nils!"

"Ya? You tank so?" said Nils and just that pleased.

AN electrical sign over a theater in Brooklyn read: "If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town!" "The Magnificent Lie."

THE publicity department at Metro wanted some pretty girl to pose with Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champion. They sent for Una Merkel and provided a lovely bathing suit for her.

When she arrived at the pool, she asked innocently if they would like to have her get into the water. They replied that it wasn't necessary for her to risk that; all she had to do was to look pretty.

"But I'd like to go in!" she answered. They gave permission and were amazed to see her take a quick dive and do many of the strokes for which the champion himself is famous. They spent the afternoon taking pictures of the two of them in action.

HOW many times have you appeared in this court?" Municipal Judge Paonessa asked Bert Wheeler, film comedian, appearing before him charged with speeding.

"I don't know, judge. I thought you were keeping score," answered Wheeler.

Wheeler tried several other jokes. Finally the judge demanded impatiently, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Wheeler admitted being guilty.

"Ten dollars or two days and if you think that's a joke let's see you laugh!" the judge said.

Wheeler paid up and shut up.

ROLAND YOUNG insists that he was named after his grandmother's pet canary which died only a few days before he was born.

"Thus, the name was left temporarily vacant in the family; I was the first one who happened along to take it."

MARLENE DIETRICH'S six-year-old baby girl shocked even the Hollywood colony at Santa Monica the other day. She got away from her nurse while sunbathing, and strolled the beach in the nude. Chorus girls, yeah—but a six-year-old! My, how the men blushed.

STAN LAUREL and Oliver Hardy were playing poker between scenes.

"Camera," called the director.

"That's a hundred dollars you owe me," said Stan.

"Hey! Wait!" screeched Oliver indignantly. "You didn't say anything about playing for money!"

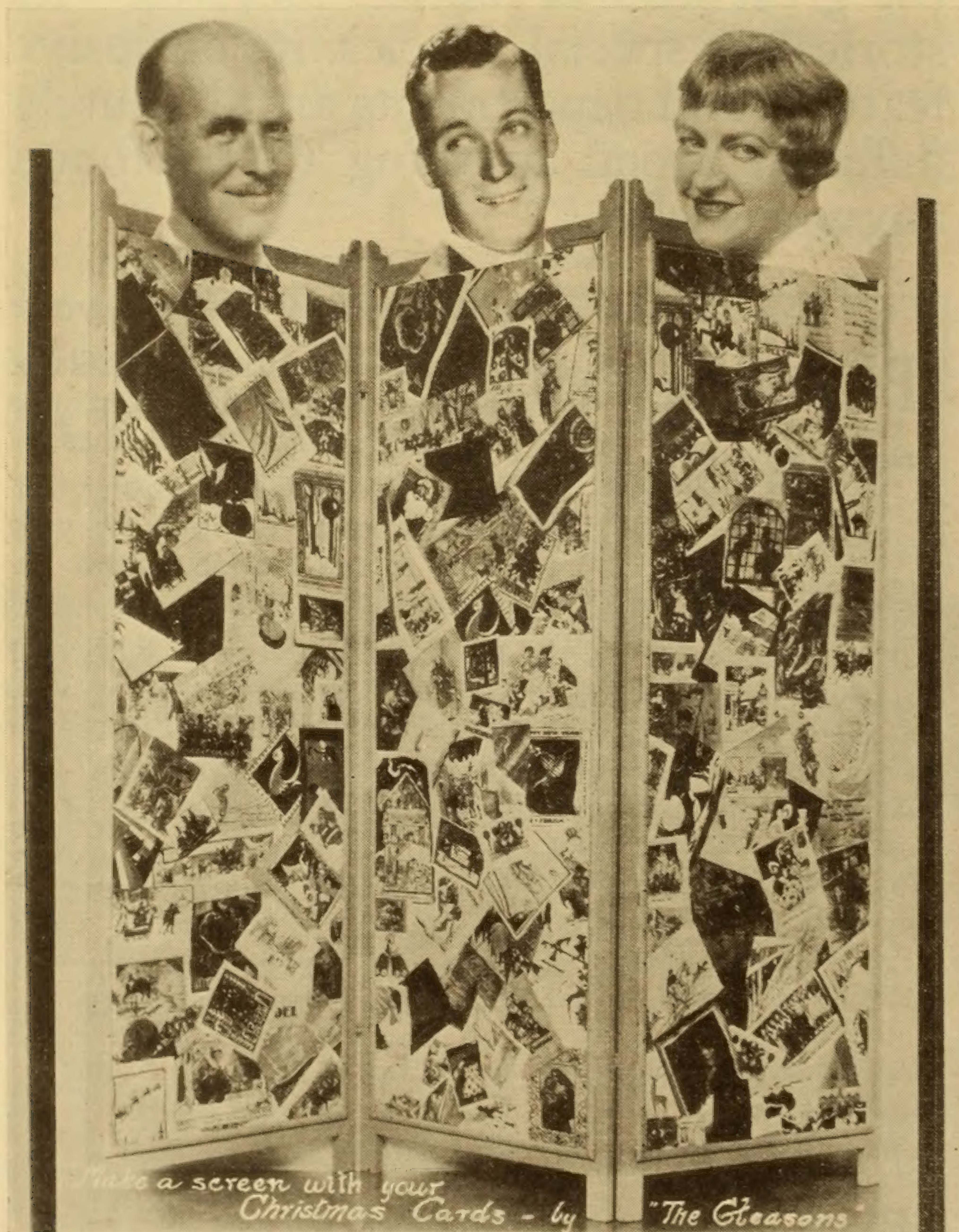
"I wasn't sure I'd win," Stanley said blandly.

A STAR had been in Mexico, on a deer-hunting vacation between pictures. The actor breezed into the newspaper office and demanded blood. "Who," he roared, "is the so-and-so who printed this about me?" And he waved a clipping which said he was in Mexico, hunting beer.

HOLLYWOOD raised its best plucked eyebrows when it was announced that Polly Moran was to be mistress of ceremonies at the opening of a Phoenix, Arizona, theater. This requires tact, diplomacy, dignity and a certain culture. How could dragged-up-by-the-scruff-of-the-neck Polly manage such a job? Polly thought she'd show 'em.

She spent the morning of the opening going to all the women's clubs, the service clubs and the chamber of commerce. When she came back to her hotel to dress for the theater ceremony her feet were so swollen she couldn't get her shoes on, so she wore her bedroom slippers on the stage and begged the audience to forgive her.

No society woman could have made a more polished and dignified speech. One Phoenix woman insisted upon knowing from what university Polly had graduated because she wanted to send her daughter there!



Here's something to do with your old Christmas cards instead of giving them a glance (or a sniff) and tossing them into the waste basket. It's Lucille Gleason's idea. She, along with hubby Jimmie and son Russell, receive hundreds every year. She pastes the greetings on a plain wooden screen, covers it all with shellac and—presto!—has a grand piece of furniture for beach house or sun porch

EXTRA!**M-G-M****NEWS****EXTRA!**

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"



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“*That bully old slogan hits me just right—*



...no bamboozlin' about that!"

SURE! When a word fits, you know it! "Satisfy" just *fits* CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, and he likes its neat appearance—no heavy inks or odors from ink. *That* satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it *tastes better*—neither raw nor over-sweet; just

pleasing and satisfying . . . Then he learns it is milder. That's another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it . . . And again he's *satisfied*!

Satisfy—they've *got* to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a *taste* that's right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a *complete* job of it. *They Satisfy!*

